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Among the Damned
—Ritual Violence in California

Edward Sanders
(written 1973-1977) 197 pp

1. Three Young Men from Santa Cruz
    - •John Linley Frazier
    - •Herbert Mullin
    - •Edmund Kemper
2. Stanley Baker: Teeth by the River of Lightning
3. Steven Hurd: The Heart in the Burning Station Wagon
4. Clarence Otis Smith: The Demons Bounce off the Aluminum Foil
5. Zodiac

Three Young Men From Santa Cruz

At dawn we look up through the huge V of the San Lorenzo Valley, from the ocean at Santa Cruz, up into the redwood gorges and the pure air of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Cloudy vapors of water arise from the roof tops in the shiny sun. Driving past a sawmill, a pile of wood chips exudes a drifting mist. Like lines of poetry, the vision of beauty presents itself, for the morning fog of Santa Cruz is truly a marvel.

Santa Cruz County is one of the smallest in the State of California, existing geographically almost as a closed system with its northern boundary the twisting summit line of the often rugged Santa Cruz Mountains and as its southern border, the waters of Monterey Bay. The chief source of revenues for the county is tourism, with several million humans visiting the famed mix of beach and mountains each year.

Santa Cruz County has a similar history to other accessible mountain ranges near large metropolitan areas (such as the Catskills). It became a summer vacationland, with thousands of cabins and rustic dwellings in the back-pack wilderness. When the exurban migrations occurred, the county naturally grew, with a hardy outdoors-loving people settling in. The county also became a retirement community for senior citizens,who comprise about 25% of the population, well above the national average. There are over 20 hospitals in the county and numerous rest homes for the aged.

In the 1960's the State of California opened a university in the county north of the City of Santa Cruz near the Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park (University of California, Santa Cruz-- UCSC) and with the growth of the American subcultures during the Vietnam war, the use of new drugs, the change in hair and clothing, a form of tension began to develop between the young hirsute and sometimes rootless citizens and the older more traditional citizens.

Up and down the coastline of California existed a migratory route for the drop-outs of the 1960's. Especially during the summer months the young transients wandered, crash site to crash site, woods to woods, floor to floor. Santa Cruz became a stopping point in the migratory route. The zero rent lure of the hordes of mostly unoccupied shacks, summer lean-to's, remote cabins, rock out-croppings, and makeshift neoprene tents made Santa Cruz county a tempting place indeed. With the additional lure of Aid to the Totally Disabled (ATD), Food Stamps and low rents (murderer Herb Mullin, while he was obeying the voices he heard urging him to kill, was paying something like 42 dollars a month for his beach side cabin) --who could resist? In fact, throughout California, in college towns particularly, there flourished a new type of skid crash-row, where the new breed drifter, women and men, using thumbs instead of boxcars to travel, surviving often by dealing punk quantity drugs, could crash, eat, score, and survive. California poverty, the livin' is tense, then easy, then tense.

In such a closed geographic area, the vibrations/reverberations in the society are felt with great awareness. The effect of garish criminal activities, such as severed hands washing ashore, stuns the entire community. The geography of Santa Cruz, with its numerous remote areas, makes for an easy secrecy and criminals can do their deeds and laugh away into the redwoods. Law enforcement officials find themselves with access problems-- to get from one side of a canyon to the other can involve a tortuous hairpin trip of many miles. When murders occur mounted posses of Sheriff's deputies often ride up remote steep gorges looking for data. Even so, because of the county's small size it still remains an easy drive from a back-pack trail at the highest part of the mountains to the resorts at the beach or a Jack-in-the-Box food window.

Santa Cruz most certainly is not the murder capitol of the world. For instance, one need only to check statistics for the Ninth Police Precinct in New York's East Village which in 1971 dealt with 46 homicides-- or the City of Detroit, which fell victim to more than 700 murders in 1973, which reads more like a Department of Defense battle count than a domestic crime figure.

The community of Santa Cruz has been very sensitized by these garish murders. The grief is immense in the circles of friends and families of victim and killer alike. As late as March of 1974, the mother of one of the victims of Herb Mullin, who thought he heard the victim's voice telepathically urging him to kill, wrote a letter to columnist Abigail Van Buren:

"In January of 1973, my beloved daughter and adored grandsons (aged 4 and 9) were murdered in a senseless tragedy here in Santa Cruz, California. Now I know what heartbreak truly is. There is not a day or night that I do not sense my gentle ones' arms around me. I know that life will never be the same for me without them..."

After some of the murders, there was a significant increase in gun sales. Public Utility meter readers were afraid when approaching a property lest the owner mistake them for a Tarot-card bearing knifer. The good hippie=dead hippie formula was mentioned quite openly. It could have been the gunnies vs. the UTES (Undesirable Transient Element), but the police issued calls for the people to calm down, and resourceful public officials like District Attorney Peter Chang were able to quell a potentially dangerous polarization.

One of the things to learn from the 26 murders committed by Frazier, Kemper and Mullin, is that there is virtually no safeguard against such crimes without alien Police State-type measures, such as sending Alibi Squads door to door.

The murderers catch themselves by their own egomania, or panic, or their own guilt. Their paranoid cunning and their own erasure of themselves make easy detection impossible. And all the pushy detection seen on the tube performed by all the Mannixes, McClouds

Perry Mason re-runs, Colombos, Dan Augusts and Basil Rathbones, fade away in laughable smoke. You might get a few ideas on how to steal jewels from a museum off the tube, but no one seems to be able to focus correctly on modern methods of homicide investigation.

In the three mass murder cases under consideration here-- John Frazier was captured because close friends came forward to tell the police of his murderous boasts. Herbert Mullin was caught because he remaimed behind to stare trance-like for about a minute after shooting his thirteenth and final victim before driving away, enabling a a neighbor to jot down his license number. Edmund Emil Kemper thought the police were closing in on him, so he killed his mother and mother's friend, to spare his mother the grief of the truth, and then called up the police to confess.

The police are skilled and methodical. They freeze the crime scene through photos, videotapes, dusting for fingerprints, making casts of footprints, taping interviews. They film the dead. They run suspects through criminal computers. They search the memories of acquaintances of the deceased. They look for the suspect who possesses M.O.M. (motive, opportunity, and means). They check the phone company printout of calls to and from the victim's phone. They often set up a chronology for the victim, step by step, in the hours walking toward death. Who saw the victim last? They freeze the data, as it were, and wait for the murderer to blunder upon it, or for a suspect who fits exactly into the frozen pattern.

Meanwhile, the population is mammal. It has to relax. It arms itself to the teeth. It empties the racks of every gun store. It bolts its doors with extra locks. It places hasps at every entrance. People have to go to work. New facts force their attention. The beat goes on.

But again a target shooter in the woods finds a lonely head upon a mountain edge. Or a highway work crew discovers a torso, and the

police dutifully take photos, carefully note down the mileage marker signs, write up their homicide reports, and wait for the killer or killers to make a mistake, or to confess, or for an informant to take the courage to arise.

police dutifully take photos, carefully note down the mileage marker signs, write up their homicide reports, and wait for the killer or killers to make a mistake, or to confess, or for an informant to take the courage to surface.

John Linley Frazier, hater of rednecks,
picked by God to save the human race in the name
of ecology.

In the late spring of 1970 John L. Frazier appended himself to a phenomenon of the era of psychedelic drugs by joining the list of psychedelic-idiot savants. The 1960's were suffused with such incidents. One remembers a summer night in 1969 when an individual came to the door, holding a light bulb in his hand, mumbling about the Divine Message contained in the light bulb, would we get in touch with Timothy L. and tell him the revelation? Shortly thereafter the person cut his wrists and throat, barely surviving. One could write a book paralleling The Three Christs of Ypsilanti, where the interaction of three inmates of an asylum is analyzed-- all three inmates naturally believing themselves to be the true Jesus. The new book could be titled something like The Thousand Jesus's of Acidland. How boring it was to deal with the imperious voices of friends who were receiving transmissions from the Holy Chiefs, The Divine Mother, God, The Big Lotus, or whatever. How obstinate are they who have been given a Divine Mission, and the pages of their missions are often writ in red. And John Linley Frazier's mission, the rub-out of rednecks and the receiving of certain instructions coded into the Book of Revelation intended for John Frazier, was no exception.

John Frazier had a childhood of turbulence and insecurity. He was born in Carrizozo, New Mexico on January 26, 1946. His father was in the service, his mother was a nurse. At an early age his father took the family home to St. Clairsville, Ohio where the marriage was soon dissolved. John and his mother returned to New Mexico in 1948. Then they moved to California.

When very young, Frazier was placed in foster homes in San Francisco, where he entered kindergarten and the first few grades of school.

—John Linley Frazier, a Son of Sadness,
picked by God to save the human race in the name
of ecology.

In the late spring of 1970 John L. Frazier appended himself to a phenomenon of the era of psychedelic drugs by joining the list of psychedelic-induced savants. The 1960's were suffused with such incidents. One remembers a summer night in 1969 when an individual came to the door, holding a light bulb in his hand, rambling about the Divine Presence contained in the light bulb, wanting to get in touch with Timothy L. and tell him the revelation. Shortly thereafter the person cut his wrists and throat, barely surviving. One could write a book paralleling *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti*, where the interaction of three inmates of an asylum is analyzed—all three inmates naturally believing themselves to be the true Jesus. The new book could be titled something like *The Thousand Jesus and [illegible]*. How boring it was to deal with the imperious voices of friends who were receiving transmissions from The Holy Ghost, The Divine Mother, God, the Big Lotus, or whatever. The obstinate are they who have been given a Divine Mission, and the purposes of their missions are often weird indeed. And John Linley Frazier's mission, the rub-out of [illegible] and the receiving of certain instructions [illegible] into the Book of Revelation intended for John Frazier, was no exception.

John Frazier had a childhood of trouble and insecurity. He was born in [illegible], New Mexico on January [illegible], 1947. His father [illegible] in the service, his mother was a nurse. [illegible] the family home [illegible], California, [illegible] had been dissolved. John and his mother returned to New Mexico in 19[illegible]. Then they moved to California.

From very young, Frazier was placed in foster homes [illegible], where he entered kindergarten and the first few grades of school.

His mother remarried in the early 1950's but that conjunction also was dissolved.

In 1955 John's mother married [redacted] a man named P.R. Pascal, and the marriage lasted till 1963, during which time the family lived in Santa Cruz County. John came to Santa Cruz to live with Pat and her husband in 1956 and attended grade school there. Juvenile records indicate that John first got into legal trouble at the age of ten when he was involved in a shoplifting incident. He was not [redacted] a scholarly type it seems, but he liked to build model racing cars, an interest that surfaced later when he entered a short-lived career as an auto mechanic specializing in sports and race cars.

There was a further incident in 1958 when he was 12, involving breaking up tile in a nearby plant. In 1960, he enrolled in Soquel High School in Santa Cruz County, but only made it through his freshman year, which virtually ended his formal education. When he was 15, he turned himself into a police station and asked to be placed into a foster home because he felt he could not live with his parents. He was sent to a home in nearby Watsonville, California, but was soon into trouble again and was sent to a Juvenile Detention Camp in Kern County, California.

On July 8, 1962 he escaped from the Detention Camp and fled to Los Angeles. He was captured and incarcerated with the California Youth Authority. In April of 1963, John Frazier was paroled into the custody of his maternal grandmother who lived in Los Angeles. That fall he enrolled in Bellevue High, as a sophomore, but he was almost 18 at the time, and dropped out early in the fall.

In early 1964 he was placed in a Youth Authority Industrial School in Ontario, California. He remained incarcerated until March of 1965 when he was paroled. He stayed clean, as they say, and received his formal Order of Discharge from parole on September 15, 1966.

Frazier Settles Down.

When he was released from parole John Frazier settled down in Santa Cruz County, where his mother Pat owned a commercial rabbit ranch and worm farm. He developed a reputation for his skills in overhauling and tuning automobiles. He was neat. He kept his tools spotless. He developed a mechanical precision that must have helped to establish his cunning in matters of murder.

He was working in the automotive section of a discount store named Disco when he met his future wife Delores, who worked at the Disco snack bar. Delores sometimes drove John home after work. They familiarized themselves with one another at an office party, and as the weeks oozed past, they fell in love, and she decided to leave her husband for John.

Delores went to Washington, taking ~~with~~ her baby daughter Lisa with her. A couple of months later, Frazier joined her, but efforts to obtain a divorce failed, and the daughter from her first marriage was left in Washington with relatives and John and Delores returned to Santa Cruz County where they lived in a cabin in pre-wedded bliss.

At the advent of their relationship Frazier felt compelled to confess a murder to his wife, but a murder that apparently never occurred. He told her that when he was in Los Angeles when he was 15, he saw a man raping the sister of a guy who'd saved his life in an automobile accident. They fought, and Frazier bashed the person's head against the pavement until he was dead.

Frazier seemed to be motor accident prone. He suffered one when he was a little boy, at least two when a teenager. There was a motor bike accident, he rolled a VW on a slippery Santa Cruz road, he crashed his Austin Healey Sprite, he rolled a Toyota. He drove fast. His wife said that he used to race at Laguna Seca. He had firm ambitions to be a tune-up technician in a big league race team.

Frazier was prone to nightmares. He wet the bed, and felt horrible about the sheetside mictiritions, a problem that had been with him from early childhood. He told his wife of having dreams where he was trapped in an egressless room, with Delores calling out to him, he helpless, from which he'd wake up screaming and yelling. He told her never to sneak up on him from behind, lest he whirl without a thought and hit her.

He told her of his shrinkophobia. He did not want Doctors "messing with his head" --apparently as a result of bad experiences with reform school psychiatrists. This fear would later manifest itself at the end of his murder trial when he shaved the left hand side of his head-hair off, in a bizarre attempt to avoid being sent to the insane asylum. He didn't want "any fascist head factory working on my head."

In January of 1967, John and Delores returned to Washington in order for her to obtain a divorce and to gain custody of her daughter. John worked at a gas station and Delores worked full time also, saving money for those material things of an American marriage. Delores obtained her divorce and three days later, on September 9, 1967, John and Delores were married.

They continued to live in Washington. They purchased a VW Fastback. In 1968 they moved back to Santa Cruz County where they lived in a cabin in Ben Lomond. On October 12, early in the morning, John rolled the VW along a muddy stretch of Highway 9. The body was bent so much that a windshield could not be replaced, so the automobile was abandoned. John had great difficulty in finding a job~~.~~ (in Santa Cruz.) Delores found temporary employment in a cannery, while her husband contemplated becoming an airplane mechanic or starting a dating service.

On Christmas Eve of 1968, John finally got a job as a automobile mechanic. During the next few months he worked at several garages and it was in this period that he tried his hand at racing foreign cars.

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John worked hard, 6 days a week, plus overtime, to pay those bills for rent, TV, furniture, stereo, and bowling alley chits. John spent all his spare time with Delores. She even came down to the garage to share lunch with him, or he drove home. But he was jumpy, still had bad dreams, and suffered from grim bouts of gas pains.

In March of 1969, they moved to a house amidst tall shady redwood trees on River Lane in Felton, Santa Cruz. The cabin bordered on the twisting San Lorenzo River, and on the other bank was the Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park. There was a beach of sorts at the river's edge, which John and Delores cleaned up, and they cut a good path from the house to the water. They dumped 36 yards of compost from his mother's rabbit ranch and worm farm to fructify the lawn. In order to prevent campers from encroaching upon their turf, they built a fence to shield their property. He was hostile to the encroaching campers. He threw firecrackers into their campfires, sneaking close by cover of darkness, or he climbed trees and shot his b-b gun at their tents.

They had a hassle with the landlady over the location of the boundary fence and were thrown out. They moved across the street to a split-level cabin, and the marriage continued apace till the advent of jealousy strained it. There was one incident where they almost broke up over a Playboy Calendar. John brought one home, and she tore it up in anger. He was ready to split right there, not liking not being trusted. On the other hand he was very possessive and jealous, and the family was increasingly isolated from outside contacts. They watched TV a lot, their favorite shows being Mission Impossible, football, Mod Squad, Ironsides, and any animal shows.

They loved animals, collecting a menagerie of furry creatures. There were cats: Night-Night, Sabu, Tabu, Goblin, Diablo, Smoky, Ortega-- and dogs: Twiggy, Pepsi, and Peanuts.

John worked hard, 6 days a week, plus overtime, to pay those bills for rent, TV, furniture, stereo, and bowling alley chits. John spent all his spare time with Delores. She even came down to the lounge to share lunch with him, or he drove home. But he was jumpy, still had bad dreams, and suffered from grim bouts of gas pains.

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They loved animals, collecting a menagerie of furry creatures. There were cats: Midnight, Sam, Toot, [illegible], [illegible], Smoky, Octopus, and dogs: [illegible], Bear, and Peanuts.

In the summer of '69 a young male friend of Delores named Dennis, whom she had known in Washington, came to live in Santa Cruz. Delores resumed her friendship with Dennis, showing him the mountainous sights and spending daytime with him while John slaved over the tune-ups at the garage. John became sorely jealous, and hostile to the possibility of alien genetic codes being placed within his spouse. One day Delores and Dennis hiked to an abandoned settlement to look for old bottles and on the way back lost John's b-b gun. John was informed of this and he came storming home early from work in a jealous rage. Dennis was given 20 dollars and returned to Washington after which the Frazier domestic scene waxed tranquil for a time. His marriage was one of the few solid things John Frazier had ever secured, and he seemed to cling to it, as a wall against the past.

His aggressiveness surfaced in September of '69 when he began to force a 16 year old high school girl to ride around in his automobile with him. This occurred three times. The last time he took the girl for a ride he told her, "I didn't kill you yet" --as he dropped her off. The girl told her parents, who rushed to the police. Frazier was called away from work at the garage and placed in a police line-up and fingered as the culprit. A police report was prepared, but no formal charges were filed. Frazier told his wife it was a case of mistaken identity and she believed him.

In the spring of 1970 John bought an Austin Healey Sprite. Performance West, the Santa Cruz garage where John worked, entered a car in the Monterey Can-Am. John worked like a dog to help prepare the car, and both he and Delores attended the race.

A young woman named Alison Ayers, a friend from Washington, moved in with the Fraziers in May. She lived in the lower part of the split level. There was immediate friction in the family on the questions of freedom and liberation. Delores Frazier began to long for more outside activities, to return to school for instance, and to get involved in community activities. She was a volunteer at the local Free University, answering phone calls. She and Alison took courses at the Free U in Organic Farming, Health Foods and

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Drawing. But John didn't dig it. He was working hard, they were floating through funland. He wanted supper ready and the pad cleaned up and the dishes done when he got home from the tune-ups.

That spring John and Delores began to pursue various superstitious studies in the fields of astrology, numerology, magic and the Tarot. Both came to believe in reincarnation. In May John had his horoscope worked out and discovered that he and Jimi Hendrix had similar planetary alignments. When later Hendrix died, Frazier told his wife that Hendrix probably felt he had done all that he could do and it was time to go on to something better. John began to study a book ripped from the Redwood City Library called Occult Philosophy by Mark Edmund Jones, which became one of the tomes in Frazier's small occult reference library. And then in the midst of this time of change, John Linley Frazier began to hear the voice of God.

The Fraziers throughout imbibed [illegible] the pleasant counterculture life of Santa Cruz. There is no indication of heavy drugs, but rather mere participation in the pot and wine of hirsute youth the country over. They went down to hear their favorite bands at a packed local counterculture bar-restaurant called The Catalyst, where some of Frazier's friends were employed. Indeed, those who later would inform the police about Frazier after the Ohta, Cadwallader murders, were employed at The Catalyst, located in what appears to have once been the Grand Ballroom of the adjoining St. George Hotel on Front Street in downtown Santa Cruz. John and Delores might well today still be drinking pitchers of beer in the relaxed pleasantness of The Catalyst watching the local musicians struggling ever upward in the direction of the Billboard Charts, but something warped John Frazier into the dark side of death.

The Mesc-neck goes after the Rednecks.

On Saturday morning, May 16, 1970, John Frazier was driving his beloved souped-up '61 Sprite in Scotts Valley, Santa Cruz County, when a woman driving a '68 Merc ~~[illegible]~~ bashed into him at an intersection, and Frazier heard the voice of God say, "If you continue to drive, you will die." To a person sorely interested in race cars and speed, this was a severe command indeed. Frazier's Sprite was not insured and was severely damaged.

Drawing [illegible] John [illegible] it. He was working hard, they were [illegible] bathing through [illegible]. He wanted supper ready and the [illegible] washed up and the dishes done [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible]-ups.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] began to pursue ventures in [illegible] in the fields of astrology, numerology, [illegible] the Tarot. [illegible] reincarnation [illegible] Ray [illegible] [illegible] and discovered that he [illegible] [illegible] Hendrix [illegible] his [illegible] and it was [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] There is no indication [illegible] drugs [illegible] [illegible] local [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible].

[illegible], May 17, 1970, [illegible] Clark County, [illegible]

Frazier returned home silent and tense, with a bump on his forehead. He sat in a chair for a couple of hours. John, his wife, and Alison each took a quarter of a yellow wafer of synthetic mescaline of the speedy variety, i.e. with amphetamine-like overtones. After eating the tab, John went down to the San Lorenzo river where he was helping build a dam for swimmers. He returned from dam-build and seemed unusually tense. He took another piece of mescaline wafer, and then proceded to freak out.

In the evening John sat alone in the darkened bathroom for about two hours. He listened to Jimi Hendrix records over and over. At one point that night he sat Alison and Delores down in front of him, and began to speak in a weird far-Eastern accent, announcing that his real name was Rameria or Ramira; "I was first born in India 10 generations ago." Frazier announced that Delores and Alison were henceforth his chosen women, and that he wanted the girlfriend of their nextdoor neighbor also to join his corps of women.

Of course,John wasn't the only one zoned on mescaline. For instance another friend of the Fraziers from Washington named Steve had given them a painted "devil-mask" from Costa Rica which was residing on the mantelpiece. As Frazier was raving, others in the room could swear that the alleged devil mask was actually glowing. Finally Alison grabbed the glowing mask and threw it on the floor, hoping thereby to break Frazier's spell. But on he raved.

The next day Frazier wanted everyone to move into the woods with him. He said the house was "the devil's temple" and that he couldn't work any more so he called up Performance West and told them he was never coming in. Nor could he drive cars, for cars were polluting the air and gas/oil helping to destroy the earth.

Delores Frazier maintained close relations with her mother-in-law from her first marriage. The day after his freak-out John went over to the former mother-in-law's house where he was given a Bible with the suggestion that he study it. This furthered the freak-out indeed, for lo! when John's eyes strayed upon the Book of Revelation

he noted that it was addressed to John, and then it clicked; it was to John Frazier! He was St. John! As he read the Book of Revelation, however, he noted that much had been purposely suppressed by jealous "Pharisees" who had been responsible for the transmission of the text. Only John Frazier could de-code the hidden messages, chosen as he was by God to save the human race from eco-disaster. Accordingly, Frazier spent several weeks rewriting the Book of Revelation, blending his newly acquired astrological data into the King James prose, occasionally shouting "Pharisee! Pharisees!"

On the Monday following his weekend freak-out, friends called up a Catholic priest whose housekeeper indicated ~~he~~ the priest was ill and could not make a house call. They then called an Episcopalian minister in Ben Lomond but there was no answer. Finally they called the Jehovah's Witnesses who sent someone reportedly experienced in deprograming zombi-ized humans from New Guinea. But it was no use; John kept interrupting the counseling of the Jehovah's Witness by shouting, "Pharisee! Pharisee!" as he stood on a stool, later beating the stool upon the wall, and pounding his fist on the wall heater. Frazier began to wear wire-rimmed glasses with pink lenses, the purpose of which was to ward off incoming devil-beams.

They called Patricia Pascal, Frazier's mother, and informed her of the situation. In March of '70 Mrs. Pascal had sold her worm farm and rabbit ranch and had purchased a new trailer, intending to head for Canada. At that point the opportunity arose to purchase a 96 acre hilltop parcel of woods and houses at 4500 Cornwall in Soquel, Santa Cruz County. She purchased the land and at once began to prepare the several houses on the property to rent out, while she lived in her trailer. In the midst of this work, they called her about John. His mother called the local Drug Abuse Preventive Center, who suggested calling an ambulance. This Mrs. Pascal did, and in addition called the Santa Cruz Sheriff's Office, who sent out a squad car to reel in John Frazier. At the advent of the police and ambulance, Frazier disappeared into the rugged redwood terrain. His suspicions were confirmed: everybody was conspiring to place him into a padded hexagon.

Frazier felt his relatives were on his case too much, accusing him of being under the influence of drugs. So he agreed to undergo a psychiatric examination. On Thursday, May 21, he visited the Santa Cruz mental Health clinic. Frazier told the psychiatric social worker at the clinic, Mrs. Florence Kane, that he'd been in an accident and that God had been speaking to him, and that he'd taken mescaline in order to clear up his thinking, He further stated that he had been busy appointing guardians of his estate to be chosen from 24 people selected according to their signs of the zodiac.

Frazier wanted some sort of Writ of Sanity or mental bill of health, but his plan backfired. "He wanted something that we were not able to give him" --Mrs. Kane testified. "He was upset because of pressure from his family, his wife's ex-mother-in-law who was sure he was under the influence of a drug; and he wanted some kind of statement from us that he was not under the influence of a drug."

Frazier was seen by a clinical psychiatrist, Dr. Whistle, who recommended hospitalization, and while the paper work was being prepared, Frazier sneaked away. When he returned home, his wife asked him, "What happened?"

He replied, "I'm here aren't I, I took the test. I must be OK, if I'm here," --getting angry, and the subject was dropped. In fact, Frazier took the offensive, calling his close family and friends and accusing them of conspiring against him.

He seemed to settle down and by June of '70 a friend told his mother, "Yes, we've got him on an ecology kick." Frazier worked hard to prepare a vegetable garden. He became a temporary vegetarian. He got into a hassle with his former employer at Performance West, a good Christian who would not lie to the unemployment office that Frazier had been laid off, with the result that Frazier could not claim unemployment benefits.

Frazier designed an anti-pollution device for automobilies and was allowed to use the Performance West tools on occasion to help perfect it. But he was getting crazier. Maybe he was possessed? His wife performed a sort of mini-exorcism once one night, flashing the sign of the cross on Frazier's forehead. He became indignant; "How dare you insult me like that?"

The marriage lasted till the end of June, when Delores threw him out. He left, and returned later to seize the furniture, the color TV, the Sony tape deck, cameras, pictures, etc. --a strange act of materialism for a person who later told friends that people who wouldn't give away their TV's should "be snuffed."

The Summer of '70

John called up his mother and asked her if he could camp out on her land, since his marriage was breaking up. She assented, and John spent days wandering around the woods near her house in Soquel Highlands. There were several houses on Mrs. Pascal's property which were soon rented by an assortment of young people, UCSC students, several young men who worked down at the Catalyst, and an occasional crasher.

There was a cow barn built on the other side of a precipitous ravine dotted with destroyed cars and sharp metal and garbage. The barn had been reachable by means of a swinging bridge but a fire the previous year had destroyed it. John decided to move into the cow barn and fix it up. He went down into the canyon and hauled up the fallen bridge cables, and restrung them. He built a board walk on the cables of 1X6's and he devised a draw-bridge section in the middle in order to prevent sneak attack by hostile humans.

The young residents of Mrs. Pascal's hilltop called it "the hill" or"the land." And John was called the "king of the hill." John installed electricity in his converted cowbarn and adorned it with the belongings from his house on River Lane. The approach bridge had no railing and crossing it was a shaky circus-act of danger.

[illegible] designed [illegible] anti-pollution device [illegible] adjusted [illegible] and we allowed to use that performance [illegible] on occasion to help [illegible]. But he was nothing [illegible]. Maybe he's possessed? [illegible] performed a sort of mind-expansion [illegible] light, flashing the [illegible] a scene [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] Indian [illegible] [illegible] like that?"

The [illegible] [illegible], when [illegible] threw [illegible] out [illegible] left, and returned later [illegible] furniture, the color TV, the [illegible], [illegible], etc.--[illegible] [illegible] told [illegible] the people [illegible] would be [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] out [illegible], since [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] around the [illegible] highlights. [illegible] [illegible], several young men [illegible], and [illegible].

[illegible] the other side [illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] John [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Occasionally while crossing, Frazier would kick away some of the slats, leaving a gap. That was OK with him because he intended to become so proficient that he would be able to walk to his pad along a single cable.

Frazier was a colorful but lonely figure on The Hill. He slept a lot in the brush, and would disappear for 2 or three days. Sometimes he would eat at his mother's, or visit the people living in the rented houses. He was an erratic babbler. One of the women residents there fashioned him a poncho made from an American flag. The flag poncho, plus a new beard, a wide brim straw hat, knee high moccasins, and his anti-devil red shades-- Frazier was cool, man, cool. In fact, one of Frazier's favorite sayings was the ancient N.Y. hipster phrase, "That's cool, man."

He became a gun freak, practicing his aim all the time. Once he went up the hillside target shooting and left a bunch of shot-up cans in the environment. This gave the people living on The Hill an opportunity to get on his case: "Like, hey, John, if you're so heavy into ecology why leave shot-up cans all over the place?" So Frazier had to go pick them up. But it must have been tedious indeed to ~~[illegible]~~ hear a violent-talking loudmouth rail, blah blah, about the pigs, the revolution, the rednecks, eco-catastrophe, blah this, blah that, blah blah, over and over. You find a few of them on the edge of every riot.

And there was plenty of external inspiration in the State of California for Frazier, in cases like the so-called Zodiac killer or the Manson family trial which was on the front page all through the summer of 1970. There were two famous cases in the summer in California involving people eating or burning human hearts in obeisance to satan. One devil-follower burnt a station wagon in Santa Clara County just over the line from the Santa Cruz summit and claimed, when caught, he burnt the victim's heart inside the wagon as a sacrifice. Frazier spoke of the Zodiac killer who has terrorized California for about a decade, claiming that the souls of his victims will be his slaves in "paradise." Zodiac often left or sent bizarre messages, some written in a sort of berserk

poesy, to draw attention. There was one crazed Zodiac message widely reported in the media just a few days before Frazier left his illiterate death-note at the Ohta residence, a nasty card which might have inspired Frazier, who was not known for his great originality.

During the summer Frazier became a small time or small town drug dealer. He dealt his drugs out of a square black attaché case containing numerous packets and vials of a remarkable variety of substances, everything from acid, to speed, to pain killers, to Darvon, to peyote. He specialized in dealing out 1000-unit jars of amphetamine. The local dope wholesaler entered the notation "U & D" after Frazier's name in his address book, meaning that John was an upper-and-downer salesman, a rather nefarious occupation for an ecological apostle of God.

As the wonderful summer of '70 fled past, one friend recalls taking acid with John a few times and then John would lunge with violence at the passing of rubicund necks. "Like, if we'd see a redneck" -- his friend recounted, "he'd say 'let's get the redneck...'" and his friend would have to calm him down.

Once Frazier freaked out and did a dance atop a dead lamb named Freckles. The lamb belonged to his mother, and John occasionally watered it. People on the hill were surprised to see John leaning against a smashed truck, jumping up and down on young dead Freckles, shouting, "it serves her right for not giving it any water." A woman resident of The Hill, who had seen Frazier stomp the lamb, went walking in the meadowland above the property, and ran into Frazier who was out with his b-b gun. The woman's child asked John if he could shoot the gun. It was OK with John and OK with the mother but the child saw a bird, took aim, and ptuuued! At this, St. John was sorely angered. He grabbed the gun, cocked it, pointed it at the child's temple and asked, how would you feel if I shot you? The little boy said, it would hurt. John said, yeah, that's how that little bird would feel if you shot him, only a bird would die.

Frazier once again resumed his fascination with automobiles. He helped a friend who had a repair shop set up at Mrs. Pascal's Cornwall Road rabbit ranch. In addition, Frazier was having a homosexual affair with one of the mechanics that worked with him on car repairs. At the end of the summer, Frazier was interested in obtaining a job driving repossessed automobiles from city to city, hardly an ecological occupation. He went down to Los Angeles in mid-August bearing his black attaché case. Around the time he was in Los Angeles the father of one of the residents of The hill, with whom Frazier had quarreled, was murdered in Los Angeles and Frazier has long been a suspect.

Frazier began to hang out at the Chateau Regis, a road house and campout site located at summit of the Santa Cruz Mountains just over the line into Santa Clara County. The Chateau Regis was a favorite haunt of the satan this, devil that, type of biker crowd from the San Jose area. The Chateau is where authorities believe that Frazier met the "terrorists" who urged him to begin to start carving. He used to go there with his friends from The Hill on Friday nights, and then wander loaded over to his wife Delores' house in Felton. Sometimes Frazier and friends swam nude at the popular Garden of Eden bend in the San Lorenzo River near Rincon Tunnel ; near where Herb Mullin later shot the four campers.
In September Frazier attended a party given by a trans-sexual friend in Capitola, where he bored the assembled revelers by ceaseless discussion of the Revolution. At the party he thrilled himself by playing the live album from the Woodstock Festival over and over.

Was Frazier wired up to kill?

Frazier has claimed that he was aided in his murders by a group of "comrades" who would kill his family if he should reveal their names. He told the psychologist Dr. David Marlowe, who was hired by Frazier's attorney, that he met these "comrades" at a bar some time prior to the killings; that they were driving a

white van with Oregon plates, and that to show Frazier that he could kill and get away with it, they ~~showed~~ proved it to him by going out and stabbing a "religious freak" to death.

Dr. Marlowe, the head of the Psychology Department at University of California, Santa Cruz, saw Frazier many times, for a total of about fifty hours, beginning right after Frazier was arrested for murder. While Frazier never said a word about anything to the police, he did confess to Dr. Marlowe, but would not allow the interviews to be taped, or for Dr. Marlowe to make notes. In fact Marlowe had to promise not to write anything down even after Marlowe, left the jail and returned home.

At Frazier's trial Dr. Marlowe was asked about the murder Frazier's comrades supposedly committed, and his testimony is as follows:

> This....involves three other people who meet with Frazier; that is, he knows them for some time before they presumably go to commit the crime, and they share his ideology about ecology, materialism, and the need to wage a world war on establishment people and red necks and turkeys, and so on. And...they're going to go out, and, as he puts it, rip off people and kill all these polluters of the environment.... And they tell him that one can simply kill and get away with it; that there is no risk of being caught. And he is doubtful of this, and so they claim, these three men, that they will prove it to him; that they can commit a crime, a murder, for which they will not be detected.
>
> And the crime that Frazier reports to me that they committed was to go up on Highway 17 and find some hippie-type male adult, young,..I think he described as having religious convictions or was a religious freak, I think were his terms. And they murdered him, and that he claims this was then reported in the paper, and he was now satisfied that he was in fact in the company of real terrorists, revolutionary types who would save the environment by committing crimes.

Tales of cadres of humans "wiring up weirdos" to walk mumbling about ecology or moaning for vengence toward a victim, receiving transmissions from an assortment of deities-- mind-screens flashing with blobs of carnage drool, knife or gun in hand, howling and hacking-- such a scene is an impossible and paranoid fantasy, we tell ourselves, worthy of a script for Twilight Zone, but not certainly as a scenario for American behavior. But if such wiring up **is , in fact, possible, ~~God~~ may Heaven prevent organized crime from learning the methodology.**

There was in fact, a young man named Kenneth "Pee Wee" Freddette who was stabbed numerous times in the back and left by the side of Highway 17 in the Santa Cruz Mountains on October 1, 1970. Pee Wee Freddette was hitching down to a music festival in Monterey, California, when he was butcherously killed. Freddette supposedly met members of a religious cult at the Sky River Music Festival in Washington in late summer, but nothing really substantial to date has linked Frazier to this crime, other than it was, as Frazier said the murder he witnessed was, reported in the press; and Freddette was, as Frazier termed it, a "religious freak."

The very able and professional Investigators with the Santa Cruz County District Attorney's Office have said, that, while it is believed that the Ohta murders were committed by Frazier alone, the question of whether he met a bunch of kill-crazies at The Chateau Regis or The Garden of Eden, is open. And the file on the murder of poor Pee Wee Freddette is still very much open. And since Frazier has said in letters, and in one of his few statements to police, right as he was captured, that his "comrades" would kill his family if he talked, it is possible that a combination of Om and Omerta have kept him quiet.

His wife once considered starting to hang out at The Chateau perchance to overhear the boastful brags of any wire-up squads. Dr. David Marlowe, who talked about 50 hours with Frazier, during the research for this article told ace private investigator Larry Larsen that Frazier's account of meeting the "comrades" was so detailed and delivered in such conviction, that there just might be some truth to it.

As for a reason to kill Dr. Ohta, or Mrs. Cadwallader, or anyone else, the only possible motive that this writer has seen, besides the that of econoia, was that Dr. Ohta was involved, at his death, in trying to collect some quarter of a million dollars he had invested with some sharpies up in San Jose, who were involved in some sort of Louisiana based oil company.

Whether or not Frazier observed the death of Pee Wee Freddette, his friends noted that around October 1st, 1970, Frazier's paranoia and violent babble increased significantly. Gore was imminent, the revolution is here, death is now, he boasted.

Frazier began to spend a lot of time on top of a water tower near his cow shack, scanning the nearby hills and woods with binoculars, looking for approaching hostiles. Observing the "little people" -- as he termed the distant humans. He began to sleep up on the tower. He told his wife on River Lane to keep her doors and windows locked at all times.

Sometimes the fear was more mundane, as when the finance company came around to The Hill trying to repossess the stereo, and Frazier would have to hide in the woods till they were gone.

He made plans to split. During the two weeks prior to the Ohta-Cadwallader murders, Frazier announced that he was going to take a trip back East. During the first week of October Frazier drove up with a friend, Mike Wark, in Wark's white van, to the meadow above the Cornwall land, next to the Ohta residence, and Frazier told Wark that he was going to wipe out an entire family. "I got it all planned" --he said.

The plush mansion of Dr. and Mrs. Ohta lay at one end of the meadow, at 999 Rodeo Gulch Road. At the other end was a house owned by Mr. Donald Muni, of 1583 Rodeo Gulch. On October 4th and 5th, the Muni family was away from home, and John Linley Frazier invaded their house, where he stayed for about a day. He gained entrance by climbing a tall oak tree and prying open a third story window. Then he ransacked the house. He called a close friend using the Muni phone, and said, "Hi! I turned the dogs loose," and announced an impending burn-down. After a day or so inside, Frazier apparently suffered a failure of nerves about firing it, although he left an iron on, face down upon the ironing board, which scorched the cloth.

He drove a Mustang belonging to the Muni family part way down the driveway and there disabled it. The car could be observed at that location by Frazier positioned on his observation post atop the water tower, and he wanted to check out the movements of the family. When he left, he stole two rifles, an automatic shotgun, a Ruger pistol, (and a large supply of votive candles.) The Muni family was probably fortunate not to have arrived home while Johnny Eco was there or he might have destroyed them. Because shortly thereafter Frazier spoke to Nancy Pena, a resident on The Hill, about how hard it is to rouse oneself to the point of killing and burning. Remembered Ms. Pena:

"He'd just talk about having a revolution with violence and murder and then he'd say 'If I could just live with myself after--if I could actually commit it,' and he'd clench his fist and pound the chair to emphasize. He didn't really know if he could commit murder, if he could live with himself after he did commit murder."

1970 was the year in which at least one famed American radical and bomberphile urged youth to consider killing their parents. And so it was with John Frazier, who, after he ripped the automatic shotgun from Mr. Muni's house, sawed it off to the size of a shot-pistol, ready for use in his important anti-redneckery. His friend Joe Cole was provided a glimpse of the impending Frazier techniques. Frazier walked up with the sawed-off shotgun secreted in his zipper jacket. Then he flashed it, and blooey! blooey! blooey! shot a tin can up the hill. You had to be ready to kill your own parents, man, he told Cole.

Throughout the circles of his friends, Frazier left a trail of boastful babble. He told Alison Ayers, "If the cops come around, you don't know me. You don't know anything about me, you don't know who I am."

He told Nancy Pena, he'd be ringing doorbells like the "Avon lady." Then he'd burn the dwelling. She recalled Frazier saying: "The revolution will start by destroying one particular family and going from there. Once you start you have to just keep going on."

The Knights of the Tarot

Frazier apparently did actually have a group of friends that adopted the names of the four knights of the suits of the Tarot card deck. They may have been the group that Frazier said he met at the mountaintop biker bar, who helped him to kill, or they may have been just a group of friends who, if so, must have really been disturbed to find their Tarot appellations attached to the bottom of the death note left at the Ohta mansion.

In any case, prior to the murders Frazier asked his acquaintance Shirley Bynres: "Do you know what the Knight of Wands, etc, are?"

She said, "NO."

He said, "Well, you will soon find out."

After the crimes, Frazier's wife told her next door neighbor about the knights. "She brought up about the cards" --the neighbor told the police, "and that John and these other cats that lived up there had this little trip going and that John was the Knight of Pentacles and that this other cat was the Knight of Cups." The police were never able to ascertain the identity of the Knight of Cups, as far as this writer knows.

On Friday Frazier removed some of his possessions from the Cornwall Road shack and carried them to his wife's place in Felton. He left in her care his small occult library, including several books ripped from the Redwood City Library. Included in the collection:

1. The History & Practice of Magic (bearing notations on a paper towel stuck in between pages 18 and 19.)
2. Occult Philosophy, by Mark Edmund Jones
3. Numerology Made Plain, by Ariel Yvon Taylor
4. The Tarot Revealed, by Eden Gray (with handwritten notes on pp. 1, 3, 73, 74.)
5. The World Translation of The Holy Bible (with astro-notes on pp. 1322, 1323, 1328, 1329.)

He also forked over to Delores his personal papers, reformatory card, birth certificate, and so forth. In her care Frazier left his locked black dope case, inside which were some 140 dollars in cash, and various vials and packets, including amphetamine tabs, 6.9 grams of crystallized acid, 16.1 grams of acid, 41.6 grams of marijuana, 8 grams of peyote, more amphetamine, 11.7 grams of codeine, valium, darvon, 7 nembies, and 3.7 grams of additional acid, plus a few copper-coated Winchester Western bullets with flake powder, the type he used at the Ohta mansion.

On Saturday, the 17th of October, the nextdoor neighbor, Bert Bongiovanni, was on the way to the store for beer and asked John to come along. John got into the car. They picked up the beer, and returned to River Lane. Frazier suggested they drive over to Soquel to The Hill. This they did, and Frazier stayed busy explaining the Tarot, urging his friend to get into it. He said "something big" was going to be happening on Monday, and kept up his mumbling threats of violence against the rednecks.

Frazier spent Saturday night at his wife's house watching television and winding up his affairs. The Saturday night movie on the tube was The Russians Are Coming. John kept calling various people during the movie, announcing over the phone, "The Russians are coming, the Russians are coming. "

He called the Muni family, whom he had robbed, and shouted again, "The Russians are coming, the Russians are coming."

Frazier varied the theme a bit when he called Delores' ex-mother-in-law, "The hippies are coming, the hippies are coming!"

She replied, "No, John, the Russians are coming!" since she too, was watching Saturday Night at the Movies.

He spent Saturday night with Delores. He mentioned again that he was going to go East, and that he already had his plane tickets. On Sunday he visited Cornwall Road, and stopped in at one of the houses there. He told a young woman that the revolution for sure was about to begin. She laughed at him. This made him angry, and he stormed out. As he left, and told her again that it was about to begin. The revolution is coming, the revolution is coming.

On Sunday afternoon, the day before the slaughter, Frazier and Delores borrowed the white van belonging to a friend named Mike Wark (not the alleged white snuffer van with Oregon plates) and moved the rest of his belongings out of the cow shack back to the house in Felton. Then he stuck a .38 calibre pistol into his waistband, and filled his orange backpack with several days food and said he was leaving for good.

Death On The Hillside

Dr. Victor Ohta was born at Homestake, Montana at the top of Butte Mountain in 1925. Early in life he moved to Livingston, Montana and was raised by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Ohta. His father was a section foreman for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Dr. Ohta was a 1942 graduate of Park City High School in Livingston and thereupon attended Montana State College in Bozeman, Montana. He played football for the Park High Rangers.

He entered the U.S. Army in July 1944, during W.W. II. After the war, he attended Northwestern University Medical School in Evanston, Illinois, graduating in June 1950. In the fall of 1950 he married Virginia Ann Tobias of Streator, Illinois.

Dr. Ohta completed his internship and residency at Chicago's Wesley Memorial Hospital in 1954 whereafter he joined the U.S. Airforce and spent three years as chief opthalmologist at Wright-Patterson Airforce Base in Dayton, Ohio.

In late 1959, Dr. Ohta, Virginia Ohta, 4 children and 3 cats drove to Santa Cruz, California in a Volkswagen microbus. In 1960 Dr. Ohta set up practice in Santa Cruz and became one of the busiest eye surgeons in California, specializing in cataract removal, and the money rolled in.

In the mid-1960's the Ohta family began to construct a 250,000 dollar plush home on a high ridge-top at 999 Rodeo Gulch Road, about 4 miles from downtown Santa Cruz. Bulldosers leveled the crown of the hill, and cut a long twisting quarter-mile driveway to the crest. The high-in-gulch mansion had a sweeping view of Monterey Bay and took a year to build. Many truck-loads of Arizona flagstone were hauled up for the construction of the house, which was built bent around a large manta-shaped swimming pool. The house was designed by San Francisco architect Aaron Green and was featured in an article in the magazine, House Beautiful.

[illegible] on the Hillside

[illegible] Victor [illegible] Ernestine, [illegible] of the [illegible] was [illegible] Ph.[illegible] the [illegible] Pre- [illegible] College in [illegible] Park [illegible].

[illegible] during [illegible] Medical School [illegible] graduating in June 1954. [illegible]

[illegible] complete his internship and residency in Chicago [illegible] he joined [illegible] years [illegible] Air Force [illegible].

[illegible] Los Angeles, California, specializing in [illegible]

[illegible] high school [illegible] which [illegible]

When the Ohtas moved in to the remote hilltop house, Dr. Ohta was a bit afraid so he bought two Doberman Pinschers as guard dogs, but gave them away in fear that they might bite someone. He owned several pistols which he kept hidden under their bedroom mattress.

About 12:30 p.m. (on October 19, 1970) Mrs. Virginia Ohta deposited $3665.00 in the Wells Fargo Bank, then went to a Santa Cruz travel agency regarding family plans to travel to Hawaii for Thanksgiving. She returned home alone and was seized and bound by John Frazier who wouldn't even let her take her driving gloves off. Mrs. Ohta was terrified of possible rape, but Frazier reassured her about that, and even brought her a glass of orange juice. They talked a long time regarding matters of materialism and the environment, according to Frazier's confession to Dr. Marlowe.

Frazier contended, in version number three of his confession, that he arrived alone at the property around noon. That would have been just after the gardener left for lunch. After this, the three "comrades" came to the house, but apparently, if true at any part, did not take part in the actual murders, which Frazier admits committing by himself. Frazier didn't even know the Ohta name. When first he confessed to Dr. Marlowe, he called it the "Ohtum residence."

When the gardener returned from lunch, he saw Mrs. Ohta's station wagon in the garage. There were no other vehicles around, such as a white van. The gardener had been instructed to repair a motorized mini-racer belonging to one of the children. He went into the garage, repaired it, and then knocked on the door to tell Mrs. Ohta it was fixed, but there was no answer.

Dr. Ohta was busy as his office. At about 3 o'clock, a voice called Dr. Ohta's office. Frazier has denied over and over that he was the voice. "This is the Union Garage. Toby's (Mrs. Ohta's nickname) car has broken down. The kids need to be picked up at school." Then there was a final sentence, "Toby wants to talk to Dorothy" --then click. It must have been after this that Frazier cut the phone lines and removed the speaker element from the phone.

Frazier emptied a drawer of bright silk scarves into a pile on the living room floor. These were used to tie the hands, and to hood the heads, of the victims. Frazier reported to Dr. Marlowe that a .45 Calibre pistol was given to him, apparently by his "comrades" --i.e. the tarotoid knights mentioned in the death note, at the Garden of Eden, by which he may have meant the swimming spot on the San Lorenzo River where he used to hang out. The victims, however, were shot with .38 and .22 caliber pistols.

Dr. Ohta's secretary, Mrs. Dorothy Cadwallader, picked up Tag Ohta at school and brought him home to Rodeo Gulch in her Lincoln Continental. They were tied up and blindfolded with the colorful silks, and were placed in different parts of the house such as the utility room and in a poolside dressing room.

Dr. Victor Ohta was accustomed to visiting his mother, and stopping in at the hospital to see his eye patients, before returning hom from his office. His son Derrick called from school however, and said no one had picked him up. Mr. Ohta and his son arrived home in the maroon Rolls Royce. The Doctor set his brief case and the evening newspaper on the couch in the living room and apparently had just removed his jacket when Frazier burst upon them, tied them and hooded them,again using the bright scarves.

Dr. Ohta and John Frazier talked outside by the pool. Dr. Ohta told him, "I'll give you what you want, just leave us alone." Frazier was upset that the Doctor had offered him material booty, and instead suggested that together they burn the house down, restoring the site to its natural state of groovnines.

Dr. Ohta apparently became incensed at this suggestion, and there was some sort of jostling, and Frazier pushed him into the pool, the Doctor's hands bound still, his head hooded. Dr. Ohta worked his hands loose, and Frazier apparently offered him a hand to get out of the pool. Dr. Ohta grabbed Frazier, as if to whip him into the water, and Frazier shot him three times with a .38 calibre pistol.

Dr. and Mrs. Ohta were supposed to attend a 7:15 formal Founders Dinner at the new Dominican Santa Cruz Hospital, toward the construction of which they had given substantial contributions. Dr. Ohta's watch, wettened in the water of the pool, stopped at 6:32.

One by one he went to the various rooms of the house and brought his hooded victims out to the sun deck by the pool. Mrs. Ohta was first. He asked her if she believed in God, and she replied, yes. "Then you have nothing to be afraid of," Frazier said, and shot her through the scarf. Stains on the deck indicate that he then dragged her to the pool and pushed her in.

The same thing occurred for the others. Frazier had problems in his conscience killing youngsters, but told a psychiatrist, Dr. Donald Lunde of the Stanford University Medical Center, that is was easy to kill the older Ohta boy because he was wearing a uniform or crested blazer indicating he attended an expensive private school. When Frazier was taken to the Ohta residence with the jury, during his trial, Frazier flipped a cigarette into the pool where Tag Ohta was found. Frazier also left some sort of tableau, apparently next to the pool, consisting of a straw crucifix and a book of bible stories.

Then he burned the house, setting (8 different) fires in several sections of it. For instance, he took ten or eleven stuffed animals from the girl's bedroom and threw them into a pile to use as fire tinder. The two daughters, Lark, and Taura, both teenagers, were away at boarding schools, and were the only survivers. The animal-loving Frazier also killed the pet Siamese cat with a bullet in the head.

Frazier blocked the u-shaped driveway at both ends with Mrs. Cadwallader's Lincoln and with Dr. Ohta's Rolls Royce, breaking off the key to the Rolls in the ignition. He ~~had~~ typed a death note on a typewriter in the house, and left it under the windshield wiper of the maroon Rolls. He drove away in Mrs. Ohta's green 1968 Oldsmobile station wagon, and the mansion burned till it was a shell of gutted flagstones.

hallowween......1970

today wopld war 3 will begin as brought to you by the pepole of the free universe.

From this day forward any one and?/ or c company of persons who missuses the natural enviroment or destroys same will suffer the penelty of death by the people of the free universe.

I and my comrads from this day forth will fight until death or freedom,against any- [illegible] thing or anyone who dose not support natural life on this planet, materalisum must die or man-kind will.

KNIGHT OF WANDS
KNIGHT OF CUPS
KNIGHT OF PENTICLES
KNIGHT OF SWORDS

This is the death note Frazier typed and placed beneath the windshield wiper of Dr. and Mrs. Ohta's maroon Rolls Royce, October 19, 1970

Other police units waited for the car as it twisted down through the redwoods toward a major intersection, but it vanished. Frazier drove it down a steep embankment and onto Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and drove it across a dangerous railroad trestle, which later almost claimed an official's 4-wheel-drive vehicle, and along a narrow ledge, the river on one side at a steep angle, and into Rincon Tunnel. Frazier parked the stationwagon at a point where the tunnel curves, so that oncoming trains could not see it. Then he set it afire.

His timing was cunning and perfect. At precisely 5:09 the Southern Pacific Railroad announced to the police via radio, that Engine number 3661 had bashed into the (burning) station wagon. Frazier and his pack had vanished.

Then the next day the horror of the death note hit the media, and Frazier's friends who worked at The Catalyst Restaurant/Bar in downtown Santa Cruz, and who also lived on The Hill, decided to tell the police. The met with the management of The Catalyst and one of them went to a pay phone and called in with the data. A meeting with the District Attorney, who had been working on the case 24 hours a day, was set up for 2 A.M. Thursday.

Early the morning of Thursday the 22nd of October, the police began to stake out the rabbit ranch. The residents, as could well be understood, began to fade away and find temporary quarters elsewhere, as the Sheriff's Deputies set up headquarters in the main two-story white residence. Pat Pascal was away at the time checking out some property in Nevada, but was reported to have exclaimed, "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!" --when news of her son's suspected involvement was broadcast over her car radio.

Authorities also set up a stake-out in the residence of Delores Frazier in Felton, and in addition tapped the phones. Mrs. Frazier cooperated, and no one was admitted to the pad, while she kept a vigil, the police nearby at surveillance posts, expecting

O My God, It's John

As soon as word of the murders spread among the young people residing at Frazier's mother's rabbit ranch, some could not resist the temptation to indulge in a bit of grim humor, saying things like, "I guess John never made it back East." Or, when the death note became known, "O my God, it's John." The public wasn't informed till Wednesday, a day and a half after the event, about the knights of the Tarot message. When that information passed over the media, his friends knew John was the one, and got together to figure out what to do about it. Young and old, long hair and short hair, the county whirled with fear. In fact the longhair population was praying that the killer was not one of them. People with guns got ready for combat.

Not much is known about Frazier's activities after his deeds. He did stop at a gas station, driving Mrs. Ohta's station wagon, but was told by the attendant that the station was closed, and Frazier uttered his famous line, "That's cool, man." Sometime that night he wound up camping out at a remote cul-de-sac, in the Pinecrest Subdivision, at the end of Cottini Drive, in Bonny Doon. Nearby was a small campfire pit and some benches, all hidden, and an obscure pond of fresh water.

The next afternoon, one Robert Acterberg was looking at lots in the Pinecrest Subdivision, and spotted Mrs. Ohta's stationwagon, and noted the license number, which had been heavily broadcast over the media, and saw Frazier's orange pack in the back. Mr. Acterberg got the hell out of there, and sped south toward the Sheriff's office in Santa Cruz. By the time he arrived and made his report, Frazier was long gone. Police and reporters raced toward the spot. At 4:42 P.M. a police unit phoned it that Mrs. Ohta's Olds was seen driving south of Felton on Highway 9.

arrival of the taroteer.

Just before sundown, Sheriff's Deputies back at the rabbit ranch, set two devices near Frazier's shack, to be able to determine in the morning if he had visited ~~on~~ during the night. They placed a branch across the trail leading to the cable bridge and a long board was leaned against a cable. By the door a small piece of wood was placed, which would be dislodged should the door be. set ajar.

Late in the afternoon a murder warrant was issued for John Linley Frazier and that night District Attorney Chang held a press conference, facing a bank of some 20-odd microphones. The tone of the questions was fear, and Mr. Chang acted to quell it. He mentioned that it was the hip community that had done much to finger Frazier out as the culprit, and when asked if Frazier was a hippie, Mr. Chang replied, "What is a hippie?" --then added, "This person was not liked in the hippie community." Authorities assured the microphones in addition, that there was no evidence indicating the existence of any kind of political organization called the "Free Universe party."

The murders created a world wide media spasm. The Lubbock, Texas police department sent in a message that it was holding some hippies as suspects for Santa Cruz. News of the crimes hit the front page in Capetown, South Africa. The next day the mayor of Santa Cruz, as gun sales went early into the Christmas rush, issued a plea for residents "to remain calm in this tragic time for our community." The mayor continued, "I have received innumerable telephone calls requesting, and in many cases demanding, immediate action, even to the point where some believe a state of martial law should be declared." Then he warned strongly against any "talk of formation of vigilante groups."

Frazier claims to have become aware that the police were snooping around his place, so he fled back into the woods. He was carrying a quantity of mescaline and amphetamine with him. He gobbled down both substances and suffered an amphetamine-mescaline flameout.

arrival of the [illegible].

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[illegible] claims to have become aware that the police were searching around his place, so he fled [illegible] into the woods. He was carrying a quantity of mescaline and amphetamine with him. He [illegible] both [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible].

He wandered through the redwoods hallucinating and seeing visions of the trees attacking him, and of shadows lurching forward to kill him, so that he had to flee the murderous shadows. Finally, when the drugs wore off, the urge to sleep was overpowering, and he returned to his cabin, upsetting the branches and the block of wood in the door, and lay upon the floor in deep sleep.

At 7:00 A.M. Friday, Deputies Arbsland and Sanford, of the Santa Cruz Sheriff's Office, noted that the cabin had been entered during the darkness. With shotguns ready to blast, they entered the cabin, noted a mound upon the floor, kicked loose the blanket, saw a leg, woke up the sleeping killer, and made the arrest. Frazier told them, "I can't do anything. I can't say anything, or my wife and family will get it."

And then there were the voices. He kept hearing the voices. And even a year later, when he was going on trial, the crazed young man kept feeling the auditory hallucinations in his brain.

Herbert Mullin, The Voices of Kill

5:30 April 19, 1972
When I feel that the people are asking me to hit them
I should ask them if they want me to hit them on the head.

from Mullin's notebooks

Herbert Mullin was born on April 18, 1947 in good old Salinas, California. His family seemed to be a typically strong American unit. His mother, Jean Clair Mullin, and his father, William, were devout Catholics. His father was a graduate of Oregon State University, and served in the U.S. Marines in the late 1930's. During World War II, Mr. Mullin was a Captain in the United States Army. Herb Mullin had an older sister named Pat, who later operated a Christmas tree ranch with her husband.

The Mullin family moved to San Francisco where Herb attended his first eight years at the parochial St. Stephens Grade School. His first two years of high school were spent at Riordan High in San Francisco.

Mullin's father was strict, and in the spirit of Once a Marine Always a Marine, the family was embued with great respect for the Armed Forces. Herb Mullin remembered being taken to the movie, The Alamo by his father when he was very young, and noticing his father reveling in the carnage-suffused demise of Davy Crockett and associates. Mullin's father used to box with him, deliberately knocking the boy down with hard whacks, to teach him a "lesson."

The family had owned a summer home in Boulder Creek, in the northern hills of Santa Cruz County. In 1963 the Mullin family moved to Felton, a few miles south of Boulder Creek, where from 63 till graduating in 1965, Herb attended San Lorenzo Valley High School, where he excelled on the football team, wearing number 72. His friend James Gianera, whom he later shot to death because Gianera

had turned him onto acid and yoga, wore number 71. Mullin belonged to the Key Club and to a society of footballers, called The Zeros. The 7 or 8 members of The Zeros also became Mullin's sworn enemies seven years later, when he accused them of everything from practicing black magic, to the advocacy of free love, to poisoning his mind with psychotropic molecules.

After graduation from San Lorenzo Valley High, Herbert Mullin attended nearby Cabrillo Community College in Aptos, California. In the spring of 1967 he graduated from the junior college with an Associate in Science Degree, specializing in Civil Highway Technology, preparing himself for a career overseeing highway scrape jobs and road-side rejuvenations. He garnered a 2.68 grade average.

1967 was a landmark year in the life of Herb Mullin, for it left him at its end a changed man. During the [redacted] far-famed summer of Be-in Love when flower-power adorned the magazine covers, Mullin worked for the Santa Cruz Department of Public Works, and took a summer course in Indian Philosophy at San Jose State University.

In the fall he matriculated as a full time student at San Jose State, continuing to take courses in Eastern religion. He worked at Magoo's Hideaway in San Jose as a short order cook, and also as a part time mover, running ads in the newspaper under the epigraph, Have Truck Will Haul. He had been taking L.S.D. with his close friends from high school and Cabrillo College, but in October took an increased dosage which placed him yogambulating into orbit.

His friends noticed a profound change. Mullin had been engaged to be married, but with his new modes of behavior, the marriage was canceled. He disappeared around Halloween from his rooming house in San Jose and took a trip to Los Angeles with a blonde. He went on a macrobiotic diet, and his family noticed him slim down. He began to practice yoga meditation. He was involved in anti-war demonstrations, and he and a close friend [redacted] decided to become [redacted] conscientious objectorS, which exacerbated relations with his conservative father. In December he dropped out of San Jose State, and announced he wanted to go to India to study religion.

Mullin's (C.O. application) was turned down at first by the local draft board, so he appealed the decision to the Appeals Board in San Francisco, where eventually he was granted Conscientious Objector status. Not much is known about Mullin's activities in 1968. He has accused his close friends of taking part in black magic activities in Santa Cruz during this period, but that may be just his later hatred filtering into the past. In the spring of '68, Mullin was living in a makeshift tent in the Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park. In fact, his little dwelling was located above The Garden of Eden section of the San Lorenzo River where John Frazier later swam with the people whom he claimed wired him up for murder, and where Mullin himself later killed 4 campers eating pancakes in a tent.

It was the 21st of April when Mullin was arrested sitting lotus position near his shelter in the redwoods. He was charged with the violation of Section 11530 of the California Health & Safety Law, pertaining to marijuana. The charge was reduced to visiting the premises of a pot-puff, and on May 16, Mullin was given 90 days suspended, and put on probation for a year.

In October 1968 Herb Mullin began to work at the Goodwill Store in Santa Cruz as his Alternate Service. Soon he was sent down the coast to San Luis Obispo where he was store manager of a Goodwill operation there. He couldn't hack Goodwill Industries, so after two months, he returned to Santa Cruz.

In January of 1969, Goodwill Industries sent a letter to the Selective Service board in Santa Cruz advising that Mullin had terminated his employment, and that he was headed to India once more to study religion.

Later, in a videotaped interview with his defense attorney, he accused his best friend of dope-drug, saying he had "drugged my mind with hashish" in order to sneak-force Mullin to quit Goodwill in San Luis Obispo.

One of the so-called Eastern Religions Mullin was interested in, was the respectable Self-Realization Fellowship, which is headquartered in Los Angeles but has branches all over the country. Among the purposes of the Self-Realization Fellowship is to "reveal the complete harmony between original Christianity and original Yoga." The Self-Realization Fellowship was founded in 1920 by a yoga master named Paramahansa Yogananda, whose Autobiography of a Yogi has long been on the spiritual/metaphysical best seller list. After a long career of writing and proselytizing, Yogananda died, or "entered mahasamadhi" or experienced "final exit from the body," as they say, in 1952. Mullin was much taken up by the word "mahasamadhi" or final exit from the body, which he spelled mahashamadhi. Mullin painted mahashamadhi on his Volkswagen. He tattooed mahashamadhi upon his left ankle, and he wrote it many times in his notebooks.

The Self-Realization Fellowship teaches prayer techniques enabling the person praying to talk, as it were, with God. One of their booklets is titled, How You Can Talk With God, which purports to instruct methods for such God-talk. Praying to God, and hearing the voice of God may be a perfectly innocent endeavor, but for a paranoid schizophrenic like Mullin to open his mind ahunger for the Cosmic Vibrations of God is to invite, instead of the voice of the Lord, the staccato voice of Uncle Crazy, or worse, of Mr. Kill Kill.

↓

Mullin flipped out twice in 1969, requiring hospitalization, once in the spring and once in the fall. In March of '69, Mullin went up to his sister's and brother-in-law's Christmas tree ranch in Sebastopol, California, where he lived in a trailer [redacted] and apparently in nearby caves. He was working like a dog planting Monterey pine and Douglas fir seedlings for the American yule. On March 30, the family, including Mullin's mother and father, were enjoying dinner, when Herb suffered a bout of echopraxia. For four hours Mullin mimicked the motions of his brother-in-law. When the brother-in-law lifted his soup spoon, so did Herb. When he [redacted] smiled, walked, stood, yawned, so did Herb. This sorely befreaked all concerned, especially Herb's visiting mother and father.

The next day Mullin's father consulted a Catholic priest, who recommended admission to Mendocino State Hospital. This was accomplished, and Mullin spent about 6 weeks at Mendocino State. He was allowed to visit the Christmas tree farm on weekends, and finally was discharged from the hospital on May 9, little improved, and diagnosed as a [redacted] schizophrenic.

Right away Herb Mullin obtained work as a dish washer at Harvey's Wagon Wheel at South Lake Tahoe at the Nevada border. He worked till July 1969, when he returned to Santa Cruz. For the rest of the summer and early fall Mullin lived with a group of friends in a cabin in Ben Lomond, in northern Santa Cruz county.

He sought help at the local Santa Cruz Drug Abuse Preventive Center, a Christian-oriented establishment for treatment of humans afflicted with drug problems. Mullin affiliated himself with the Drug Abuse center for a number of weeks. People would see him sitting lotus position along Pacific Avenue in downtown Santa Cruz, his palms turned upward in his lap. But that is not such an uncommon sight in Santa Cruz, for just about any clear afternoon will find some seeker sitting upon the pristine clean Santa Cruz sidewalks in solemn meditation, a luxury not practicable, say, in the canine-filthed sidewalks of New York.

On several occasions Mullin would be sitting nude in the Ben Lomond cabin, showing his meditation techniques to his friend Ed Lawrence. Mullin then lit a cigarette and burned the head of his penis with it, "in a very ritualistic way" --as Lawrence testified at Mullin's trial.

Mullin and his friend Lawrence made 10 or 12 spiritual trips into Northern California on salvation patrol. Mullin always carried with him a black bound Bible, a dictionary, and a book by Paramahansa Yogananda. Mullin was prone to fingering his rosary beads during the journeys, while saying Hail Mary's. Mullin felt nevertheless a great hostility toward the Catholic Church. Specifically he resented what he felt was an unfair attitude toward pre-marital sex. The church and his parents he blamed for keeping him in the sexual dark. He liked to confront and to argue points of theology with, Catholic priests. Indeed, he later murdered a priest coming out of a confessional box, apparently confusing the priest for a teacher he had studied under back in San Francisco.

Once that summer of '69 Mullin drove to Marin County, north of San Francisco, with his friend Ed Lawrence, and Mullin disrupted a service at a Catholic church. Mullin strode to the head of the congregation, placing a book by Paramahansa Yogananda on the foot of a statue of the Virgin Mary, and then tried to address the congregation. Angry parishioners called the police, and Mullin and Lawrence had barely left the church before the advent of a squad car.

It was during this period that Mullin began to don and shed, in rapid succession, various personalities and identities. Once he came up to his sister's Christmas tree ranch wearing a wide brimmed black hat, speaking with a heavy accent, pretending to be a Mexican. Later on he boxed at a gym in San Francisco, pretending to be a promising Chicano welterweight. Another time he showed up at the Christmas tree ranch wearing a green robe, his head shaved, goatee dangling from chin, pretending to be an Oriental. His sister thought he was identifying with Ho Chi Minh.

On several occasions Millin would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], insisting he substitute [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] then [illegible] and turned the head of his [illegible] [illegible], however, [illegible] was [illegible] romance [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] and his friend [illegible] [illegible] or 12 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] salvation [illegible]. Millin also [illegible] with a black [illegible], a dictionary, and a [illegible] [illegible]. Millin was prone to [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] saying that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hostility toward the Catholic Church. [illegible] [illegible] what he felt was an [illegible] attitude toward [illegible] the church and his parents [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] with Catholic priests. Indeed, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] Millin [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] San Francisco, with his friend [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Catholic church [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hardly left the church [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] during this period that Millin [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], various personalities and [illegible] [illegible] up to his [illegible]. Christians [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] black [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] San Francisco [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

He acquired tattoos. They were of the wavy and blobby stab-with-ink jailhouse variety. On his left ankle was Mahashamadhi. On his stomach was the unique "Eagle Eyes Acid." There was another tattoo on his torso advocating legalization of marijuana.

Toward the end of the glorious '69 summer, Mullin lived for some weeks with the Drug Abuse Preventive Center. During September and October he worked at an Arco Service Station on 41st Avenue in Capitola. In October he decided to leave The Drug Abuse Preventive Center after meeting a "wandering preacher" on the Santa Cruz municipal wharf, and fell under Preacher's sway to the point of leaving the drug abuse program. A group of residents came down to the Arco station, according to his mother, and were circling it in protest, trying to persuade Herb not to leave the D.A.P.C.

Around this time, Mullin was to attend the wedding of a cousin in San Francisco, but two days before the wedding, his boss at the gas station found Mullin sitting near the curb on 41st Avenue, in the lotus position, appearing to be in the trance-zone. He couldn't get Herb to wake up and function, and by luck Mullin's father arrived just at that moment and Herb was de-lotused and taken away. The employer told his father that since Herb had met the wandering preacher on the boardwalk the previous weekend, he hadn't been the same.

On October 21, 1969 Herbert Mullin applied for Aid to the Totally Disabled and alleged he was living with construction workers on Scenic Drive in Ben Lomond. Nine days later, on October 30, Herbert showed up down at San Luis Obispo, California, where he had worked for Goodwill Industries. This time he was "receiving messages." He appeared at the home of a person with whom he had worked at Goodwill, and began a full scale freak-out. The "messages" continued. One transmission told him to shave his head. This he did, obeying the telepathy. A doctor was summoned to the house and Mullin was examined, whereupon it was decided he was fit to remain at the pad. When the doctor left, the shaven headed young man attempted to burn his penis once again with a cigarette and made homosexual advances against the young man whose house it was.

As a result, Mullin was taken to San Luis Obispo Hospital, where he spoke of "murder as an act of love." Bombardments of Stellazine and

Thorazine calmed him down after a while, but he ~~reamined~~ remained a patient in San Luis Obispo for almost a month, and was discharged on November 23, 1969, into the custody of his parents, who were sorely upset over the homosexual aspect of their son's personality about which they had been in total ascience. The hospital Progress Notes were unoptimistic regarding Mullin's mind, stating that"the prognosis in this case is grave due to the heavy use of hallucinogenic drugs."

Herb Mullin moved in with his parents in Felton, and began to undertake Group Therapy sessions with the Santa Cruz Mental Health Clinic. In February of 1970, Mullin began employment as a busboy as the Holiday Inn in downtown Santa Cruz, and remained at the job until June when the wings of flip-out bore him once more away.

In the spring of 1970, Mullin was living with a bunch of friends in a house on Blaine Street in Santa Cruz. He was still trying to order his existence through meditation and spiritaul searching. One friend remembered Mullin one day sitting in the lotus on a chair, in such deep meditation that Mullin nodded out, rolled off the chair and smashed his head upon the floor. Or he would rise from the lotus, and act as if he were going to punch out a friend, halt himself in mid-punch, and then settle back unto the lotus.

During the May 1970 United States incursion into Cambodia, there was a peace rally held in the Mall in downtown Santa Cruz. There was a stage set up, and a sound system, and a group of speakers decrying the war. Herbert Mullin was there in the front row, and during the orations kept trying to get up onto the podium to grab the microphone, a common occurrance at rallies wherever they were held in America, with loners lunging for the sound. As soon as he would scramble on the stage, marshals would lead him away. Finall, as a California State Assemblyman was speaking, Mullin walked up and stood staring. Herb took the mike and began to orate, his message: the necessity of nonviolent action, whereupon he was escorted to the side.

At the Blaine Street house Mullin met a woman named Patty Brown, who had been recently divorced and was a school teacher, but had recently decided to live a free, hip, spiritual life. They talked the same language of the spiritually spaced. Each babbled upon their own concerns of the soul, and like two intertwined helixes their words intermingled in such a way that they got along very well. Mullin tried to bring Patty home to sleep at his parents home, but they were turned away. Herb quit his job at the Holiday Inn, and toward the end of June he and Patty went to Hawaii. Mullin told one of his friends that he felt shock therapy might be the answer to his problems.

From Hawaii Mullin wrote an uncle in Monterey. "He explained he had a friend" --Mullin's uncle told investigators, "who gave people transportation to Hawaii to distribute information and to make converts to some type of religion." As part of his religion, Mullin spray painted his car black and painted Mahashamadhi on it.

He visited his sister up in Sebastopol and brought with him a person whom he introduced as a "warlock." He loaned his sister his black VW but told her to be careful driving with children, because a warlock had cast a spell on the car.

On June 26, 1970, Herb Mullin sought voluntary admission to the Maui Mental Health Service clinic, and requested group therapy. He was given outpatient treatment there from June 25 to July 10, and from July 17 to July 23. He attended several group therapy sessions, but his condition worsened and he was admitted as a voluntary patient to Maui Memorial Hospital on July 10.

He told the doctors he had suffered of late from insomnia and fearful fantasies. His hospital diagnosis noted that "he is not able to accept his own hostile feelings and uses massive denial or tension systems. He is passive though impulsive. Diagnosis: schizophrenia..."

Once during his stay at Hawaii's Maui Memorial, Mullin wandered off the ward to look for employment while attired in a hospital dressing gown. He was returned by the police, and kept making requests for LSD, scarfing stolen hospital drugs, and discussing yoga and nonviolence.

On July 17, 1970, he was discharged as improved, although he continued receiving treatment at the Mental Health Clinic. On the 23rd, he received 101 dollars from his family to fly home. Mullin wandered spaced into an office to ask to make a phone call and a frightened secretary called the police. A Lieutenant Cravalho escorted Mullin to the airport, and Mullin flew to San Francisco, where his parents met him and took him home to Santa Cruz.

A few days later, Mullin was arrested in Santa Cruz, sitting in a car when police discovered his Stellazine and Thorazine. He was held in jail overnight where without his pills, he began to sing loudly. The next day Mullin stood in front of Judge May of the Santa Cruz Municipal Court and demanded that the good Judge forthwith legalize marijuana and LSD. For this, Judge May remanded Mullin to the psychiatric ward of Santa Cruz General Hospital where he spent the first few days of August, 1970.

In August of '70 Mullin first lived at the Pacific View Motel at 81 Front Stree, a rather shackish cluster of small units near the ocean where Mullin dwelled for a number of months. The following month, Mullin took a course in conversational Spanish at a Cabrillo College workshop, and continued Spanish studies at a Santa Cruz adult class. This was no doubt of great assistance further along in his advance toward kill, when he pretended to be a rising Chicano boxer.

There was the continuing matter of satisfying General Hersey, and his Alternate Service obligations still weighed over his head, so on October 26, 1970, Mullin commenced again to work off his alternate service at the Goodwill Store in Santa Cruz, as a truck-loader and later as a driver. There was apparently some stability in his life during this period, because he worked steadily for about six months, till mid-April 1971.

On March 28, 1971, Mullin was arrested while wandering around Santa Cruz drunk. He tried to escape and he was chased by the police for 6 blocks. "I work five days a week," --he told the Santa Cruz Police Department, "and on weekends I drink and walk around." On April 14, he was given ten days in the slams, thus terminating his employment with Goodwill Industries.

During this period, Mullin fell in with a group of the so-called Jesus freaks, and under their tutelage, Mullin painted his black Mahashamadhi-lettered V.W.. a pure Christian white. He lived with the Jesus organization for a while on Oxford St, then he fled to San Francisco, after giving his car to a married couple residing at the Drug Abuse Preventive Center.

He moved to San Francisco, Mullin has said, because his "counselor" told him of great opportunities for homosexual happiness in the various inexpensive San Francisco hotels. For the next year and several months, from May 1971 to October 1972, Mullin lived in various rented rooms in Frisco, where he clutched at desperate straws, and slowly the voices of kill overwhelmed him.

For a couple of months Mullin boxed at Newman's Gym in San Francisco, and actually evinced a bit of skill at face-bash. He wanted to fight in the Golden Gloves competition, but there was one problem: he was speaking with a Spanish accent and trying to foist himself off as a Mexican-American. And had he succeded in his boxing career, he might well have been the only welterweight contender in the history of the ring, to bear tattoos advocating the legalization of marijuana and acid on his chest.

It was somewhere in this time-frame of 1971, so to speak, that Mullin first began to manifest overt hostility against his high school classmates, particularly against the small society of football players called the Zeros. In August, Golden Gloves Mullin appeared in Santa Cruz, where the confronted a Zero, John Hooper, whereupon Mullin removed his shirt, flashing his Eagle Eyes Acid tattoos, and squared off, punching Hooper, "to settle something once and for all."

The Telepathy of Joan Baez Thwarts Mullin's Sex Life

When Mullin first went to San Francisco in the late Spring of '71, Mullin says he noticed something peculiar: "I noticed I was unable to meet people in the bars, females especially." Thereafter, Mullin discovered that the reason he couldn't meet S.F. women was that Joan Baez had telepathically instructed the women to keep away from Mullin, because she wanted Mullin to approach her for dates.

In February of '72 Mullin received his Amateur Boxing License. In March he bought a '58 Chevy station wagon in Woodside, California, south of San Francisco. On the mental front, strange things began to occur in Mullin's mind regarding his belief in the transmigration of souls. Not only did he believe in metempsychosis into future generations, but that retro-incarnation was possible, that is, that a soul could be born back in time, and thus supposedly be able to rearrange the course of past history. And guess who had the key to retro-incarnation? Herbert Mullin. For Herb felt himself able to intercede directly with God to enact his choices of re- and retro-incarnations.

Mullin apparently believed that, given the proper prayers, human sperm could impregnate a womb historically, and that in projecting semen back through time, a certain type of offspring could be produced. This seems to have been a form of retro-incarnation chauvinism, because there did not seem to be any device whereby a woman could sexually retro-incarnate. But Mullin, for instance, intended to retro-incarnate back to 1942 in order to supply a baby to his childless aunt and uncle down in Monterey, California. He also felt that he could perceive when and where particular people reincarnated. His notebooks contain numerous entries where Mullin specifically lists the date and hour of the re-entry of people such as Ernest Hemingway, Gandhi, and even a human listed as a "Black Irish sea captain."

Reincarnation Information
from the notebooks of Herbert Mullin

Felt ALBERT EINSTEIN incarnated in Nicaragua
glad I didn't let him starve twice
EINSTEIN to help remove the Eucledean Theory from
SEAN KINCAID & the little one

WINSTON CHURCHILL reincarnated 7June 72

GANDHI reincarnated approximately 1 Jan 72 with
CANDICE ANGLIN

Indoor Track meet Jan 18th 1972 Cow Palace
Feel 3 of my Black Brothers +/or sisters entered
MAHASHAMADHI within 2 or 3 days. They will befriend
ALBERT while he awaits incarnation as ANNEs child

22 Jan 1972 GOODWIN J. KNIGHT communicates with MULLIN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Born 1:40 p.m. 12/23/71

I am positive ALBERT EINSTEIN was born
11:43:40 p.m., 20 March 1972 near LUTHER
BURBANKS Garden.

Believe ALBERT EINSTEIN is ALBERT BOCCA

24th March 1972 10:37:30 A.M.
I figure HO CHI MINH will come
in at 2:00 a.m. on the 25th

Ho Chi Minh
Brn May 19, 1890
Died Sept 9, 1969

GERALD BISHOP, AL EINSTEIN & BLACK IRISH SEA
CAPTIN reincarnated 12/25/72

He was also hung up on dynasties, and wrote some 30 pages in his notebook listing famous families. He apparently had designs on affecting the "Kennedy Dynasty" through retro-incarnation as the enclosed page would seem to indicate.

A page from Mullin's notebook listing precise information regarding the birth hours of members of the Kennedy family, and of Carl Jung, apparently to serve as data aid to Mullin as he practiced retro-incarnation.

John F. KENNEDY
BORN BROOKLIN
27 MAY 1917 3:45 p.m. E.S.T.

Jacqueline KENNEDY
BORN SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND N.Y.
28 JULY 1929 3:27 p.m. E.S.T.

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
BORN BOSTON
6 SEPTEMBER 1888 1:47 a.m. E.S.T.

ROBERT F. KENNEDY
BORN BROOKLIN, MASSACHUCETTS
20 NOVEMBER 1925 E.S.T. 3:09 p.m.

ROSE KENNEDY
BORN BOSTON
22 JULY 1890

DOCTOR CARL G. JUNG
BORN BASEL, SWITZERLAND
26 JULY 1875 7:20 p.m.

The Golden Light

During this year in which Herbert Mullin was busy (coordinating) traffic among (transmigrating) souls, he continued to live in those small San Francisco hotels. He attended an indoor track meet at the Cow Palace. He painted and drew a lot, and went to art exhibitions. He even sold a painting to an artist friend who lived down the hall from him at the Elwood Hotel. Mullin used to sit in the artist's room all night and draw while his friend slept.

In July, Mullin enrolled in the Golden State Bartending School but blew his 75 dollar enrollment fee when he dropped out of that school also. He spent a lot of time at libraries. He liked to draw his own pictures in expensive art books, matching himself against the artistic greats. And the notebooks, of course, kept filling up. He liked to jot down his thoughts in mirror writing. Believe me, it is no fun holding a Mullin notebook page up to the bathroom mirror in order to try to decipher it. One investigator stated that he didn't understand how Mullin found the time to kill, he was writing so much.

In August of '72, Mullin paid another visit to his former friend from the Zeros, John Hooper, in Santa Cruz. During the visit Mullin kept babbling into a portable tape recorder about rebirths and dynasties. Mullin told Hooper that "every year a Zero should die." When Mullin acquired his tape recorder, he began to work on his singing voice, and later expressed the desire to form a famous singing combo with his sister in order to pay back all his welfare debts.

He began to sing-chant various eery songs on the tape addressed to a cosmic entity called the Golden Light. Law enforcement officials have shook their heads in wonderment at these weird tapes. Mullin was asked about them and he replied, "The Golden Light is another name for God or the sun. The life giving source. The Self-Realization Fellowship in Los Angeles had a book, Metaphysical Meditations which Jim Gianera introduced me to. I was hung up on it for years." But Herb got even with Gianera for the book; he killed him.

[illegible] Mullin

During this year in which Herbert Mullin was busy [illegible], [illegible] souls, he continued to live in these small [illegible] hotels. He attended an indoor track meet at the Cow Palace. He painted and drew a lot, and went to art exhibitions. He even sold a painting to an art friend who lived down the hall from him at the [illegible] Hotel. Mullin used to sit in the artist's room all night and draw while his friend slept.

In July, Mullin enrolled in the Golden State Hairstyling School but [illegible] 75 dollar enrollment fee, then he dropped out of that school also. He spent a lot of time at libraries. He liked to study the pictures in expensive art books, matching himself against the artistic greats. And the notebooks, of course, kept filling up. He liked to jot down his thoughts in mirror writing. Believe me, this is no [illegible] holding a full notebook page up to the bathroom mirror in order to try to decipher it. The investigator noted that he didn't understand how Mullin found the time, really, he was writing so much.

In August of '72, Mullin paid another visit to his former friend from the Zeros, John Hooper, in Santa Cruz. During the visit, Mullin kept babbling into a portable tape recorder about [illegible] and [illegible]. Mullin told Hooper that "every year a hero should die." When Mullin acquired his tape recorder, he began to work on his singing voice, and later expressed the desire to form a comedy singing combo with his sister in order to pay back all his parents' debt.

He began to [illegible] in notebooks [illegible] songs on the tape addressed to some entity called the Golden Lights. Law enforcement officials have shook their heads in wonderment at these writings. Mullin was asked about them and he replied, "The Golden Lights is another name for God or the stars. [illegible] giving source." The Self-Realization Fellowship in [illegible] sold him a book, *Metaphysical Meditations* which Mullin [illegible] "I was hung up on it for years." [illegible] the book, he killed him.

Regarding the great mathematician Albert Einstein, Mullin felt that Einstein's life, or rather his death, was intertwined with his in a most fateful way. Mullin read a biography of Einstein, and his impressionable mind congealed upon the data like plaster. Mullin discovered that while he was born on April 18, 1947, Einstein died on the same date, in 1955. Can't you see the importance? Well, Herb could. Furthermore, Herb knew that if Albert Einstain hadn't died at 12:20 A.M. on April 18, 1955, that Herbert Mullin would have died in Vietnam. As the final intertwining of lives, Mullin received cosmic information that Albert Einstein re-incarnated at 11:43:40 P.M., March 20, 1972, as [redacted] Mullin's sister's son.

And then there was the earthquake problem and Mullin's beliefs regarding human sacrifice. He became greatly concerned about the possibility of earth quakes and natural disasters afflicting the State of California. Mullin grew to believe that deaths at hospitals, suicides, highway wreck deaths, and murders, all served as human sacrifices to prevent the Big Cataclysm from happening. This information was given to him by The Voices.

Anyone reading microfilm of California newspapers for 1972 can see that there were numerous articles dealing with the earthquake problem. The Los Angeles earthquake of 1971 left a deep burden of worry behind in its wake, especially among apocalypse-mongers. In early '72 Governor Reagan told the California Earthquake Council to prepare to deal with the eventiality of a big Q. One headline in the San Jose Mercury, which Mullin may have seen on January 6th, read, "seismologists claim current tiny jolts portend major quake in Santa Clara Valley." And further on in October of 1972, there was the fear producing headline in San Francisco, Mystery Shocks Jar San Francisco. And the Nicaragua earthquake of December '72, which drove Howard Hughes out of Managua, must have driven Mullin up the wall.

At the summer's end, Mullin began collecting his school transcripts. He applied for a job with the Army Corps of Engineers and other engineering-type jobs.

The voices really began to speak of death to Herbert Mullin in September of '72. He [redacted] changed his ideology, and began to hate those with whom he had turned on to acid, with whom he had opposed the war, and with whom he had explored meditation and esoteric religions. Said Mullin, "I decided I'd been making a mistake by disagreeing with the government in its position on Vietnam and I wanted to join the armed forces." At least part of him did. He adopted a center-part Reggie of Archie Comics haircut, and started to wear white shirts and ties. After he was arrested for murder, an Investigator asked Mullin what he'd like to be doing, if he were not in jail. Mullin replied he'd like to be playing golf down at Monterey's seaside Pebble Beach golf course.

In an unusual move for someone with a fresh law-and-order philosophy, [redacted], Mullin says he purchased 50 hits of LSD from John Gianera at Gianera's house on Mystery Spot Road on September 5th [redacted]. Mullin took all 50 zonks of the acid, one every day or so [redacted], till finishing it off in December.

The [redacted] same month that he bought the dope-hits [redacted], Mullin showed up at his Uncle Enos' place in Carmel, wearing a huge and baggy checkered coat, carrying a cane, and speaking with a "Brooklyn accent." His uncle had/once served in the Coast Guard, and Herb too was eager to serve, and told his uncle that at last [redacted], by joining the Coast Guard, he was going to realize a life long ambition to swim the English channel.

Later in September, Mullin came around again and wanted a very unusual thing. "I want to know whether your balls are bigger than mine" --Mullin told his uncle. He flashed a hypodermic needle and said he'd just shot up. Mullin always walked on his toes, and his uncle could look out the window and see Mullin walking oddly toe to toe on Ocean Avenue on the way toward his uncle's Real Estate office. About this time Mullin wrote a letter wanting to borrow money to purchase some woodland in Santa Cruz.

Meanwhile Herb kept hearing the voices. When he was visiting his uncle the voices seemed to duel: that is, he felt that his uncle was telepathing that Herb should kill his father. His father, Herb felt, overheard this message and, in retaliation, encouraged Herb to kill his uncle. Herb felt himself refuse the command, then believed his father entered upon a plan to make him "kill crazy" so that he'd do it anyway.

It was around this time that Mullin thought he was Herb Caen, the San Francisco columnist famed for coining the word "beatnik." Once Mullin was walking with a limp leaning on his cane. His father asked him what the cane was for and his son replied something like, "Haven't you ever heard of Herb Caen?"

Also in September Herb Mullin showed up several times at his sister's Christmas tree ranch in Sebastopol, California. He was reading Edgar Cayce books and urged her also to get into it. Herb brought a box of his books for his sister to keep for him. Included were a number of college textbooks, plus En Attendant Godot, The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, See No Evil, the February 1970 issue of Readers Digest (in French), and My Six Crises by Richard Nixon. The night he brought the books he sat up till dawn reading the Bible, writing, and listening to the radio.

In October, 1972, Mullin moved back in with his parents in Felton. Moving back into his parents' home was probably a grievous error, because of the hostility Mullin felt for them, particularly his father, whom he has accused of everything from making derogatory statements about his girlfriend, to mass murder. During his later incarceration Mullin was ever eager to supply lists of grievances against his family. Among the wrongs, Mullin alleged that

1) his parents moved around a lot deliberately to dislodge his friendships and roots in the communities where they lived,
2) his sister got a record player when she was 13, and he didn't;
3) his sister at a young age was allowed to take a bus and visit friends; he was not;
4) his father deliberately imposed a systematic pattern of discrimination, rejection and authoritarianism against him,

5) and that his father was preoccupied with the violence in which he participated while in the Army and Marine Corps,
6) no one told or showed him anything about sex, while, on the other hand, his Catholic family hindered any natural expressions regarding carnal conjugation,
7) his father at all times practiced "killjoy sadism" which Mullin describes as "spoiling the enjoyment of others so that you can absorb the energy loss, and thereby improve yourself in your next life."

For Mullin there was no difference in quality, or tone, between the "telepathic" voices and normal conversation, although he appears to have also received "instructions" by interpreting the motions of his parents. By October 1972 the Voices had begun to dissolve his resistance. "I was walking in the woods above my father's house and decided to kill a deer. Immediately I decided that my father said 'why kill a deer? Why not kill a human?'"

On another occasion Mullin felt that his father, who was working on the roof of his house, was issuing kill-instructions via telepathy, and Mullin sent back a telepathic message saying, "I will not obey an order unless it is a verbal order!"

On October 13, 1972, the voice of kill finally overcame Mullin's resistance. 55-year-old Lawrence White had just gotten out of jail on a public intoxication charge, was walking down Highway 9, not far from Mullin's parents' house in Felton. White had a small cabin nearby. Mullin passed Mr. White and then pulled his car off the road and opened the hood.

When White came by, Mullin asked, "Can you help me with my car? White assented, and leaned over and down into the engine. Mullin then slew him with a baseball bat. He threw him off the side of the road and ~~slipt~~ slipped away. Two days later Mullin took his violin in to Ivan's in Santa Cruz, to get it fixed. He found out Mr. White's name by reading it in the newspaper. He justified it on the grounds that Mr. White requested his sacrifice telepathically.

Herb finally found employment in October at the Cook Book Restaurant in Aptos, Santa Cruz County, where he washed dishes. On October 21, he attended his grandparents' 60th wedding anniversary celebration.

On October 23, the day before Mary Guilfoyle's death, Mullin got off early from work at The Cook Book. At 3 P.M. he saw an acquaintance of his named Ray at Soquel and Park, where Mullin received a telepathic command from Ray, "I want you to kill me somebody." Mullin drove home where, once again, a book changed his life.

His mother recommended to him the book, The Agony and the Ecstasy by Jean and Irving Stone, depicting the life of the great artist Michelangelo. Mullin was riveted by the book and the descriptions of Michelangelo's life-long practicing of cutting open cadavers, usually under the auspices of liberal clergy, in order to pursue studies in human anatomy. That's all Mullin needed to know.

The next day Herbert Mullin picked up a Cabrillo College student named Mary Guilfoyle, who was hitching down to an employment office [redacted] Santa Cruz after class. Mullin stabbed her to death in downtown Santa Cruz, two blocks from the County Hospital, then drove her north to a remote part of the county off Smith Grade Road. Mullin dragged her into the brush and there cut a large T-shaped incision upon her, apparently experiencing one of his identity changes, thinking himself to be Michelangelo studying anatomy. Then he abandoned the body and fled. It was not found until the following February.

All Souls Day

During this period, Mullin experienced dueling kill-voices. Mullin told one psychiatrist that his father was jealous that his friend Ray had ordered him to kill, so told Herb he had to kill again for him. The tragic thing is that Mullin thought he had known Father Tomei in the past, but District Attorney's Investigators concluded, after a good amount of research, that Mullin was mistaken when he said: "I spent my junior and senior years confessing my sins to Father Tomei."

On November 2, 1972, All Souls Day, when good Catholics attend confession, Herb went to San Francisco to pay a bill and on the way home bought a half-pint of whiskey and some beer. Mullin glubbed down half of it and arrived at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Los Gatos, north of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The various fragments of Mullin's mind had differing reasons for entering the church. One part of him wanted to pray to God to help him stop killing. Another personality sliver wanted to obey the Voices.

Mullin noticed a light on in the confessional to his left so he tried the door, but it was locked. Mullin turned to leave, but Father Tomei unfortunately came out and Mullin whirled and struck. Father Tomei was a popular priest, and had served in the French Resistance, and was a well-known composer. The confessional where he was murdered has been turned into a shrine upon whose walls have been placed mosaics of Father Tomei's hymn to The Virgin of Peace.

In mid-November Mullin tried to join the U.S. Coast Guard but was rebuffed. On December he terminated employment at the Cook Book Restaurant. He made subsequent attempts to find employment but there was nothing.

On December 16, Mullin purchased a .22 calibre revolver in a Western Auto Store in Felton, and filed off the serial number. On the 18th, Mullin took the Armed Forces Qualifying Test to enter the Marine Corps at a recruiting center in Santa Cruz. Mullin scored very high, but the Marine Sargent in charge didn't really think Mullin was U.S.M.C. material, so he told him to come back after the first of the year, hinting that Marine boot camp was no fun to be in during the Christmas holidays.

Mullin experienced trouble in obtaining a sufficient number of letters of recommendation for the Marine Corps. In fact one Catholic priest sent in a negative letter, when asked for a recommendation, because, among other things, he had observed Mullin once interrupt an Archbishop conducting a confirmation ceremony, whereupon Mullin delivered an impromptu speech on the virtues of LSD. The priest had also observed Mullin and friends, apparently while they were visiting a Catholic seminary, conduct some sort of candle-lit chanting seance or ceremony.

Mullin spent Christmas '72 at his sister's ranch with his parents. He kept up his steady stream of sketching and notebooking. It was at this time that he wrote his "vengence writings" in which he vowed retaliation against those who'd led him down the dope-rose path.

On Sunday January 7, 1973, Herb Mullin attended mass with his father at St. John's Catholic Church in Felton, as part of a plan to get the officiating priest's recommendation to enter the Marines. On January 15, Mullin traveled to Oakland to sign in with the U.S.M.C. He underwent another battery of tests and again scored highly. Due to his various arrests and confinements, Mullin had to submit to a psychiatric examination, and was found suitable for service.

After this, Mullin had completed most documents needed, and there remained only for him to sign a Criminal Record Waiver Form, which listed his various offences, and then he would take the oath of induction. Mullin requested the officer to note on the Waiver Form that after one of his arrests the arresting officer had been reprimanded by the judge. The officer refused to make the notation. Mullin refused to sign the Waiver. He was told that if he didn't sign, then goodbye. At this, Mullin walked away, and returned to his path of death. Four days later he moved out of his parents' house and back to his cabin at 81 Front Street.

There was a third ~~person~~ human, besides his father and Ray, that Mullin has claimed "gigged" him into further killing, a person whom Mullin has variously called Mr. Alpine, Mr. Al Paine, or Mr. Alpinee. Mr. Alpinee, he says, urged him to go after his high school teammate, Jim Gianera. "I had a dinner engagement with Mr. Alpine on the 24th (of January, the day before the murder). He gave me a glass of wine and gigged me. He was adept at telepathy. He pointed out that my life was poor and how I had wasted it. He spoke and used telepathy and said Gianera should be killed and was willing to have it done."I got up the next morning after that dinner with Mr. Alpinee and went to my parents home and got my gun."

> "Mr. Gianera had influenced me and set up this plot to change me into a hippie."
>
> -- Herbert Mullin

Mullin had enacted several angry confrontations against Jim Gianera prior to the final assault. Once Mullin had hit him in the back of the head with a thrown rock. Another time he supposedly confronted him while freaked out on acid. Mullin has said that he resented that Gianera had not offered him amphetamines, thinking that uppers would have added to his energy and intelligence.

Early in the morning of January 25, 1973, Mullin drove up to 1965 Branciforte Drive, at Mystery Spot Road, and inquired of Mrs. Kathy Francis where Jim Gianera lived. Mr. and Mrs. Gianera had once lived near Kathy Francis' house, and they were very close friends. Mullin was attired in an overcoat, white shirt and tie. One witness said he looked like a real estate salesman that early morn.

Mrs. Francis supplied him with the information and Mullin then drove about four miles to the Gianera residence on Western Drive where he confronted his former friend. He shot Jim Gianera three times, and Gianera fled upstairs where his wife Joan was taking a shower, and soon both lay slain upon the bathroom floor.

Mullin then drove back to Mystery Spot Road to remove the traces of his morning deeds. "Mrs. ~~Prentiss~~ Francis had given me information" Mullin explained, "about Mr. Gianera's address and was a witness and the children had wanted me to commit suicide and this was retaliation. Also, they were probably there when I was talking with Mrs. Francis." Mullin killed Mrs. Francis, and then her two young sons who were in bed playing Chinese checkers.

On February 4th, Mullin attended Sunday School at St. Stephens Lutheran Church, looking neat, and carrying an attaché case. The subject of the service was The Demons Christ Cast Out. Mullin was silent and made only a single comment, during the discussion, "Satan gets into people and makes them do things they don't want to." Uh oh, they thought, we hope we don't have a devilist in our midst. But the rest of the morning was smooth and Godly.

On February the 5th, he obtained a '73 sticker for his car. On the 7th, he made application for employment to Kaiser Industries in Oakland. On February 9, Mullin brought a load of fire wood and a Valentines Day card to his mother.

Early Sunday morning, February 11, Mullin was walking in rugged mountain terrain, when he happened upon a makeshift cabin of branches, boards and plastic sheeting. The spot was just above the popular Garden of Eden spot on the San Lorenzo River, where John Frazier used to swim with his comrades. The entrance to the tent/cabin was a small crawlhole. Inside, four young men were cooking pancakes on a Coleman stove. "I asked them telepathically if I could kill them" --Mullin remembered. "I was walking. I had been refused work many times. I came upon their house and felt my father's presence. They invited me in, but I didn't go in. I stayed in the doorway and told them they'd have to move from government property (the tent was pitched within Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park) and that four like them in the United States would have to die. I decided to kill them and asked them telepathically if I could and they all answered yes. They were in sitting positions and it was all over in a few seconds."

Mullin stole some money from them, and a .22 caliber rifle, and fled. Dead: Brian Card, Robert Spector, David Oliker, and Mark Dreibelbis, all teenage boys enjoying the wild.

It was raining at dawn on February 13, 1973. 72-year-old Fred Perez, a retired member of a long time Santa Cruz family, saw a break in the clouds just before 8 A.M. and went outside his house on Lighthouse Avenue, to work on his yard.

Herbert Mullin was awake also. He was driving a load of firewood in the back of his station wagon for his parents fireplace. In the front he had his .22 caliber pistol and the .22 caliber rifle stolen from the dead campers at the Garden of Eden, who were as yet undiscovered. And the Voices were calling Mullin to action, but the rudiments of his conscience were in conflict with his telepathy: "I had the jitters. I was off welfare and had no job and had found out I didn't want the Gianeras dead. And my father was gigging me to kill someone."

Herb was given march orders to kill before he brought the wood home, in order, in his words, "to clean the karmic plate of the San Francisco peninsula so that it would not be destroyed." He passed Mr. Perez and turned around and drove past him again, parking some distance away. The stationwagon had a retractable rear window and it is surmised (by authorities that) he fired out through the open back at Perez, who fell mortally wounded.

"I don't know why I did it" --Mullin recounted later; "He looked at me with such sad eyes. It was a foolish thing. He was well dressed with a hair cut and looked the~~y~~ way I would like to look."

As in a trance, Mullin stared at his victim for 30 seconds or so, long enough for a neighbor to write down his license plate number. Then Mullin drove slowly away to deliver the wood, and was captured ten minutes later.

Edmund Emil Kemper III,
trapped in the dungeon of his fantasies

Of all the killers of fact or fiction, Kemper has to be considered among the worst in terms of the ugliness of his acts. Reading police reports and transcripts of his accounts of his crimes, one's mind is beaten up and excoriated by the despicable data. Kemper had been granted nearly total recall, so that every gory slice, every shriek, every scheme and fantasy, [redacted] was disgorged into the microphone in long spitting schizophrenic sentences.

John Frazier and Herbert Mullin were silent for the most part, and hostile to the police, although both confessed to psychologists and psychiatrists. Kemper was another story. The police had a hard time shutting him up. They'd ask a question, and Kemper would babble forth a stream of torture chamber data, until an officer would try to interrupt to stick to the point of the interrogation, which was to nail down the hard facts of his deeds.

Kemper felt a certain amount of guilt and openly desired the gas chamber, or to be tortured. Some of the interrogations were held at night and Kemper dreaded being faced with the images of his victims when he would soon be left, the tape recorders shut off for the night, alone in his cell when he had so recently recalled every emotional nuance of his deeds. Several times he tried suicide, sharpening flattened ball-point pens while lieing in his bunk, but was always caught and brought to court in bandages. Most of the time, however, he exulted in his above-average intellect, and seemed to like the attention of the police since he had always wanted to become an officer himself. He knew a superficial amount about law enforcement procedures and manners of language, so that he could warp his language to fit the lingo of police reports, court files, and the very specialized terminology of those who have to delve into everybody's bad news.

As an official report might note, Edmund Emil Kemper III, AKA Forklift, has a d.o.b. (date of birth) of 12-18-48. He was born in Burbank, California and was raised in Los Angeles till the age of 7, when his parents broke up. His father had been an electrician on the Pacific atomic bomb testing project. Kemper had two sisters, one older, one younger, and the children apparently lived with their mother, Clarnell, who moved to Montana.

Right away Edmund Emil Kemper III, was crazy. There were no bombardments of speedy synthetic mescaline, or burning himself during meditation sessions, or floats through the rhetoric of off-the-pigs, as in the cases of John Frazier or Herbert Mullin. Kemper simply went chop-batty in the vortex of his fantasies.

He felt his mother liked his sisters much more than him. He had been attracted by his older sister's doll, feeling it was more like a person than a doll. He chopped off the hands of his younger sister's dolls and set fire to a doll cabinet. Years later when Santa Cruz hitchhikers began to be found with severed hands, his sister began to wonder if her brother might be at it again, remembering the dolls, but nothing was done, although Kemper's mother apparently interrogated him briefly when women started dieing in Santa Cruz, but the matter was quickly dropped.

The family had a pure bred Siamese cat which Edmund shared with his sisters. The cat slept with his older sister, and he felt bad about it. So Kemper killed the cat with a hatchet, and buried it in the back yard, as indeed years later he buried a human head in his yard. He dug the cat up, took it in the house, and played with it. He kept its head on a spindle in the closet, and prayed to it as if it were a pagan idol, as indeed years later he kept the heads of victims on shelves to talk to. He killed another pet cat the next year, 1963, and again placed the head on a closet spindle and prayed to it.

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He began to experience fantasies, such as getting even with classmates, blowing them up with dynamite, shooting passing trucks. He had a fantasy of kissing his teacher, but was embarassed at such a vision. He has stated that fantasyland was where he was happiest. During a belt-beating, he had his first fantasy of killing his mother. He began to endure strong fantasies of decapitation where it "seemed like the head was the person."

Kemper's mother remarried but there was strife, and Kemper was happy when his step-father died, apparently of a heart attack while water-skiing. Kemper got into trouble in Montana and went briefly to California to live with his father but soon that home too crumbled beneath him and the mentally ill young man was sent away. In December of 1963, Kemper was sent to live with his aged grandparents in North Fork, California in the Sierras, not far from Fresno. His grandparents' house was very remote and the trip to school on the bus was many miles, and his grandmother, he felt, was excessively strict and kept him under too tight a control. There was nothing to do. He was rapidly shooting up toward his adult height of 6 foot 9, but was still very thin. He was extremely impulsive. In Montana, for instance, his idea of fun was to lie down in the street in front of traffic so that the cars would have to stop. His grandmother in North Fork kept accusing him of trying to scare her into having a heart attack.

Edmund Kemper spent the early part of the summer of 1964, with his mother in Montana, but then he was sent back to his grandparents. There was nothing to do so he occupied himself with shooting birds. Apparently he shot so many birds that none would land on the property any more. He became a gun freak-- he loved them. He claims that he was N.R.A.-trained in firearms use, and that he'd received awards for his target shooting ability.

Finally on August 28, 1964, Kemper shot his grandmother to death with a rifle, and then his grandfather when he returned to the house. Dead: Maude and E.E. Kemper, ages 66 and 72. After the deaths, Edmund called his mother in Montana with the news, and then the Madera County Sheriff's Office.

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Edmund Kemper was sent to Atascadero State Hospital for the criminally insane, where he had to contend with the false rumor that he was an axe murderer. At Atascadero State Hospital Kemper learned how to get along with super ease. He was super eager to please, and was so ingratiating when confronted with authority, so cunning in modifying his responses, that he sailed through most of the hassles of the institution. For he had one overriding goal: release from the asylum.

After he was arrested years later for the Santa Cruz hitchhike murders, he bragged to police how he had to be interviewed by nine different psychiatrists before release from Atascadero, and passed them all. In talking to psychiatrists, Kemper said he allowed them to take the lead, then upon finding the direction their queries were pointing, traveling down the same road as intelligently as he could.

Kemper claims to have become a psychological test coordinator during his final two and one-half years at Atascadero State Hospital. He learned all the "correct" answers. He personally took every known test, and probably became what they term as "test-contaminated." In his position of Psychological Testing Coordinator, Kemper says he had his own office in the institution, and that he personally administered the Rorshach ink-blot test to various patients about 1400 times, and that he supervised the administration of psychological tests to 2400 other patients.

"You know" --Kemper rather bragged to the police when arrested in 1973, "if I really wanted to play the insane role, back in Pueblo (Colorado, where he was captured) I'd have babbled (insanely) and I bet I'd be back in Atascadero right now. Then a 1026 P.C. (a court motion allowing a patient to be released as fully recovered) in a few months and out." Shudder, shudder.

After nearly five years in custody, on June 17, 1969, the medical director of Atascadero State Hospital recommended that Edmund Emil Kemper III, was no longer in need of care and treatment in a State Hospital.

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While he was at Atascadero, Kemper's mother, Clarnell, had moved to Santa Cruz County, where she worked as an administrative assistant at the University of California, Santa Cruz. His mother was very active in securing his release. Kemper says asylum authorities, pleased with his normalcy, urged him to get out and live a normal life, and to make court motions to seal his juvenile files, that everything was going to be OK.

Kemper was all for it. He joined the Junior Chamber of Commerce and made every appearance of attempting to be a perfect American. On September 19, 1969, Edmund was transferred from the asylum to Karl Holton School for Boys, under the jurisdiction of the California Youth Authority. The staff at Atascadero had recommended numerous furloughs into his mother's custody, and in October had his first two days of freedom since he shot his grandparents. Kemper continued his perfect behavior, studying hard at Karl Holton School, assuring authorities that he intended to attend Cabrillo College if released, and it was noted that he received no "Incident Chronos" --i.e. no incidents of questionable conduct entered into his record, while at the School. He continued his furloughs into his mother's care in Santa Cruz.

Freedom

> "Well, he was kinda like a puppy dog, I guess. You just couldn't get him mad. I've never seen him mad."
>
> --a woman acquaintance of Edmund E. Kemper

Kemper had his first heterosexual experience during one of the furloughs that fall, with a friend of his mother, an older woman, which Kemper felt was overwhelmingly satisfying. There were two more friends of his mother with whom he made love, after which his life was barren of any such contact with the living.

Kemper was conditionally released in February of 1970. He was busy. He took part in a number of activities sponsored by the Santa Cruz Junior Chamber of Commerce. He seems to have encountered difficulty in obtaining employment. He worked briefly part time for Del Mar Food Products in Watsonville. When without work and money, Kemper stayed at home a lot. His mother and he would fight, and, by his own account, he began to stray back into his fantasy world, where he was in control. In addition to money problems, Kemper felt himself unable to achieve rapport with women his own age.

He obtained a motorcycle in the summer of '70 and had an accident in November of the same year when a car turned left in front of him and he smashed into it. He was hospitalized for 12 days at Santa Cruz County Hospital. Kemper finally found employment at a Union 76 Gas Station in down town Santa Cruz. He worked there and at another Union Station for about a year.

He made some friends while working at the gas station. One of them was a man named Bob, who worked as a watchman at the Redwood Christian Camp north of Boulder Creek, where Kemper later buried parts of his victims. Both men were highly enamored of guns and target shooting. They both placed citizens band broadcast units in their automobiles and would drive around talking back and forth. They went target shooting a lot. Although Kemper was prevented by law, as a former inmate of a nut hatch, from owning weapons, he somehow gained access to an arsenal of rifles and pistols, including some sort of automatic weapon with a banana clip. Kemper and his friend started hanging out at bars frequented by law enforcement officials, for even the police have groupies, usually men who are too weird and slovenly, or like Kemper, with a bad past, to make it into the force. any police force.

Around this time, Kemper let his childhood fantasies enact themselves upon his current reality. He began to join those in Santa Cruz County who in 1969 and 1970 were killing and carving up and skinning, household pets, usually dogs, all over the area, apparently in association with cultic rituals. The phenomenon of dog-carve began before Kemper got out of the asylum, and he must have read about it and

and decided to join in. Kemper admits to slaughtering three dogs, cutting their heads and tails off, and playing with them.

On July 27, 1971, Edmund Emil Kemper III, 6 foot 9, 280 pounds, and 22 years old, received an honorable Order of Discharge from the State of California Youth Authority, and was free of supervision. On December 16, 1971, Kemper filed a court motion to seal from prying eyes the records pertaining to the murder of his grandparents.

He had another wreck in November of'71 on Highway 17, when he fell asleep at 2 A.M. at the wheel of his car, and completely destroyed it, but was not himself seriously harmed.

In early 1972 Kemper obtained employment with the California Division of Highways, where he worked on a crew drilling holes in roadways. He worked out of Oakland, California and rented an apartment in nearby Alameda, about an hour's driving distance north of Santa Cruz. His fellow workers seemed to like him, for Kemper was just as congenial and easy to get along with, as he had been in the asylum. They gave him the nicknames Bozo and Forklift, the latter after Kemper won a bet in which he carried two cement sacks weighing 300 pounds in his arms.

In March of 1972, to his continuing credit, District Attorney James Hanhart of Madera County, California, where Kemper had slain his grandparents, formally opposed Kemper's attempts to seal his juvenile records, in that it was felt that Kemper's behavior should be under a continuing period of scrutiny before any such concealment of the past.

Vortex of Fantasy

Things had really changed in the five years, 1964-69, Kemper had spent at Atascadero State Hospital. A new generation, a new music, a new language, new beliefs, the Beatles, Be-ins, freak-outs, dope-ins, psychedelia, paisley-patterned and leather-patched apparel, long haired hitchhikers of every sex and persuasion. Kemper looked at such a peer group, and tried at first, or so he says, to fit in with them.

Like some relic of the 1950's, Kemper longed to be a part of the "in" crowd. But the bull-necked short haired 280 pounder who wore little wire 19th century clerk glasses, had trouble relating. Like John Frazier before him, he tried hanging out at local counter-culture watering spots such as The Catalyst, to try to get into the groove. But he felt himself to be a nebbish, a misfit, a rejectee, a nothing.

In matters of sex he was out to lunch. His sex education had consisted of watching others conjoin in furtive fellatio in the pews during religious services at the insane asylum, hardly the necessary preparations to fit in with the eager inhabitants of the Woodstock generation. [redacted] (Officials have noted that his troubles may have been compounded by) his extreme genitalic paucity, an especially unfortunate burden for someone 6 foot 9.

During his researches into the life and mores of his generation, Kemper picked up 100's of hitchhikers, and noticed that women often hitched alone. It is certainly hazardous to hitchhike in Santa Cruz, if not everywhere, and public officials have issued numerous warnings. The county government even tried to pass legislation banning hitchhiking. And, in a particularly odious finding, Cameron Smith, a graduate student at University of California, Santa Cruz, discovered in a study of women hitchhikers in the area, that of the 68 women she interviewed, 16 said they had been raped at least once while hitching, 12 had been assaulted, and 19 had been the victims of attempted rape.

Yet in an era when oil has become gold, hitching is sometimes a necessity. And even today, after the era of Frazier, Mullin and Kemper, the corners of Santa Cruz are still dotted with men and women standing alone, cadging rides toward the mountains.

¶ Kemper's fantasy world, in the face of his emotional and sexual problems, became like a fierce magnetic field of abnormal vectors in slaughterous action. It was when he became his fantasies that hell was brought to a mountain and seaside resort, for all of Santa Cruz County became a charnel house for pieces and portions of his deaths. He tried to clothe his actions in sociology, saying that he was warring against "a better class of people."

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"My little social statement was I was trying to hurt society where it hurt the most, and that was by taking its valuable members, or future members of the working society, that was the upper class or the upper middle class, what I considered to be snobby...."

There cannot be any sociology to explain talking to heads on shelves, or making grim collages of Polaroid photographs, or visiting hidden graves to talk to the ghosts of the deceased, or driving down to Los Angeles just to gloat outside the family home of one of his victims. And he began by making a deliberate decision: "From then on, I didn't pick up people for sport anymore, it was for possible execution."

He talked like some primitive warrior or cannibal. "They were like spirit wives. I still had their spirits. I still have them."

On May 7, 1972, the magnetic vortex of his fantasies shut the door behind Kemper and locked itself, and the fountains of tears of fathers and mothers and families and friends began. Kemper picked up Mary Ann Pesce and Anita Luchessa, both 18, who were hitching from Berkeley, California, south to Stanford University in Palo Alto. Kemper experienced an evil twinging shudder which he called a zapple, and they were killed and taken ~~drove them~~ to Santa Cruz county, where they were buried in various places. The next day Kemper was treated for a palm wound by a doctor in Aptos, California.

On June 28, Kemper broke his forearm in a motorcycle accident and had to quit work for about 9 months while it healed. He spent about a week in Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, and the injury required a steel plate and 6 screws to patch the fracture. After acquiring a cast, whenever it became blood-stained in his later depredations, he ~~perforce~~ had to paint the places with white shoe polish. He went on light work duty for three months, but then went on total disability.

Without work, Kemper stayed at home in his apartment, apparently dividing his time between Alameda and his mother's place on Ord Street, in Aptos. He sat around doing nothing ~~drinking, depressed~~, and quarreled a lot ~~and quarreling~~ with his mother. In December he gave up his apartment and moved back home to Aptos.

12

After he began to kill, Kemper started drinking a lot, sitting long nights chugging down straight shots of tequila. He still had his fantasies of becoming a policeman, and entertained actually trying to join a force, provided the seal on his court records could really be solid. Sometimes he posed as a police officer, when driving around picking up hitchers, flashing his Division of Highways identification, pointing to his CB radio unit and his whip antenna on the back of his auto, and then revealing his handcuffs, and his pistols. Sometimes he foisted himself off as an undercover officer, and he used his handcuffs to lock up some of his victims.

He liked to drink at Mandella's Jury Room Bar on Ocean Avenue just across from The County Office Building. The Jury Room is very popular with law enforcement officers and "Big Ed"--as Kemper was known, became a congenial and solicitous groupie of that establishment. After he killed, sometimes Kemper would get so drunk that he would start to snitch himself out. "I drank more and more. I came close to blowing it every time I'd drunk too much."

He could see District Attorney Peter Chang's office in the modern County Office Building across the way, and sometimes the conscientious D.A. would be working late, his light~~s~~ burning bright in the large 3rd story window. Kemper brought his rifle with him on several occasions, hoping to catch Mr. Chang in the crosshairs of the scope, but thankfully the opportunity never offered itself. For indeed one would not have a lot of time to take aim with a hunting rifle in a well-lit parking lot of a bar thronging with police officers.

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In the summer of 1972, Kemper met a 17-year-old girl who was living in Santa Cruz for her vacation. They got along well, and in the fall became engaged to be married. Their relationship was very formal and proper, and his fiancée knew nothing of his past life in the insane asylum.

On September 14, 1972 Kemper abducted a 15 year old dancer named Aiko Koo as she waited at 7:30 P.M. on Shattuck Avenue in Berkeley for a bus to take her to San Francisco to a ballet recital. Kemper told her he was deeply disturbed and going to kill himself, and then drove to Bonny Doon in Santa Cruz, where she died.

Then, two days later, with parts of his latest victim decomposing in his room, Edmund Emil Kemper III, was examined in Fresno by a twain of psychiatrists, who both adjudged Kemper to be a sane, well-enough-adjusted citizen of his community-- and of no danger to anyone but himself (because of his motorcycle accident). Both recommended sealing his juvenile records.

Accordingly, on November 10, 1972, Judge Jack Hammerberg, of the Madera County Juvenile Court, ordered that all records and information anywhere, in any agency or department, apparently including information in the Bureau of Criminal Identification & Investigation computers, "hereby are sealed, and that hereafter the proceedings in said matter shall be deemed never to have occurred." So he didn't kill his grandparents after all.

Kemper was, of course aware of the crimes committed by Herbert Mullin during the same approximate period of time. In fact, fact he was upset over Mullin, unknown at the time, because one of Kemper's rules to date had been not to strike in Santa Cruz. But here was someone, a rival killer as it were, striking at home. After it appeared that no one was going to be arrested for the apparent murder of Mary Guilfoyle, which occurred in October, and was committed by Herb Mullin, Kemper too decided that Santa Cruz was safe for his maraudings.

On January 8, 1973 Cynthia Ann Schall, 19, was hitching to class at Cabrillo College, when Kemper picked her up. Parts of her washed ashore on the Santa Cruz beaches, apparently having drifted clear across Monterey Bay from a cliff south of Carmel where they were hurled into the sea.

On February 5, Kemper had what he described as a terrible "tiff" with his mother, so around 8:30 in the evening, Kemper stormed out of the house, announcing he was going to a movie, but headed instead for the UCSC campus, vowing to kill. Kemper's mother's automobile had a university sticker on the windshield, since she was employed there. The sticker enabled Kemper with ease to glide in and out past the guard kiosks at the university entrances without any undue suspicion. The university parking sticker probably allayed any suspicions that Rosalind Heather Thorpe and Arlice Liu might have otherwise felt when Kemper stopped, first one place, then another, to pick them up. He shot them right on the campus, and then drove away to his rural depredations.

During this time, Kemper was still engaged to be married, though the relationship was a bit shaky. On Valentines Day, the day after Herb Mullin was arrested, Kemper was thrown out of the chicken ranch belonging to his fiancée's step-father, where he was visiting. The father, it seems, objected to Kemper's crude manners and to his talking loudly in the middle of the night.

In March of '73, Kemper decided to test whether or not his records had truly been sealed. He purchased a .44 Cal. Magnum pistol at a gun shop in Watsonville, and correctly filled in the registration forms as required by law. The form was sent to Sacramento, the state capitol, where it was noted that Kemper had committed murder as a child but that the records had been sealed subsequently. Authorities in Santa Cruz were informed of this, but were uncertain whether or not, with his records sealed notwithstanding, Kemper could purchase a weapon. They checked with the Santa Cruz District Attorney's Office and were advised to go on out to Ord Street in Aptos and pick up the pistol, and that after clarification of the law involving sealed records, he either would be given the weapon back, or it would remain confiscated.

On April the 6th, Kemper and his fiancée visited the Wax Museum at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. The tour had to be cut short when they viewed a mock guillotine and a beheaded mannikin and Kemper became ill at the sight, perhaps suffering a flash-back, or stumbling into a fantasy. They returned to Aptos after that to spend the rest of the weekend.

Kemper and his bride-to-be were apparently outside near his automobile when police officers arrived to take the Magnum. Kemper believed from that point on that the police had calmly circumscribed him with a net of detection, and he was going to be arrested for the murders. He thought he would lure the policemen into the apartment where he had a loaded shotgun and thus could dust them off. But the police habit of standing one in front, and one to the rear of a suspect, made Kemper realize he couldn't get away with the dust-off. Instead he opened up his car trunk, where he had the Magnum stashed, and handed it over.

From then on, he ~~knew~~ felt that it was all over, and made plans to kill his mother, Clarnell Strandberg, to "spare her the grief" of knowing of her son's activities.

Schizophrenia being what it is, Kemper still tried to lunge onward. On Monday, April 15, he returned to work at the Highway Department in Oakland, but right away got into a hassle, reversing his former role of smiling bozo, and threatened to kill a co-worker on the hole drilling crew. He was staying with a friend in Alameda and probably felt that if he could just stay away from Santa Cruz, and scrape up enough money to get another apartment near Oakland, that the police would get off his heels. At the end of the week however, he learned that a check he had been expecting was going to be much smaller than anticipated, and that he could not afford to get his own place.

After work on Friday, April 20, 1973, Edmund Kemper drove down to his mother's house in Aptos and waited. He made a bunch of phone calls, and watched TV, drank some beer, and waited. His mother arrived home late after a dinner party. She was sound asleep in the very early morning when her son killed her, reserving for his mother certain depravities which have palsied our pen to depict.

The next morning Kemper came within an inch of killing his friend Bob, who had owed him ten dollars for some time, and Kemper had been trying to reach him on the CB radio to dun him for a pay-back. He ran into his friend on 41st Avenue, and Bob cashed a check and paid Kemper on the spot. It was a good thing for Bob, for Kemper had said that he "needed to kill someone" just about then, and the payment reduced the necessity.

That night Kemper lured Mrs. Sally Hallett, a ~~a woman~~ friend of his mother, over to the apartment, and killed her, hiding both bodies in bedroom closets. Kemper slept one final night in his mother's bed, and left the next day in a Fairlane loaded with weaponry.

Kemper had bounced a couple of bad checks with the bartenders at The Jury Room, in order to have enough money to travel. He drove straight through to Reno, Nevada where he abandoned the Ford near the University of Nevada Campus. He rented a 1973 Chevrolet Impala and drove to Colorado. He picked up a speeding ticket in Cimarron, Colorado, paid a fine, then drove on to Pueblo, 120 miles south of Denver. He was gobbling caffeine tablets, and thinking seriously of staging some sort of shoot-out.

He drove almost to the Kansas border, and just before midnight, Kemper called the Santa Cruz Police Department, asking to speak to Lieutenant Charles Scherer. Lt. Scherer was off duty till the morning. Kemper started confessing (nevertheless) and the desk officer asked Kemper to call back in 45 minutes. Kemper ran out of change and had to call back collect, and was upset when the call was refused due to some mix-up after a shift change. Kemper decided he wanted to give himself up in a larger town so he drove madly toward Pueblo, where he tried to sleep in his back seat by the roadside. His breath was gaspy, and his heart was fluttering, and he felt himself losing control. Around 6 A.M. Kemper entered a phone booth at 21st and Norwood, and called Santa Cruz again.

Authorities in Santa Cruz were prepared with special equipment to trace Kemper's call, to learn his location. As soon as he called, the trace was undertaken, and the Pueblo police were notified and Edmund Emil Kemper III, was taken into custody, where almost at once he began to fill up (cassettes and) tape reels [redacted] evil to evil.

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During the trial it was brought out that Frazier (was still) hearing the "voices" which told him he was John the Beautiful, of the Bible. But the cunning horror of what he had done, which was to stage a ghastly happening, (as it were) (Showing) a solid American family floating in a pool beside their burning house of hard-earned cash, probably convinced the jury that Frazier knew what he was doing. Accordingly, on December 30, 1971, John Linley Frazier was sentenced to die in the San Quentin gas chamber, but with the abolition of capital punishment, he is now serving a life sentence, and has reportedly been recently recruited by a racist right-wing prison cult.

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[illegible]

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1974

Dear Abby

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

DEAR ABBY: Although you are well paid for giving advice to others, I feel many times your advice is immature and meaningless. A woman writes that she lost her cherished letters and photo albums in a flood, and she asked your advice on how to get over it.

Your reply was asinine! You compared her loss to the death of your own parents. Has it ever occurred to you that she, too, might have lost her mother and father, or others dear to her, but their memories had been kept alive by those precious photographs?

Sometime I think you are absolutely without heart or feeling. **—DISGUSTED**

DEAR DISGUSTED: I know that I am not "absolutely without heart" because mine ached a little when I read your letter. But another reader expressed quite a different reaction to the same letter. Here it is:

* * *

The mother ⟶
of one of
Mullin's victims.

DEAR ABBY: How wise and timely (to me) was your reply to the lady who had lost her precious collection of pictures and letters she had saved over the years.

Several years ago, in moving, I lost many irreplacable possessions just as that lady did, and I, too, was heartsick for a long while.

In January of 1973, my beloved daughter and adored grandsons (aged 4 and 9) were murdered in a senseless tragedy of mass murders here in Santa Cruz, Cal.

Now I know what heartbreak truly is. There is not a day or night that I do not sense my gentle ones' arms around me. I know that life will never be the same for me without them, but I keep trying to have faith.

I am blessed that my little mother, though fragile and not well, is still alive.

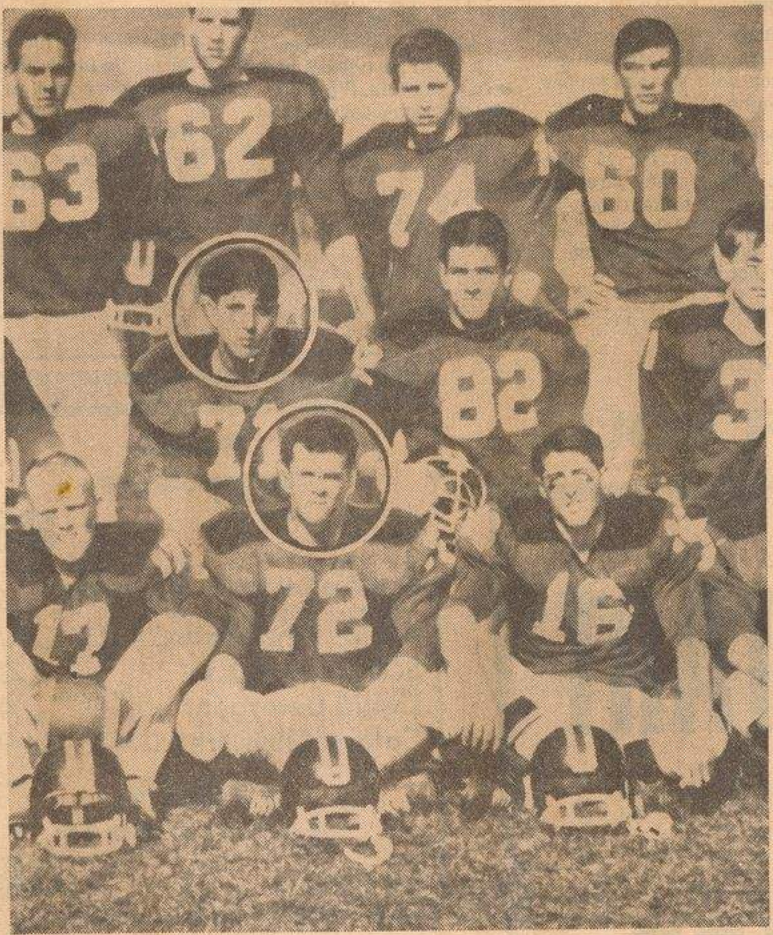
Please, Dear Abby, continue to remind your readers that nothing material can be compared with our loved ones. Absolutely nothing! You may sign my name if you wish.

LILA R. FERRIS (Mrs. T.H.)

* * *

X

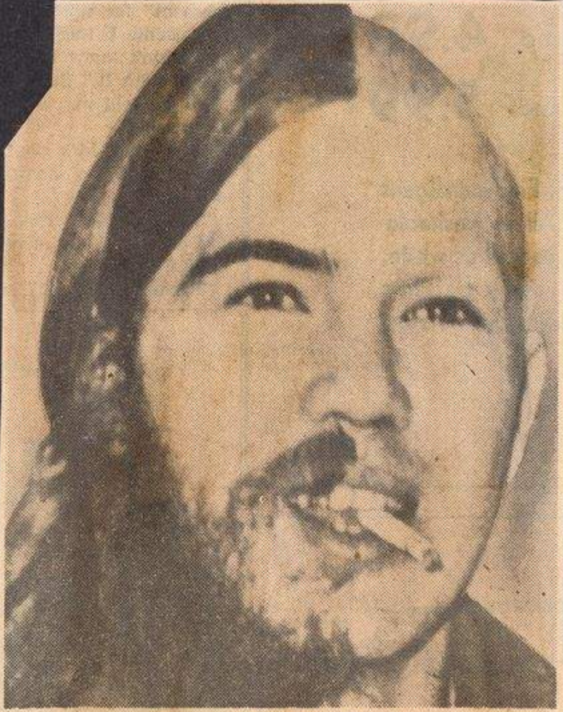
The Teammates



UPI Telephoto

Herbert W. Mullin wore football jersey number 72 and James Gianera (also circled) number 71 when they were students at San Lorenzo Valley High School in 1965. Mullin is now in jail accused of a murder rampage that ended 11 lives—including Gianera's.

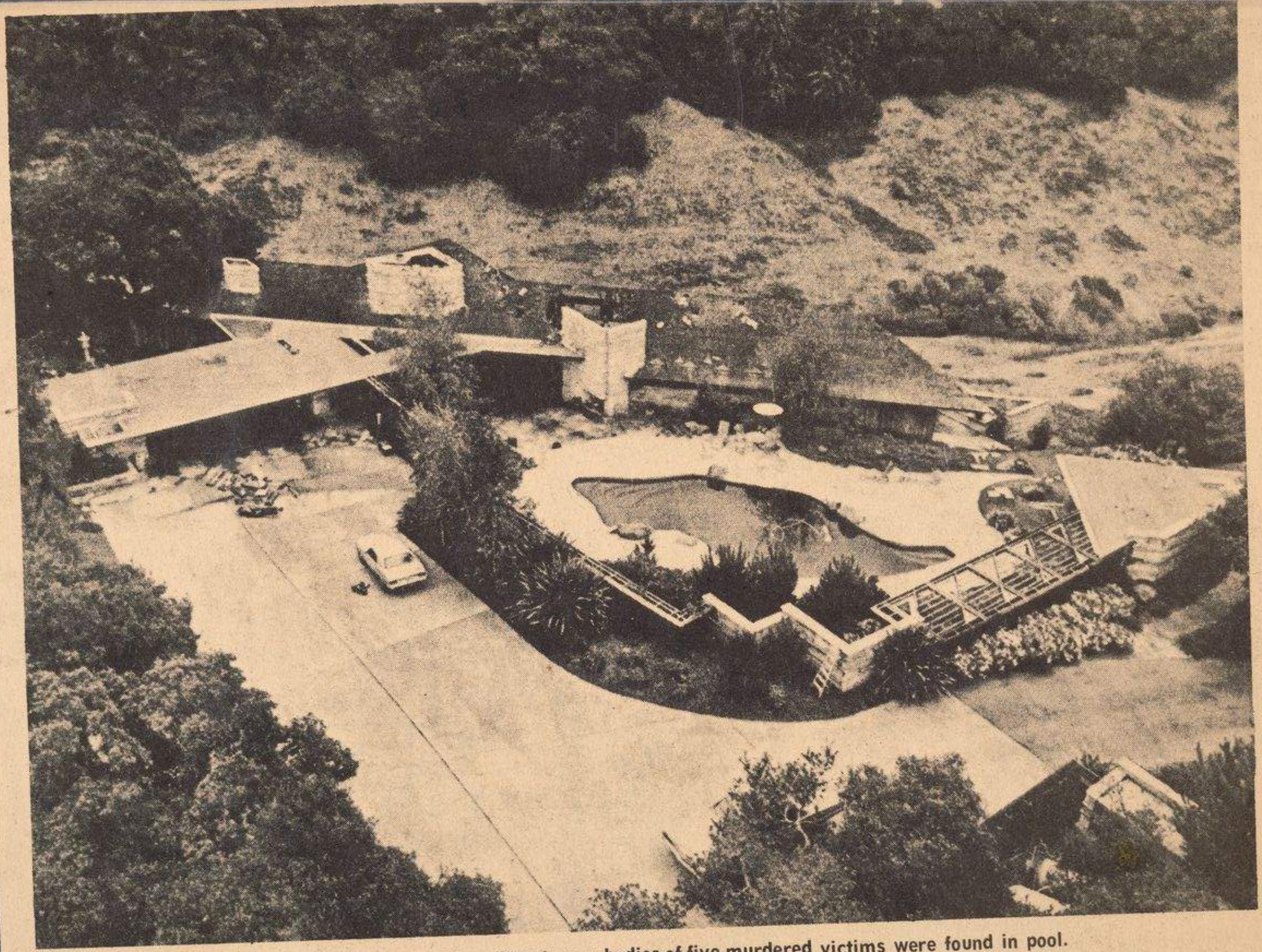
13



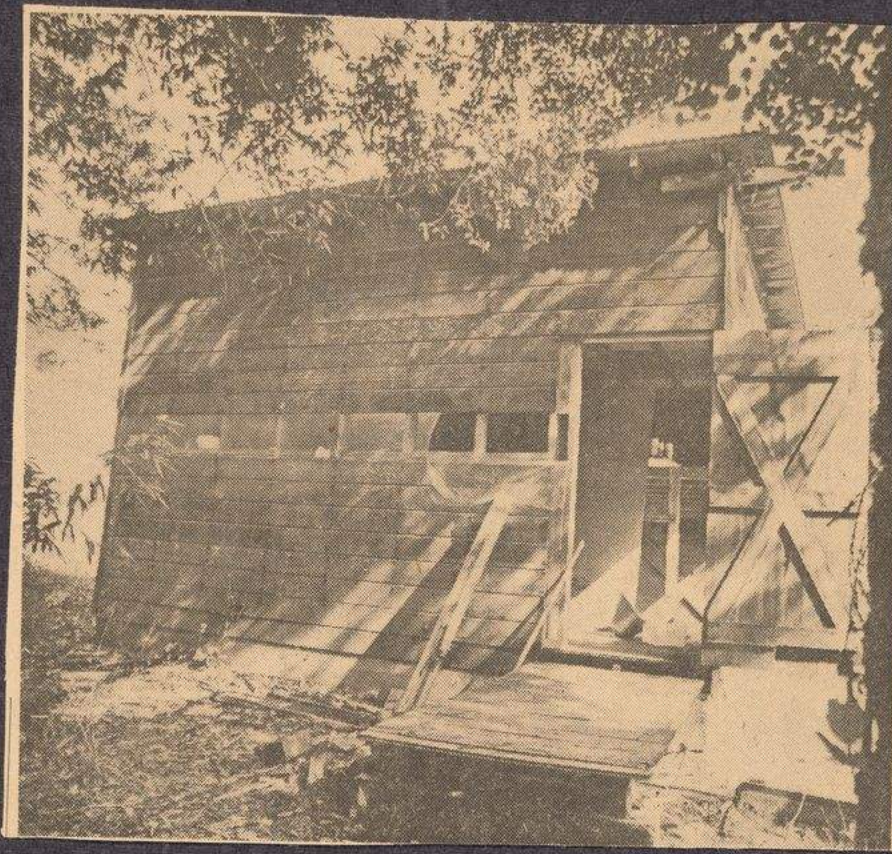
Death Wish

John Linley Frazier, 25, convicted of first degree murder in the slaying of wealthy eye surgeon Dr. Victor Ohta and four others on Oct. 19, 1970, appears with left half of head shaved bare at sanity hearing in Redwood City, Cal. A psychologist, who testified that Frazier had given him a step-by-step description of the murders, said the prisoner chose the bizarre haircut to convince jury he was clever enough to feign insanity and thus sane enough to go to gas chamber. He said Frazier preferred death to confinement in a mental institution.

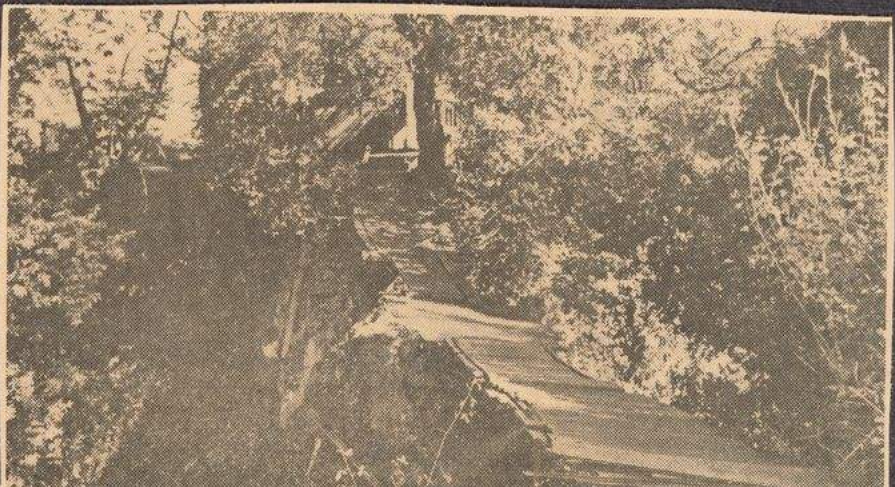
Associated Press Wirephoto



Helicopter view of the Victor Ohta home; bodies of five murdered victims were found in pool.

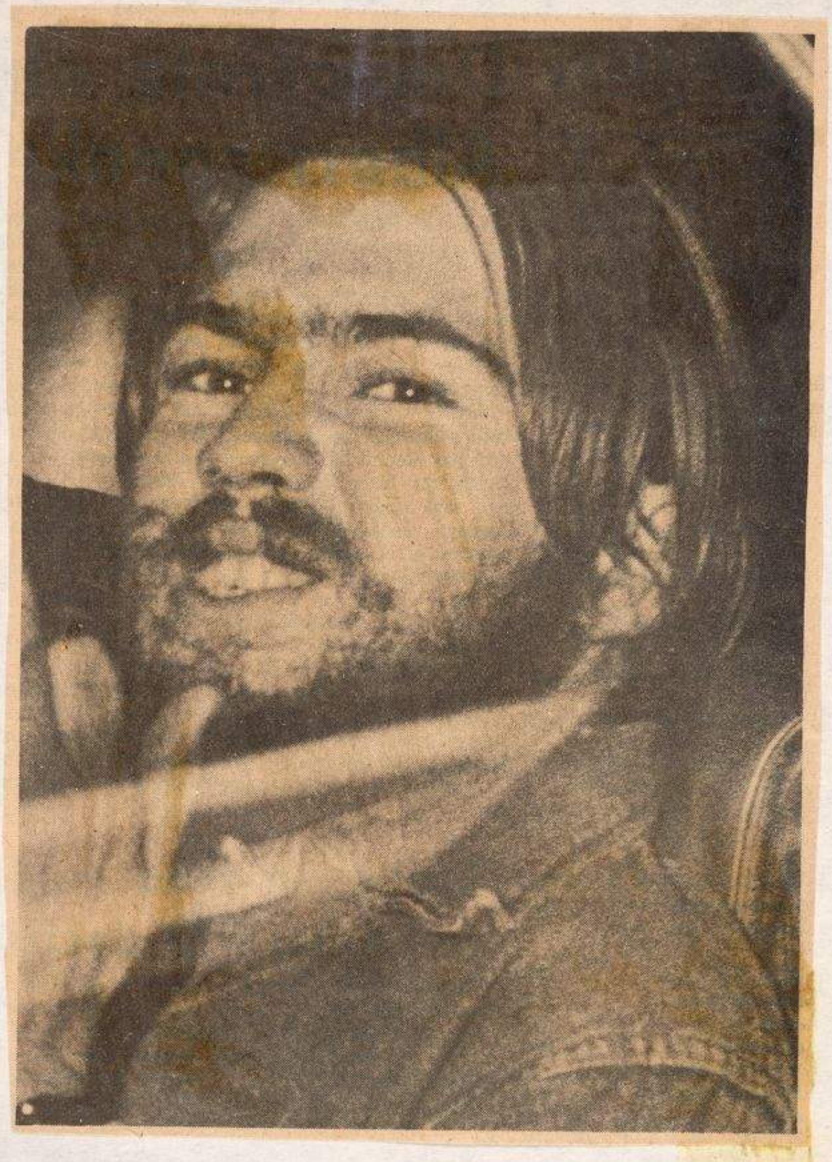


A.P. wire photos Santa Cruz Sentinel Sun, 10-25-70



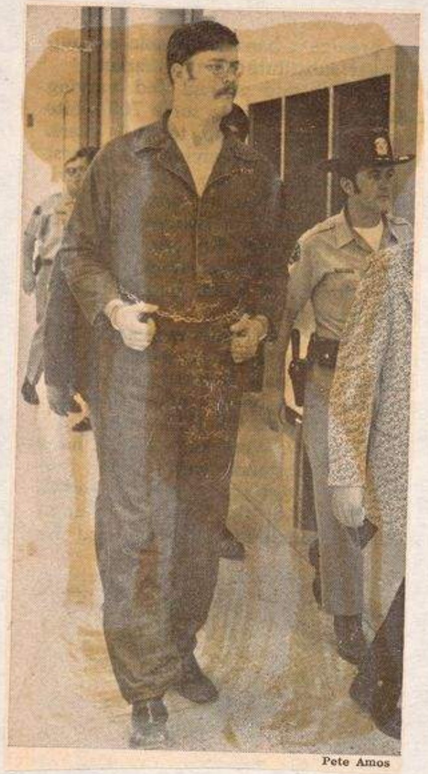
A rickety footbridge crosses a ravine to connect with the shack occupied by John Linley Frazier at the time of his arrest on five counts of murder. A close friend said Frazier would kick away the slats of the bridge as he crossed, believing that eventually he would be able to cross on the rope alone. (See story above.) (AP Wirephoto)

Watsonville Register-Pajaronian Tues 1-19-71



John Linley Frazier proferring his finger to reporters after pleading not guilty by reason of insanity 1-19-71

W.P.D. Sheet Protector



Pete Amos

Edmund Emil Kemper III

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John Linley Frazier was extremely annoying (to the authorities) because of his hostile, silent, off-the-piggish attitude, augmented by the fierce, cultic you-will-obey stare of his eyes, which law enforcement officials are quick to remember. He totally refused to cooperate in any way with the prosecutors and police, and the case they had against him was almost completely circumstantial, although it is possible to obtain a first degree murder conviction in the State of California on circumstantial evidence. As a result, the prosecution, particularly District Attorney Chang, had to work extra diligently to obtain a conviction, and indeed were sweating it out all the way to the moment when the jury returned, after 21 hours of deliberation, and it was apparent (by the grim faces of the jury-people) that the resourceful Mr. Chang had won.

The jury in the Frazier case was reportedly a bit miffed during the subsequent sanity trial to discover that the man they had come close to setting free, had in fact confessed in great detail to several defense psychiatrists, so that the defense attorneys who had so forcefully maintained Frazier's innocence during the trial, were now producing confessions (they had known about all along,). During his sanity trial Frazier began cutting off and shaving completely bald various parts of his head, first the entire left side of his head, then the total. This was, he told psychologist Dr. David Marlowe, so that the jury would think that he was trying to appear insane and therefore would not send him to a "fascist head factory" AKA insane asylum.

During the trial it was brought out that Frazier (was still) hearing the "voices" which told him he was John the Beautiful, of the Bible. But the cunning horror of what he had done, which was to stage a ghastly happening, (as it were,), (Showing) a solid American family floating in a pool beside their burning house of hard-earned cash, probably convinced the jury that Frazier knew what he was doing. Accordingly, on December 30, 1971, John Linley Frazier was sentenced to die in (the) San Quentin gas chamber, (but) with the abolition of capital punishment, he is now serving a life sentence, and has reportedly been recently recruited by a racist right-wing prison cult.

This has been an
E. Sanders
data-scope production.

Stanley Baker:

TEETH BY THE RIVER OF LIGHTNING

Stanley Dean Baker was born in Sheridan, Wyoming (on August 12) 1947. Sheridan, is (located in stern) cowboys & Indians country with numerous cattle ranches adorning its rugged landscapes. It is politically conservative, meaning staunch Republicanism mixed with dead Indians and send 'em back to Africa. The first "dude ranches" in America were in the Sheridan, Wyoming area. Stanley Baker's father was a popular Sheridan barber. Young Stanley served as a choir boy in the Catholic church. He received the coveted Boy Scout "God and Country Award."

Young Stanley liked to hunt and fish with his father. He grew up a powerful 6 foot two inches, with enormous hands. He apparently was well-liked by those of the 12,000 residents of Sheridan who knew him. There is no indication that he had any scrapes with the law, in his youth. Given the normal course of the American small town boy, Stanley Baker should have gone to school, gone to the service, married his sweetheart, and settled down with an appliance dealership or (as executive trainee) at the creamery.

On August 28, 1964, when Stanley was about 17, he and four male companions were driving along Big Goose Road, six miles west of Sheridan, Wyoming, when the car sharp-turned and sheared off a utility pole. There were no serious injuries but the road was showered with sparks from the fallen 7200 volt powerline.

One of Stanley Baker's friends stepped from the automobile and was zapped by the electricity and was hurled face down into a ditch full of water, lying on or near the death-line.

Stanley Dean Baker jumped out of the car and pulled the boy off the electron-spitting line, and out of the ditch, burning himself very badly in the legs with electrical shocks, but saving his friend's life. This powerline zap Baker later claimed was largely responsible

for motivating him to chew the skin off a Musselshell County, Montana welfare worker's knuckle bones.

Baker dropped out, apparently during his senior year in high school, to join the Navy. Stanley Baker had a younger friend in Sheridan, Wyoming named Harry Allen Stroup, born in 1950. Stroup graduated from Sheridan High School in 1968, a thin impressionable human, later Baker's associate in murderous marauding.

Data for the years, 1966, 67, 68, 69, regarding Baker, is not gathered as yet, but apparently Stanley Dean Baker served a four year hitch in the Navy, which would have released him sometime in 1969.

At least by early 1970, Stanley Baker developed strong interests in satanism and devil-ism. He apparantly nurtured his satanism in sunny California where he spent considerable time in 1970. He was arrested in San Jose in 1970 for a drug violation.

He has been accused by Lt. Charles of the San Francisco Police Department, Homicide Bureau, of the grim murder of famous lamp designer Robert Salem, the weekend of Saturday April 18, 1970 in San Francisco.

Forty year old Robert Salem lived at 745 Stevenson St. in San Francisco, by the Franciscan Hotel. It was a luxurious pad which also served as Salem's workshop where he turned out sought-after hurricane lamps some of which appeared in museum shows. Salem was born in Texas and came to San Francisco in 1949 after serving in the Navy. He was fond of cats, the killer leaving behind a mother and 6 hungry kittens.

[illegible] matching him to prove the origin of a hospital [illegible],
[illegible] welfare worker [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]

Dakes, the patient, subsequently during his senior year in high
school, to join the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
in shorthand, [illegible] [illegible] Allen [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] High School [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], later Dakes's associate with [illegible]
[illegible].

[illegible] the years, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] Dakes, is
not [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in the Navy, [illegible] [illegible] him
[illegible] 1943.

At least by early 1970, [illegible] [illegible] developed [illegible]
in [illegible] and [illegible]. He [illegible] [illegible] him
[illegible] [illegible], where he spent considerable
time in 1970. He was [illegible] in San Jose in 1970 [illegible]
[illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible], Homicide Bureau, of [illegible] [illegible]
resigned [illegible], the [illegible] [illegible] 1970
in San Francisco.

Forty year old [illegible] [illegible] Stevenson Street,
San Francisco, [illegible] [illegible]. It was [illegible] luxurious
and which also served as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] in Texas [illegible] [illegible] in 1944 [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
behind [illegible] [illegible].

The killer, apparently Stanley Baker, attacked Robert Salem who was attired in what was described as "oriental lounging pajamas." Salem was stabbed once in the chest, 6 times in the back and his head was almost cut off. His left ear was removed. Into Salem's chest, Tate-LaBianca style, was carved what appeared to be the Egyptian word-sign meaning "life": ☥ -- the so-called "ankh" sign.

Upon the wall, in large printed letters, the killer scrawled, in Salem's blood a large Egyptian ankh-sign ☥ and the words:
SATAN
SAVES

==which were positioned to the right of the ankh-sign; and to the right of SATAN/SAVES, were blood-painted the large letters:
ZOD
IAC .

The letter "D" in the word ZOD/IAC appeared to be very faint, in the picture of the wall as printed in the San Francisco, Chronicle.

Robert Salem's apartment was ransacked, leading police to believe that the killer was looking for something specific, since there was nothing known to be of value missing. The killer took a shower in the apartment, before leaving, to wash the red off.

Stanley Baker told a prison cellmate later that he boiled the severed ear and ate it. It is not known if this grim event occurred in Salem's very apartment or somewhere else.   i-yi-yi.

Police were unable to find the murder weapon. ~~and~~ The killer turned the heat in the apartment up to 90 degrees, perhaps to throw the coroner off in dating the time of death.

Friends of Salem found his body on Sunday evening, 4-19-70, employees of the nearby Franciscan Hotel who were worried, not having seen Mr. Salem for several days.

(Lt. Esty of the Capitola Polic Department reportedly has a file on the Robert Salem killing.)

Stanley Baker told Michael Whalen, Harry Stroup's attorney in the Nov. '70 heart-eat trial, that he'd joined some sort of "black magic cult" called "The Church of Satan" -in the summer of 1970. 1969 seems a better year for Baker joining the satanists, since the summer of 1970, he was either on the road in Canada or the Sheridan, Wyoming area, probably not too much a hot-bed of satanist recruitment.

Before his murder trial, Stanley Baker told authorities that he'd come back to the Sheridan area to pick up his old friend Harry Stroup. Baker elected to stay in Story , Wyoming, a resort community 20 miles from Sheridan in north central part of the state. He lived there with a step-sister.

Baker presented a weird fierce face to the local youth-- strutting around clad in a bone necklace, brown leather vest, black leather bell bottoms, long blond hair and glaring snuff-eyes focussing upon up-tight female caucasians. As for Baker arriving to pick up Stroup-- it appears that satanism, violence, plus boiling that ear, had weirdized Baker to the point where, according to his own testimony, he "often had impulses to kill H.A. Stroup, but I didn't because true friends are hard to find."

The huge-handed 6 foot 2 inch Baker had, according to Sheridan, Wyoming police, been working sometime in 1970 in Big Timber,

In the first half of June 1970, Stanley Baker freaked out the local young citizenry of Sheridan, by his deportment at several parties. There was a "beer and pot" party in Tongue River Canyon , 25 miles N.W. of Sheridan, according to an 18 year old Sheridan College woman, where Baker in his leathers and necklace of bones strode through the dark forest glaring and uttering strings of gutteral growls.

A few days after the Tongue River Canyon party, there was another shindig held at night at a place called "the pits" -- a coal mining pit filled with water attended by a couple of dozen couples, including Stanley Dean Baker, ear-eater.

Sometime, late in the afternoon, by chance or by choice, Stanley Baker, apparently walking barefoot, cut his foot on a broken beer bottle. To the startled gazes of the revellers, Baker carefully drained the blood of his own foot into a cup whereupon he slowly drank it down after which he patted his stomach, uttered an ahhhh, and announced how good it was.

On June 15, 1970 Stanley Baker, Harry Stroup, now 20, and a human named Evan Broheart left Sheridan , Wyoming in Broheart's car, on the way to Toronto, Ontario, Canada to attend a rock and roll festival to be held on Sat./Sun. June 27-28, 1970.

The rock and roll festival, called by promoters, The Festival Express, was held at the Canadian National Exposition Stadium aka CNE Stadium, in Toronto.

Harry Stroup was either A.W.O.L. from the army or due to report for active duty around the time he left for Canada. He testified that one of the reasons he traveled to Canada was to investigate joining other draft resistors there to avoid fighting in the Vietnam War, which he regarded as an unjust conflict.

Baker later testified that he carried in his duffle bag during his Canadian trip some sort of magic kit related to his "black cult of satan" --his adopted religion.

The Festival Express in Toronto June 27-28 featured famous rock acts from the United States, including The Grateful Dead, The Band, Bonnie & Delaney, Tom Rush, Ten Years After, Traffic and great blues singer Janis Joplin.

A few days after the [illegible] Toronto [illegible] [illegible], there was another [illegible] held at night at a place called [illegible] [illegible] containing [illegible] filled with [illegible] attended by a couple of dozen couples, including [illegible] Baker, [illegible].

Sunshine, later in the afternoon, [illegible] of [illegible], Stanley Baker, apparently walking [illegible], with this sort of [illegible] bottle, to these [illegible] of the [illegible], Baker [illegible] the blood of his own [illegible] down after which he [illegible] his stomach, [illegible], and announced how good it was.

On June 17, 1970, Stanley Baker, [illegible], now 20, and a human named Sven [illegible] left [illegible], [illegible] in a [illegible] car, on the way to Toronto, Ontario, Canada to attend a rock and roll festival to be held on [illegible], June 27-28, 1970.

The rock and roll festival, [illegible], called by promoters the Festival Express, [illegible] held at the Canadian National Exposition Stadium (CNE Stadium), in Toronto.

[illegible] to visit [illegible] in the Vietnam War, which he [illegible] an unjust or illicit.

A [illegible] his [illegible] without [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] June 27, [illegible] Grateful Dead, The Band, Bonnie [illegible], [illegible] Ten Years After, [illegible] Janis Joplin.

p6

On July 3, 1970 at 8:30 p.m. Stanley Baker mailed a letter home to Sheridan in which he revealed that he wanted to go to disk jockey school and chatted how he liked the women of Canada, etc. "We've been here for two weeks, will be leaving tomorrow. People are really nice up here." -he wrote.

After Stanley Baker and Harry Stroup split from the Toronto area, apparently on or just after July 4, 1970, they hitched west across Canada. Evan Broheart, who drove them originally from Sheridan to Toronto on June 15, apparently returned by himself or perhaps stayed behind longer. Baker and Stroup caught a freight train from Big Sandy, , to Great Falls Montana, arriving sometime July 8 or early July 9, 1970.

Upon leaving the freight train, Baker/Stroup were picked up early on July 9 by a Mrs. Richard Scott, her husband and children. Mrs. Scott drove them to a mountain where they all shared food. "We picnicked and shared a nice lunch and a nice visit with them. They said they had been to a rock festival up in Canada someplace." -- Mrs. Scott testified at Stroup's Nov. '70 trial.

After the picnic, Mrs. Scott drove the pair south to the White Sulphur Springs cut-off, and dropped them off, north of Livingston, Montana, on Route 89. From White Sulphur Springs a motorist from Colorado picked Baker and Stroup up and drove them south to Yellowstone National Park but the camp was full. The motorist drove them back a couple of miles north again toward Livinstone, where Stanley Baker called a human named Jim Higgins of Big Timber, Montana regarding employment. Baker apparently had worked previously for Mr. Higgins.

After the call, the pair drove onward toward Livingston and camped overnight, the night of July 9, 1970, along Route 89.

Early the next morning, July 10, 1970, Stanley Dean Baker and Harry Allen Stroup, hitched north and were picked up in a van headed for Canada occupied by four young humans and two dogs. The van dropped the pair off at the White Sulphur Springs Overpass where, according to their testimony, they stashed their gear in the high grass. Stanley Baker apparently had made an appointment with Jim Higgins in Big Timber regarding a possible job so they headed in that direction.

A human in a Buick convertible picked them up and drove them most or all of the way. Baker and Stroup waited for Mr. Higgins for an hour across the street, in a field, from Higgins' house which was apparently next to a fish hatchery. Baker later testified that Higgins turned him down because Higgins said Baker was wanted for drug violations in Wyoming. This angered Baker in murderous proportion. After the rejection, Baker/Stroup hitched away into the void. Mrs. Juanita Cantwell and her husband were driving from Clyde Park to Livingston, Montana and gave the young men a ride back to Route 89, White Sulphur Springs Viaduct, where they'd told her they'd stashed their gear. Before she let them out, she warned Baker about going thru Bozeman, Montana, in that, due to the heavy red-neck ratio, some of the locals might try to grab the hirsute wanderers and forceably cut their hair.

Stanley Baker was wearing a heavy chain around his neck and told Mrs. Cantwell that he wouldn't stand to be pushed around, that he "threw away his flowers a long time ago for a knife and a chain."

After Higgins refused to hire him, Baker has testified to being sorely angry at "the Establishment,"-- as he termed it. According to the testimony of Baker and of Stroup, they parted company for a few hours at the luggage-stash near the White Sulphur Springs Overpass. (Stroup, however, was found guilty by a jury in November 1970 of accompanying Baker on the ensuing snuff-spasm.)

They then split up after some small argument apparently regarding which direction they should hitchhike. As they split, according to Baker, they each dropped into their systems a tab of LSD.

Baker later blamed the acid for amplifying his anger: "The LSD magnified my anger into uncontrollable proportions. I was so rattled, I couldn't have told you, man, which hand I stuck out in front of me." (testifying 11-19-70)

Alas for him, around five p.m. the afternoon of July 10, 1970, a man named James Schlosser left his job at the Musselshell County Welfare office in Roundup, Montana, waved goodbye to his friends and started out for a weekend of camping, probably heading for Yellowstone National Park. The strong 200 pound Mr. Schlosser was a 1970 graduate of the College of Great Falls and had been working at the welfare office for about a month. James Schlosser picked up blond-bearded satanist Stanley Dean Baker, stoned, stymied and stab-eyed.

The data is confused as to what happened next. It appears that Baker supplied authorities with two stories. One is that he and Schlosser attempted to camp out at Yellowstone but were turned away at the gate because of overcrowding. The other story, in his testimony at his buddy Stroup's trial, was that the "dude" -as Baker described his victim, was interested in camping at Yellowstone but that Baker, who had been there a couple of days previous, told him it was full.

So, according to Baker, they drove down 4-lane Route 89 toward Corwin's Springs and Gardiner, Montana and camped out on the roadside just a few feet from the Yellowstone River swirling swollen from recent rains. They made no fire-- just crawled into their sleeping bags-- and slept.

There is one puzzling event that somehow fits into the chronology.

[illegible]

[illegible] They [illegible] years of [illegible]

[illegible] they should [illegible]

[illegible] into their purposes [illegible] of 195[illegible]

Between 10:30 & 11:30 p.m. the night Schlosser was murdered, Stanley Baker and "another rough-looking man" came into Williams Texaco station in Bozeman, Montana in a blue compact car, according to tall Tom Putnam, who was working at a summer job at the station. He wasn't able to identify the other person-- although it appears definitely not to have been Schlosser, who was certainly not "rough-looking." Also, Schlosser's car was not blue, but was a two-door 1969 Opel Kadett, gold in color with black racing stripes. (Putnam the gas station attendant now lives in Sheridan , Montana.)

Around midnight, Stanley Dean Baker was awakened by the distant sound of thunder and saw the flashes of lightning upon the sky. This triggered off a snuff-spasm, according to Baker.

Tranced, as he claims, Baker removed from his belongings a .22 Cal. High Standard 9 shot cheapo-cheapo pistol, the type that Manson's family used on Cielo Drive, and shot Schlosser once in the back of the head. Baker then attacked the victim's chest with a K-Bar knife, slash-sawing a large T-shaped wound in it, whereafter he grabbed out Schlosser's heart and ate it beneath the flashing clouds raw and quivery warm.

He cut the social worker's arms off near the shoulder, offed the head, and the legs near the knees and hacked the torso, so that, he said, the body would sink into the Yellowstone River, just 75 feet off the road at that point. This process took about four hours.

In addition, Baker cut off one of the victim's middle fingers, and pared away the flesh which he flung into the river. The finger bones he kept and cleaned and made smooth~~.~~ (apparently by chewing them.) They were received later by the police who sent them to the Smithsonian Institute in D.C. to be verified as human.

Baker told the police, the F.B.I. and the court that the heart-gobble was not undertaken as part of any satanic thrill-rite or ceremony. He said that he "awoke" to find himself "just standing there, covered with blood" --as he testified (11-19-70 Stroup's trial). In haste, Baker rolled up the sleeping bags, stole Schlosser's Texaco credit card, drivers license and automobile registration for the Opel Kadett --then peeled away from the murder site, leaving behind a grim riverside spatter-pattern of blood, loose teeth in grass, flesh-parts and bone chips, from his satanoid picnic.

Baker sped down Route 89, looking for Harry Stroup (or, according to the jury, with Harry Stroup). Only a few minutes after he tossed the torso into the swollen river, Baker located Stroup a couple of miles from where they allegedly split up earlier. It was shortly after midnight when, according to his own testimony, Baker "duped" 20 year old Harry Stroup into getting into Schlosser's car with him and heading out for California.

They drove through Idaho Washington and Oregon and down into California into the beautiful rocky fastnesses of the Big Sur area, where tales of cult-snuffs and oo-ee-oo weirdness abound, from the years 69, 70, 71. They paid for gasoline with Schlosser's credit card.

July 11, 1970

On Saturday afternoon, five miles north of Gardiner, Montana a park services employee at Yellowstone National Park named Richard Miller, was trout fishing in the river. when he spotted what at first he was sure was a mannikin floating nearby. To his once-in-a-lifetime horror he saw that it was a headless torso clad in shorts. He hastened to make sure that his three-year old granddaughter playing nearby didn't see the sight and raced to call the police.

Baker [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible]'s report that
the heart-gobble was not undertaken as part of any [illegible]
[illegible]-rite or ceremony. He said that Baker [illegible]
himself "just standing there, covered with blood" —as he
testified (12-17-70 Alderete trial). In haste, Baker rolled
up the [illegible], stole Schlosser's [illegible],
[illegible] and a [illegible] registration for the [illegible]
—then peeled away from the murder site, leaving behind
a grim xxxxxxxxxxxxxx ricocheted scatter-pattern of
blood, loose teeth in grass, flesh-bits and bone chips,
from his solenoid picnic.

Baker hopped down Route 89, heading for Harvey Gibbs (or,
according to the others, with Harry Stroup). Only a few
minutes after he turned the [illegible] into the swollen river,
[illegible] located Stroup a couple of miles from where they
allegedly split the scene. It was shortly after midnight
when, according to his own testimony, Baker "bugged out" of
old Harry Stroup into nothing; he decided to [illegible] with him
and head out for California.

The [illegible] through [illegible] and Oregon and down into California
into the beautiful [illegible] [illegible] Sur area, where
[illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] witnesses abound, from the
years 69, 70, 71.

July 12, 1970

On Sunday afternoon, [illegible] miles north of [illegible], Montana
a [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] named
[illegible], was [illegible] in the [illegible]. When he spotted
[illegible] at first he [illegible] saw a [illegible] floating [illegible].
[illegible] that it [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible]. He [illegible] to make sure that [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible].

The body was removed to Franzen Mortuary in a rubber disaster pouch.

July 13, 1970, Monday.   Big Sur, California area.

Stanley Baker and Harry Stroup were about 25 miles south of Big Sur, California, driving from Lucia, a don't-blink sized small town right on the coast, east along Nacimiento Grade Road which wound up through the mountains and Hunter-Liggett Military Reservation for thirty-five miles, ending at King City. He told police later that he was going to ditch the car somewhere in the area. (There was a commune, a socalled "hippie colony" , along Nacimiento Grade Road somewhere. See if the commune was the one where Eve Hindin was heading when abducted on 7-5-70.)

Sometime just before they were arrested, Baker gave Stroup one of Schlosser's smooth knuckle bones, as a good luck charm, saying that it was from a chicken.

The Opel Kadett was speeding around a curve apparently on the wrong side of the road when it ran head-on into a pick-up truck pulling a motorcycle, carrying a vacationing Michigan printer named Robert Parks. The pickup was lightly damaged but the ~~Ope~~ gold Opel was whacked out of commission. Parks approached the two hirsute men and asked to see drivers license etc. To his surprise they could produce nothing. In fact, Baker asked to borrow a screwdriver; borrowing which, he proceeded to unscrew the Montana plates from the smashed Opel and threw them into the wilderness.

Robert Parks asked who was going to pay for damages to his vehicle, and Baker told him that if they could get to a phone he would make a phone call and straighten everything out. Accordingly, Baker and Stroup got into Parks' pickup truck and they drove toward the coast town of Lucia. During the ride Baker told Parks about a murder. "He said he killed a man on the beach the night before" —Parks testified at Stroup's trial (11-23-70), "and I said, 'Okay, fine.'"

After Baker had blurted out that he'd killed someone on the beach the night before, Stroup offered to bribe Mr. Parks, saying, "You shouldn't judge this person by what he says. I'll give you my watch, ring and any money I have to let us go."

When they reached Lucia, Parks stopped at a gas station and said, "You can make the call here." Instead, Baker and Stroup ran away into the woods, leaving Parks with a damaged pickup truck.

Baker burnt the license and car registration belonging to Schlosser, dumb precautions for someone who has just snitched himself out.

Robert Parks phoned the California Highway Patrol in Salinas from Lucia and told him what had happened. Patrolman Randy Newton told Mr. Parks to meet him 25 miles north of Lucia at Big Sur in Pfeiffer State Park. Parks mentioned Baker's purported snuff activities and weird behavior when they met and talked at Pfeiffer State Park.

After the interrogation , Mr. Parks drove away toward his home in Michigan and CHP Officer Newton obtained a tow truck and headed south to Lucia and turned east onto Nacimiento Grade Road finally confronting the front-smashed Opel Kadett. Searching he found the two Montana plates.

Officer Newton phoned in the Montana license plate numbers to obtain information about ownership and possible theft. At 3 p.m. that afternoon, Monday, July 13, 1970, he drove north up the Coast Highway. Three miles north of Lucia near Vincenti Creek Randy Newton spotted Baker and Stroup trudging up the road.

Newton asked them if they were connected with the smashed automobile and they admitted they were. Newton then told them what Robert Parks had related to him about a murder one of them had admitted committing. Baker spoke up, "Yes, I want to confess a murder."

Newton leaned them over the patrol car, locked up their hands, and read them their rights derived from the Constitution of the United States. He called then Monterey County Sheriff's Deputies Bill Lindstrom and Bill Cook and agreed to meet the Deputies at Dolan Creek, 10 miles north of the arrest site.

At Dolan Creek police took into custody what was probably the first seized cannibal knuckle-bone in modern history. They emptied the suspects pockets onto the fender of the Sheriff's vehicle, plunking onto which was a small bone. "What is that"- an officer asked Harry Stroup, out of whose pocket it was taken.

Stroup said it was a chicken bone. Officer Lindstrom said Baker disagreed, "No, man, it's not a chicken bone, it's a bone from that dude I killed in Montana."

Baker began confessing right away. They were taken to the Sheriff's sub-station in Monterey, California. ~~Baker told them his now classic confession opening line: "I have a problem, I am a cannibal."~~ On the way to the sub-station, one of the Deputies radio'd CHP Officer Randy Newton to find out if any data had come in regarding the Montana license plate off the Opel. Newton said there was no data in yet but the automobile was not on the stolen list.

As the officer talked over the radio, suddenly Stanley Baker blurted out, "It belonged to the dude I killed." Waiting to interrogate the suspects were Detective Dempsey Billey of the Monterey County Sheriff's Department, resident F.B.I. agent Warren A. Cook and Detective Sgt. John McMahon in whose office apparently the interviews were held.

Stroup and Baker gave their residence as being in Sheridan, Wyoming. Stroup , however, seemed unwilling to babble so he was led away to another room while the interrogation focussed on logorrhetic Stanley Baker.

It was then, alone with the officers, that Stanley Baker uttered his now-famous confession opening line: "I have a problem, I am a cannibal." Baker, attired in striped light-hued bells, leather vest, engineer boots and green army fatigue jacket, was shown the finger bone from Stroup's pocket. Baker said, "If you'll look in my pocket, I've got one too."

Sure enough, he had one too, and also a typed "recipe" for making L.S.D. Baker told the intent interrogators that just recently he had taken 65 caps of acid, apparently at one gulp, enough certainly to zonk one out onto the plane of Total Froth. Baker told them of the electric shock he'd received age 17. "I haven't been the same since." -he told them.

Baker rambled on and on about witchcraft, the gore, the murder, about satanism-- freaking out somewhat the officers of the law who had to question and listen to him.

Det. Sgt. McMahon told a writer from the Great Falls, Montana Tribune, who called up the Monterey County Sheriff's office as soon as word seeped out about Baker's arrest, about his disgust: "I have to go in there (detention cells where suspects were being held) right now and get a taped statement. It's making me sick." McMahon said that Baker called himself "Jesus"-in common with a quite a few violent-minded psychedelic snuffoids.

As for Stroup, he remained silent, steadfastly claiming his innocence of the crime. At the least, however, Stroup knew about Schlosser's death soon after it occurred. F.B.I. agent Warren Cook, who interviewed first Baker, then Stroup, on the day of their arrest (7-13-70) said Stroup told him Baker had said he killed a man who had 'made sexual advances' toward him.

Sgt McMahon later told an investigator that he felt Stroup would have confessed himself except a lawyer, apparently hired by his father, called and told him to keep quiet.

Baker/Stroup were held without bail in the County Jail in Monterey, California.

July 14, 1970. Tuesday. Gardiner, Montana.

Late in the day on 7-14-70, Park County Montana police found the blood/bonechip suffused snuff site by the river and the 12 inch K-Bar knife.

July 15, 1970. Wednesday. Park County Montana

On 7-15-70 the Park County Sheriff's office received an inquiry from police in Farmington, Utah regarding a murder in mid-April 1970, involving a victim with legs cut off, and 60 stabs. The suspect in the crime was one Dennis Baker. This will be investigated further.

July 19, 1970. Sunday. Park County Montana.

On 7-19-70 Park County Sheriff Don. D. Guintoni flew to Monterey, California in a chartered plane to scoop up Baker and Stroup. Among the personal property of the killers taken in custody by Sheriff Guintoni was, according to Sgt. McMahon, a published book or paperback on satanism or witchcraft belonging to Stanley Baker.

The defendents were flown to Montana and locked up that night in the the Park County Jail for a light dinner of chicken. i-yi-yi.

July 27, 1970

As the date of the defendents' arraignment for murder approached, rumors were rampant in peaceful Livingston that "dozens of hippies" were going to "flood the courthouse lawn" in support of the bearded snuffoids. Sheriff Don Guintoni said that the police had checked out reports of "hippie bands" lurking in the nearby mountains around Livingston, apparently ready to pillage the province, but found all rumors "completely false." Such was the fear and paranoia of 1970, as the court appearance came + went without incident.

September 27, 1970. p16

The day that great guitarist Jimi Hendrix died in London, September 27, 1970, Stanley Baker was receiving a "psychiatric examination" at Warm Springs State Hospital. Baker felt he had a hand in Hendrix' demise -- apparently referring to a mental hex effort.

Defense attorney Michael Whalen (11-19-70, Stroup's trial) asked if Baker had any hostility toward Hendrix. "Yes. We had a war going on between us. He had fired on me close as I could remember about the age of 10." -Baker testified. Also: "I had a direct contribution to the death of Jimi Hendrix."

October 20, 1970.

On October 20, 1970, Stanley Baker pled guilty to murder. The prosecutor was one Byron Robb, the Park County Attorney ~~appointed for the case~~. Baker's court-appointed attorneys were Douglas Drysdale and Robert Holter, both of Bozeman, Montana. There was no testimony.

Baker was sentenced to life imprisonment, avoiding the gallows, standing in a black suit with shorn hair. He will be eligible for parole in 1990. Before being shipped off to the Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Baker flashed what was called an "obscene gesture" at crowding reporters.

Once again there were rumors of an "invasion" of 200 California hippies who were to root for Stanley, but there were no rooters on hand at the sentencing.

Harry A. Stroup's trial was separated from Baker's --since Stroup was claiming innocence. Trial was scheduled for 11-16-70. Arnold Berger, a Billings, Montana attorney, was hired as a special prosecutor for the county, to handle the trial work.

Sometime between October 20 and a month later, November 19, Stanley Baker confessed to someone at Deer Lodge Montana State Prison about the Robert Salem murder of 4-18-70 in San Francisco. How much he snitched himself out, is not known at this time. He did however, talk about eating Salem's ear, and apparently related enough data that had not been made public, for the S.F. Police Department to accuse him of the crime.

November 17, 1970.

Early Tuesday afternoon, 11-17-70, a jury was sworn in for the murder trial of Harry Stroup, held in the frontierland courthouse of Livingston, Montana.

The jurors were James E. Burke, Harlan Jones, Kenneth Kostelitz, Delores Trautman, Ora Knutson, Stewart Baker, Jr.; Zetta Dunlap, William Hughes, Ronald Milledge, Hugh Peltz, Dorothy Bryan and Jeanette Fautsch. The alternates were Eileen Lazendorf and John Fryer.

The county hired a special prosecutor for the trial, one Arnold Berger, a Billings, Montana attorney. The defense attorney was Michael Whalen.

One of the problems presented by this case is that the Park County Court did not see fit to order a trial transcript to be made of the word-for-word procedings. It is not known at this time if anyone made any tape recording of the trial.

November 18, 1970, Wednesday.

As the trial of Harry Allen Stroup began, Park County Sheriff Don Guintoni, put into evidence the following items: 1) a number of .22 Calibre shells taken from Stroup, 2) Bakers clothing (it is not known at this time whether the "clothing" (placed into evidence also) contained Bakers witchcraft book or books and the satan-kit he carried around in his duffle bag) , 3) a pillow & pillow case, 4)

photostatic copies of documents received from authorities in Salinas, California, presumably meaning transcripts of the interviews in California with Stroup/Baker, etc, and 5) maps showing Baker and Stroup's route in the stolen car through Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and into California.

The crime Baker and Stroup committed had attracted intense publicity in certain parts of the country, particularly in Montana, Wyoming and California. In California the Tate-LaBianca murder trial had just begun when the killers were caught and there had been sensational headlines regarding the satanist murder committed in Orange County in June 1970 by devil-crazed Steven Hurd and associates. People just don't want heart-eaters running around loose.

Accordingly, security at Stroup's was "heavy." All entrances were guarded, and the courtroom was like a N.Y. rush-hour subway. Local publications referred to it as the "trial of the century."

There were numerous prosecution witnesses, testifying about blood tests, statements from the defendent, etc. The defendent, Harry Stroup, cut his hair, wore a suit and acted in a diffident and extremely humble manner, not wanting, obviously, to hear the sick snap of his neck as he dropped through the gallows trap-- the method of execution in Montana.

November 19, 1970, Thursday.

The "star" of the trial was the long and grim testimony of surly, anger-spitting Stanley Baker, who was brought in chained like a bear, from Deer Lodge Prison. After his self-snitch in the jail about the Robert Salem murder, his lawyer apparently visited him and advised him to keep quiet about it-- perhaps to avoid the California gas chamber, since he had been given a life sentence in Montana.

Baker told the court in great detail about his satan-worship, about the Church of Satan, and the satanic bible. Baker said he used magic at the pop music festival June 27, 1970 in Toronto to ward off the rain, "so we would have nice weather for the festival." He claimed he could control the minds of others through magic. He related information about some sort of feud he was having with music great Jimi Hendrix. He said he had a hand in the death, apparently by natural causes (drugs) of Hendrix on Sept. 27, 1970, in England.

Defense attorney Michael Whalen asked Baker, "Do you have feelings that the reincarnation of Christ is within you?"

Baker: "Could be."

November 20, 1970. Friday.

On Friday, Defense Attorney asked Stanley Baker if he knew "a Bobby Salem in San Francisco."

Baker: "I respectfully refuse to answer on grounds it might lead to incriminate me."

Whalen asked if Baker had cut off Salem's ear, cooked it and ate it. Baker again took safety beneath the Fifth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, as the court-room gasped, at the thought of an ear-eat.

Baker, while freely talking about his own involvement in the murder of James Schlosser, steadfastly denied that his friend Stroup was involved in the crime. Stroup, to be sure, with many a memory lapse, also claimed his innocence. The prosecution presented a case that tried to prove, through witnesses and circumstantial evidence, that Stroup had to be on the scene at the time of Schlosser's demise.

After deliberating for several days, the jury found Stroup

p20

guilty, with a total deliberation time of 37 hours, 27 minutes, of manslaughter, a compromise verdict after the jury had hung for 1st degree murder conviction at 8-4, then 10-2, and finally unanimous for manslaughter, -- a weird finding in my opinion, because either he helped to eat a man's heart or he didn't.

The verdict was reached at 1:30 A.M., Thanksgiving morning, November 26, 1970.

November 22, 1970. San Francisco.

Meanwhile, on 11-22-70, a Sunday, Lt. Charles Ellis , Chief of the San Francisco Police Department Homicide Bureau, announced that Stanley Baker would be charged with the murder of Robert Salem.

December 16, 1970, Tuesday.

On 12-16-70 District Judge Jack D. Shanstrom sentenced Harry Stroup to 10 years hard labor at the Montana State Prison. He is eligible for parole sometime in 1974, although there has been a report that he is already free on the streets (late 1972).

As for Stanley Baker, he attempted to escape from the Montana State Prison and was caught. He is now being held in a federal penitentiary, in Marion, Illinois, from which he keeps in communication by letter with his satanist friends on the west coast.

report prepared Dec. 1972, Jan./Feb. 73
Ed Sanders.

STEVEN HURD

The Heart In The Burning Station Wagon

The structure
of Hurd's life
indicates that he
drifted
upon the twin twined
currents of hard drugs
& satanism/superstitionism/cruelism
into a crazed,
psychotic life
& warp-kill mental
fog where
violence occurred
in regular "order."

The question is
what elements
of his babbling
torrents of dishevelled
hate-- uttered in a
nexus of devil-awe,
are to be believed by those
who investigate such things?

After his capture,
trapped in a barn by
Riverside County Calif.
police, his memory, as
he resided in jail
& in the Atascadero State
Hospital was, in some
ways, fuzzy
but with regard
to his life story,
the story of his creep-cult associations &
the story of his crimes
his statements to his attorney
and to about 7 psychiatrists
remained mostly consistent.

His name, from mom and dad,
is Steven Craige Hurd
AKA Steven Graige Hurd.
To an eye gazing upon him
he is small & slight.
His hair is thick, long
curly and fuzzy.
His fingernails are scratchy long
& there is a tattoo of
a swastika on one hand,
on the other: 69 &
the number 8 (the eighth
letter H, for heroin, man).
There is another small
tattoo the meaning
of which he swears he cannot
say, because of its
magic occult basis in deviltry.

He worships the devil.

He hates blacks & Hippies.
He hungers to be murdered
or better better to be snuffed
by cops, shot in action,
so that he could ooze
to hades, there to lurk
awaiting his enemies, who
when they too shall
come to hell they
would suffer his
torturing vengence, aided
apparently by his 'father', the
devil. oo-ee-oo.

He is 23 years old
as I write this in
a N.Y. winter night.
He is currently residing
in Atascadero State Hosp.
in California. They are
feeding him famed Melleril
there in the nut hatch,
a drug in the age of drugs
which calms somewhat
his satanic fantasies & edges
with gentleness his stated
plans to snuff out hospital
orderlies.

H' was born on 9-9-49 .
either in Long Beach or
San Diego, California. Q
uite a few killers like
Steven Hurd received their
educations in jail; he
his high school diploma
from a reformatory in
Tracy, California. The
weirdness of parents is
visited upon their children.
He was the oldest of seven
or 8 children. His parents
were divved when Hurd was
ten, he staying with mom.
His natural father had a
heart 'made of $10 bills'
he told a psychiatrist, and
was, according to the memory
of his son, an executive
with the North American Aviation
Corporation:
As for his mother, Steve
"was able to talk with
his mother in a limited way
and although she would not call
him names, he felt she did not
like him as well as the
other children." 10-29-70
Dr. E.W. Klatte in a report
to Judge James Judge of the
Orange County Superior Court.
In the subsequent 10 years
between his parents divorce
& the year of satan-snuff
1970, she married several
times, grabbing her lovers
sometimes in casual
strasse-grab, to the young boy's
supposed and later stated
disapproval.

Steve's stepfather around the age
of 12 was a human
named John R. Litrell who

served a jail term for
child-abusing his stepson Steven,
who remembers this with
extreme bitterness: "He
beat me, put me in the
hospital where a no-good
fucking dog belongs. She knew
he beat me and she sent
me to the store anyway. Beat
me, my balls were black and
blue, cut my hands. He
didn't like me. He went to
prison for beating me. He
was a pig." --liking to lock
the boy in closets.

Around this time
Steve ran away to San
Francisco for a couple
of months-- returning home
his parents forked him over
to authorities who put
him into Juvenile Hall
for 30 days or so.
In his early teens
by his admission he
was arrested many times--
He served 7½ months at the
McGillan School
when he was 16, that
would have been early
1966/late '65-- and after
a few months he somehow
escaped for 5 days, was
caught and on
10-6-66 was sent
to Paso Robles reformatory
as an 'incorrigible'
for around 6 months-- being
released on 3-28-67,
in his 17th year,
on parole.

He was free and roaming
most of the rest of the year
of flowers, '67. On Dec. 1,
however, Hurd was arrested
in Provo, Utah
for burglary. He
spent time in jail there
until Jan 24, 1968 when,
according to his computer-spewed
arrest record printout
he was extradited to California
where he spent 9 months at the
YTS in Chino, California
as a parole violator.

It was then in early
1968 that Hurd claimed
to have received his
early training, degree
by degree up the ladder,
in a grime-slime
form of devil worship
devoted ostensibly
to the worship of
total evil, or, better typed,
Total Evil.

Steven Hurd met a human being named Robert Stevens, a biker of the outlaw or 1% variety. It was Stevens who, according to Hurd, initiated or scammed Hurd into the Four P or Four π Movement-- an operation which practiced ritual sacrifices, and with tentacles into the selling of hard drugs, various bombings, right vs. left wing hate-stirrings and other slimings to promote dissolution and so-called 'evil.'

It is not clear whether Robert Stevens met up with Hurd in the Provo, Utah area and then followed Hurd into the slams or had met Hurd in jail in Provo and somehow followed Hurd when he was subsequently shipped back to California as a parole violator-- or whether he met Hurd sometime in the fall of '67 on the outside in California and became by plan or by accident cellmates of Hurd when he was returned from Utah to Cal. Whatever the case, Hurd was surprised to see his friend Stevens in the prison in California where Stevens was able to continue inculcation into the deviloid persuasion.

It was all devil. And as a reward for successfully ~~entering~~ climbing up the hot ladder of satan, Stevens dealt out knife burn~~s~~ imitation marks (from a stolen-in-prison (heated) butter knife) on the back of Hurd's left shoulder-- 15 in all, leaving behind scars which Hurd eagerly shows visitors. The religion of evil informed Hurd that all creation, so to speak, was evil and therefore violence was wonderful. Therefore, chop chop chop. ~~Pass the heroin, please.~~

Together, in the jail in Chino, California, Stevens and Hurd worshipped the devil nightly, apparently mumbo-jumboing in tandem certain whisper-cants and litanies. He told a psychiatrist later that he 'did not associate with anyone in prison on any occasion except for his "celly"'.

Steven's was killed a year later, in early 1969, in a shooting battle with the Satan Slaves in Fountain Valley, below Los Angeles. A thousand scooters, bearing mourners, formed the funeral cortege, Hurd boasted. "They hit us in the middle of the night. He got killed in a gunfight that lasted two or three hours. He is happy now. There were over two thousand scooters at his funeral." -he told one Dr. Geddes.

Hurd must have learned his lessons well because he was invited to the heavy gore spectacles soon after leaving jail on parole on October 20, 1968. Within two weeks after his release, he claims to have witnessed a ritual murder in a grove of trees [redacted] off Route 17 somewhere, apparantly south of the summit line of the Santa Cruz mountains. (This remote mountainous area is not very far from the spot where two years later, Hurd would offer up a sacrifice of a woman's heart in a burning station wagon, as an oblation to his devil-guru) In the sacrifice of November 1968, the victim was, as Hurd said, a "willing" snuffee, a young woman about 20 years old.

Further, he said that there were about 40 humans who witnessed the wilderness execution, young and old alike. There was a wooden altar with "1000 dragons" upon it. The victim apparently was placed atop what was described as a "wooden morgue table with trough." The body, once murdered, according to Hurd, was burned in a portable crematorium, taking several hours to fire it to completion.

The instrument of execution was a set of 6 knives welded into a football shaped holder. The welded knives were of varying lengths so that, when the snuff-ball was lowered upon the victim, the longer knives entered the stomach-- keeping the person still alive, whereupon, lowering more, the shorter knives, positioned over the heart, entered it at last. The heart was eaten by the ritualists. Apparently this heart-eat had to be performed every five months, one quesses to satisfy their god of evil.

The leader of these barbarous 4 Pi chopups was known somehow as "The Grand Chingon" -- and, according to Hurd, was a "big guy with red hair"-a member of the straight law-abiding world-- known by the name of Robert Erickson or Ericcson AKA Lief Erickson. This red haired humanoid, keeping Hurd strung out on heroin, acid, blood-gulping ("drinking the 6 cups of lies"), and mumbo-jumbo, was Hurd's guru of gore for several years. Ericcson or the Grand Chingon , according to Hurd, had around fifteen humans who operated as his full time slaves, doing anything, anytime anywhere.

Ericcson may have been part of a larger group of "chingons" who operated in defined districts in various areas of California organizing the 'evilness movement.' Manson (Charles), for instance was called "the grand chingon" in my presence by his disciples on several instances.

Hurd has described a second sacrifice he witnessed at the creekside nocturnal morgue-table snuff site in the Santa Cruz mountains. In attendance were about 15 "older" humans who were the core group of slaves of the Chingon. Young Hurd was affoded special attention by his new-found 'father" -the Chingon- who helped him along the devil road, both in northern and southern California where the 4 Pi movement held its assemblies. "My father TheDevil came to me when I was very lonely, out by Irvine. I was all fucked-up on reds and he told me that I was of him, and had to serve him. All thoughts of evil belong to him, he talked to me. When I was lonely, he would come to me as a friend, he told me 'I am all' and I can have all of creation. I worship him every night in my cell I say the Ostian Devil and he talks to me. He tells me that he is evil. He told me there is no God. The devil is not a dark angel, not like you think. He is all creation, all evil." (Dr. Drury 12-1-70)

Persuaded that the mozaic of mush-coils of acid fantasy were 'of' evil he slurped many tabs down. A psychiatric report to the Orange County Court by Dr. Klatte, Oct. 1970: "He... also feels that LSD had helped him understand that he was made of evil and helped him to be able to worship the devil."

He was given to rages periodically, leading to snuff-spasms.

He 'worked' 14 months, or so he said, for the "head worship minister of the church of the devil" in San Francisco whom we take to be Ericcson or the Grand Chingon.

4 P

operated also in the Santa Ana Mountains. In an outdoor ceremony near O'Neil Park in Orange County in March of 1969- a very 'unwilling' male who 'fought like hell' was sacrificed, in Hurds presence. He attended three or four outdoor ceremonies in Orange County.

It was about this time that Hurd's instructor, Stevens, was killed in the biker battle at Fountain Valley.

Hurd had his skirmishes with the law. On 12-22-68 he was arrested in Santa Ana for being drunk in an auto (charges were dismissed three months later on 3-19-69) On 1-9-69 he was picked up on a Stat. Rape charge in Santa Ana but let off. In early April of '69 he was picked up for driving without a license. On May 15 he was arrested for assault with a deadly weapon and held as a parole violator. And so so so on 6-19-69 he was sent to Deuel Vocational Institute in Tracy California where he was confined till Oct. 2, 1969 when he was paroled.

Missing the Manson family's crusade of snuff and satanoid insanity.

Hurd claims, apparently upon the order of his Chingon guru, to have infiltrated various groups, left and right, in behest of stirring up of alleged "evil." He was hooked as usual, on heroin and barbituates. Like a lot of other satanists, Hurd's money came from dope-sales. "The defendant said his only way of making money has been to sell narcotics. 'It's the only way to get real money. Drugs

is where it's at.'" Dr. Geddes 3-16-1971, just before Hurd got shipped off to the nut-hatch.

Hurd was primarily, in his mental frame, a biker. He had a nickname of "shotgun" because of possesseion of rapid fire pump action sawed off you know what. He claims to have been a member of the Hells Angels , The Devils Disciples and the Hessians, a Cal. bike clubs. He claims that he joined what he described as the "Weathermen" in late 69/early 70 and that he infiltrated the Nazis in 68 or 69 . "The patient stated that he joined the Weathermen ' so I could make this country pay. I've been in the Weathermen for one and a half years. Two or three years ago I joined the Nazi party because I believe in white supremacy. I hate niggers and I hate their fucking guts.'" Dr. David Geddes 3-7-71.

"The Weathermen only meet once every three months." Hurd said. Also the young stabber said that he was 'in on the bombing of the Los Angeles Firetone Police Station (probably meaning the Firestone Sheriff's Station bombed on) I planned it and did it. Just blew up some police cars. That pissed me off because we planned to do thirty or forty of them. I was sorry I got away with that one because I wanted to help the pigs kill me."

"He was forceful, dogmatic in the belief that he has been communicating with Satan since 1964, who encourages him to get rid of people so that the patient (Hurd) can drink the 'six cups of lies (blood)'to please him." Dr. J. Guido.

Hurd has hinted that
The Chingon
in his public stance
utters a philosophy
opposite to the uttered
philosophy of the nighttime
seclusion of blood-drink.
And has himself
never been arrested, he's
so cool,
according to the Chingon's
young aide-in-weirdo.

Hurd was not entirely a roaming werewolf. He claims to like rock & roll, playing the drums and he enjoys both writing poetry & reading poetry. His favorite author is Thomas Wolfe. He likes the Egyptian Book of the Dead and that old classic of oo-ee-oo, Huysman's La Bas.

Getting arrested
& jailed was adios-heroin
time-- He kicked heroin

addiction in 66, 68, 69 and after the heart extraction in 1970.

Like a few of the new-breed reincarnationist killers, Hurd and the 4 P-oids believe it's Ok because after all, you get snuffed you get a new body, man. "All of life is a cycle, one first dies then is reborn, dies and then is reborn. To refuse to kill someone when you feel you should do it is disruptive of the natural order of things."

Sometime, most likely in or around Nov. 1969 a rival cult killed Hurd's girl friend. "Satan slaves came in a shot Debbie and carved her chest open, they hit me in the face with a crowbar and hung me by the neck." Hurd claimed to have killed two in revenge and to have carved a swastika in one of the offendors' chest. "I found them and they aren't around any more."

And so it went.
On Jan. 13, 1970 Hurd was arrested for 3 armed robberies and 2 attempted murders. He stated that he beat the raps because of illegal search and seizure. On 2-2-70 the Santa Ana County police tried to hold him as a parole violator but he somehow obtained freedom.

Data is mostly missing regarding HurD's existence in the early months of '70. He seems to have been living in southern California with periodic visits to his devil-guru in the San Francisco area.

He had been organizing something called "Sons of Satan" -a bike club where no one had any bikes. There were thirty or forty of them, young male caucasians organized by Hurd. There was an older 30 year old woman named Melanie Daniels - a long time "bike mama" who was roaming with the Sons of Satan also. Melanie Daniels was raised in early life on a farm in Annapolis, MD. Her home was broken up, however, and she was trundled from relative to relative. Her mother spent 13 years institutionalized as an alcoholic. During her mother's stay in the institution, her father would not allow Melanie to visit her mother and when she died, Melanie was not allowed to attend the funeral. Melanie's father, however, did attend the funeral and took snapshots of the mother lieing in the coffin which he developed and sent, lurking within a Christmas card, to Melanie the following Christmas. Weirdness visited again.

Melanie Daniels had been affiliated with various bikers in the Manteca area, tween Stockton and Sacremento, in Northern California--primarily a group called the Misfits. She had moved to southern Cal., where she worked in restaurants and in early 1970 was roaming with the young lads of the Sons of Satan.

"When they come to Hell,
I'll get my revenge."
S. Hurd

On June 1, 1970, Steven Hurd, Mama Melanie Daniels, and about five others were shacked at the Executive Suite Motel in Costa Mesa, California. The others: Christopher "Gypsy" Gibboney, Timothy Montag Terry Husted and Arthur "Moose" Hulse, 6 foot tall 325 pound 16½ year old killer-soon-to-be. All were strung out and stoned on seconal also known by them as "war pills."

Moose Hulse had left home the day before after becoming infuriated with his mother for referring to his friends as "trash." Extremely fat, Hulse was acne-crusted and had grown up in a strange, strife-suffused environment. His mother had spent frequent periods in mental hospitals.

Steven Hurd, as the group was sorely pressed for funds, recruited Moose Hulse and a human named Herman Taylor, who later would turn states evidence, to perform a robbery on an undesignated money target. They left the Executive Suite Motel and drove around in Herman Taylor's 1959 Olds, looking for a mark. Moose Hulse brought along a rusty wood-handled hatchet, apparently to serve as the item of threat in the stickup.

They cruised the Santa Ana area and finally halted to check out the robbery possibilities of a Richfield Gas Station. Herman Taylor waited in the auto, while Hulse and Hurd approached unfortunate 20 year old Terry Wayne Carlin, the attendant. Walking into the gas station office, they showed Terry Carlin the hatchet and announced a robbery.

Carlin gave the seconal-hungry duo about $40. Hulse and Hurd took the attendant into the restroom to tie him up. Carlin said something that enraged the 325 pound Moose Hulse, words seemingly pleaful: "Don't hurt me, I've been robbed twice before." For this, Hulse hacked Carlin's chest, then over and over chopped his head, skull caving, hatchet stuck.

Hurd picked up a can of STP oil treatment, stole Carlin's Levis jacket off the doorknob whereupon the crooks drove back to Costa Mesa, arriving at the motel in the early A.M. They boiled and washed the bloody hairy hatchet several times. Steve Hurd gave the victim's jacket to Tim Montag, relating the begging of the attendant to him.

They slept.

The next day at noon, the rent was due and there was no more mon. Taylor, Hurd, Chris Gibboney, Melanie Daniels, Husted, Montag and Moose Hulse left. They loaded up Taylor's Oldsmobile, and left for a place near Laguna Beach called Scotchman's Cove, a secluded place where crime-grime could suck dope and do their thing in "peace." Cha cha. They took some Blue Chip stamps to a redemption center and obtained some cash-- with which they purchased five or six nickel packs of reds. They munched the dope, driving around and around and around in the seconal void.

On the Santa Ana Freeway between Jeffrey Road and Sand Canyon, Taylor's Olds went kaput. Several trips walking to a local Shell Station to charge the battery were of no avail. A bunch of cops raided the stalled automobile full of teenage seccie-suckers. They searched it and found a single barreled shotgun-- not illegal to carry in sunny California-- and one red. Steve Hurd, apparently panicking chug-a-lugged 50 reds from a baggy, during the search. The police told them to leave the area, then drove away.

The snuffoids slept June 2, 1970 in and around the stalled Oldsmobile built by General Motors, until circa 5 a.m. when they moved to a nearby orange grove and rested/slept. After arising, the car was pushed or pulled, by tow-truck to a Richfield Station on Sand Canyon Road and abandoned.

Then Tim Montag, wearing dead Terry Carlin's jacket, hitched back to Santa Ana , leaving the rest behind. Steven Hurd, Herman Taylor and 16 year old Gypsy Gibboney left to scour for wheels, especially for that vehicle with keys in ignition. They could find nothing to steal, so after their labors they were walking back to the service station where the others were waiting. They sat down to rest on a guard rail, near a stop sign at a free-way off ramp.

At 2:45 P.M. a few minutes prior to Hurd, Taylor and Gibboney resting on the off-ramp guard rail, a woman left a Coffee Shop nearby after paying a small bill for a coffee klatch. Mrs. Florence Brown was her name. She lived in El Toro, California with her husband and five children. She was a grade school teacher and her 1967 Pontiac Stationwagon was laden with school text books as she drove for a meeting at the district school office. Her husband was at work at the TRW, Inc. at San Clemente. Mrs Brown speeded? down the Santa Ana Freeway, turned off on the Sand Canyon Ave off-ramp, at the end of which, unfortunately for her, was a stop sign, next to which three murder-minded weirdos were waiting. A few hours later the dread and anxiety began to build in the sickened hearts of her family.

Chris "Gypsy" Gibboney and Herman Taylor claimed carefully to investigators later that no no, they did not want to go along with the car theft-- but that Steven Hurd, the leader of the Sons of Satan, told them to cooperate or "it would be a short life." When Mrs. Brown's stationwagon stopped at the end of the off-ramp, Hurd confronted it, opened the car's door and pulled a knife. "Scoot over, don't scream" -someone mouthed, and Herman Taylor began to drive and Hurd sat in the

back seat, Chris Gibboney on the passenger side checking the woman's pocket book containing but $7 and credit cards. Hurd pointed to a road leading to an Orange grove. Sometime during this early period Mrs. Brown screamed and Hurd stabbed her in the back of the neck.

"We gotta snuff her man" --Gibboney chanted over and over. Hurd claimed that the woman, a mother a school teacher bearing text books, was behaving in a "goddess and snobbish like manner." She continued to act "queenly and I stabbed her one or two times."

Taylor remained in the auto while Hurd and Gibboney walked her 200 feet from the car where they killed her. "Oh my God, I'm going to die."

"You're Goddamn right lady." -from Steven Hurd. Taylor refused to watch, he says. Hurd handed the knife to Gibboney so that Gibboney could kill awhile. They finally dragged the body to the car and wrapped it up in a blanket and drove to the gas station where they picked up their friends, including Melanie Daniels, Husted and Moose Hulse, loading their belongings from the busted Olds to the newly stolen stationwagon. Then they sped down the freeway to Santa Ana.

"I was told I had to take war pills, reds, and she must be sacrificed" -Hurd told Dr. Geddes in a psychiatric interview.

They propped the blanketed body up in the car and then proudly drove around the Santa Ana area, in Hurd's words, " to show everybody, like in Vietnam to show people how proud they are to have killed somebody... and I did this to show them that I didn't care."

According to Moose Hulse's probation report, Melanie Daniels wanted to cut up the victim and hide the parts all over because she and her associates were used to hiding bodies like that. Daniels was known to babble about burning people and nailing them up on walls, etc. Around 3 p.m. the perigrinating grime drove to a house in Santa Ana

on Memory lane, body in car, where they picked up more belongings . Then they visited a shopping center and had some pizza. Melanie asked the pizza parlor waitress where she could get a knife sharpener.

After pizza, they went back on the road, throwing the victim's stuff including school books, out the window-- but not the credit cards, of course.

The grime drove north.. Melanie Daniels wanted to visit a buddy in San Quentin north of San Francisco and Steve Hurd wanted to consult with The Grand Chingon. They took the school teachers heart with them but buried the body in southern California as follows.

Steve Hurd, son of satan, was driving the Pontiac stationwagon. He stopped the car and wanted Herman Taylor to drive once again when, in the shifting, a policeman came by and stopped. "Get the knife, I'm gonna kill the cop!" Hurd rasped but Melanie couldn't find it. Hurd was cooling out the cop, saying that for safety's sake they were switching drivers when somehow the blanket fell off Mrs. Brown's body, exposing her face and chest. Panic. Quickly the killers snatched the blanket up over their victim and the officer did not see.

Hurd directed Taylor to drive into the hills, twenty miles up Ortega Highway in Riverside County, past the roadway cutting off to the Los Pinos work camp just fifty yards, where they turned off a short distance and buried the body in a shallow grave, near the village of El Cariso. Hurd told Moose Hulse, Terry Husted and Gypsy Gibboney to dig the grave with the murder weapons.

They removed the woman's right arm, right breast both lungs and heart. Hurd, according to his lawyer William Gamble, said that the body parts were offered up to satan but that Hurd himself denied taking part in the weirdo-ritual. The heart itself, however, Hurd has stated he burned up near Frisco later. Hurd told a psychiatrist that

he "remembered holding her heart in his hand" and that " I took it away from her." They covered the site with dirt and leaves.

So, when the team arrived in San Rafael, California and drove to San Quentin to visit Melanie's friend, they were turned away by prison officials, angering the haughty spores of gore. Sensing the impending, Chris Gibboney hitched toward the direction of Oregon from the San Quentin parking lot. Hurd went around this time to visit daddydevil.

"I went to Frisco to see my father, not my real father, I hate him-- I went to see my father the Devil (the Chingon) . I went to visit a man who is the son of the Devil, sort of like Jesus Christ is the son of God, I have got my 15 stripes" -flashing his shoulder scars to Dr. Drury on 12-1-70 Orange County Jail.

After that wonderful visit, Hurd and Melanie and the others visited a service station in Los Gatos where they tried to use one of Mrs. Brown's credit cards. The attendant refused to give them gas on the card and Hurd got into an argument with him. This, according to the police, probably persuaded them to get rid of the station wagon.

They drove to the top line of the Santa Cruz mountains, near 20075 Gist Road at a hair-pin turn, onto a narrow dirt trail, 50 yards down beside a steep narrow gully. He removed the licensce plate and buried it nearby in the creekbed, having told the others to wait above. Then he burnt the heart to satan.

"I burnt the car and put her heart in the middle of it. I had it in the car-- my father came to me and told me I had her heart, so I sacrificed it to him in the car fire." Hurd to Dr. Drury.

The blaze set off a small forest fire. As for the grime, they split up into small hitch-hike units and split back to Southern California to their roaming life of reds and rip-off.

On June 15, 1970 an unfortunate hiker found the body of Mrs. Brown and the worst was known.

In the Carlin case, an anonymous person put up a $2000 reward for information leading to the conviction of the killer(s). Tips poured in. Detectives Larry Cornelison and John McGlain of the Santa Ana police department sifted the tips.

On June 24, 1970 Santa Ana police received data that an inmate in the Orange County Jail had information on the Carlin snuff. The informant stated that while in the O.C. jail he's heard Timothy Montag, himself in the slams on a minor charge, discussing the details of the killing.

Montag also had in his possession the victim's Levis jacket. Confronted with all of this, Montag, while careful to emphasize not me-not me, was able to snitch out Hurd and Hulse as the killers.

Around this time, on June   , police in Northern California found Mrs. Brown's burnt stationwagon and, in asking around, located the service station where Hurd et al., tried to use her credit card.

The Santa Ana police began to learn from Tim Montag the modus operandi of the Sons of Satan crowd. As a result of his cooperation Montag was released from custody on July 1, 1970.

Acting on a tip, Santa Ana detectives Cornelison and McClain went to the town of Norco in Riverside County just north of the Santa Ana Mountains, bearing warrants for the arrest of Steven Craige Hurd. They were unable to locate Hurd, who was in seclusion as they say, and when the officers were returning to Orange County, they were informed that Riverside County deputies had arrested Hurd in a barn after a foot chase.

Hurd was very cooperative with officers. He showed them the location of both murder weapons & took the officers to Santa Clara county (Santa Cruz mountains) to locate the site of the burnt car. Officers were able to observe the charred trees of the forest fire and found Mrs. Brown's license plate in the gulley.

Then, on July 1970, Hurds lawyer William Gamble startled reporters by announcing that Hurd was a member of a Satanic cult and that Hurd had been threatened with the death of members of his family if he revealed information about the murders. This resulted in a temporary spew of lurid newspaper headlines and articles, resulting in a so-called "gag order" issued by the judge in the case, one Hon. Judge William Judge of the Orange County Superior Court.

Thereafter, there was a veritable flood of court appointed psychiatrists sent in to interview Steven Hurd regarding his satanic cult activities and regarding his mishuga ratio. Their usual diagnosis: paranoid/schiz and oo-ee-oo. A sample: Steven Hurd "is presently (diagnosed as) a Chronic Undifferentiated Schizophrenic Reaction, in an acute exacerbation with Paranoid Characteristics, and is a potential danger and is in imminent danger of becoming a narcotic drug addict." Dr. J. Guido 9-21-70. Hurd had to go cold turkey after his arrest for murder.

As for Melanie Daniels, the soul-wounded mother hen of the sons, she pled guilty to two counts of accessory to murder on 9-1-70 and was sentenced to two consecutive five year prison terms and is now serving it at the prison for women at Frontera.

Tim Montag and Terry Husted were not charged with anything. 16 year old Chris Gibboney was picked up in Oregon and held for juvenile authorities. Moose Hulse was arrested and even though being 16 years old at the time of the murder, because apparently he was the one who chopped with the axe, he was bound over for trial in grown-ups court.

Steve Hurd was worried about the presence of the Holy Bible in his jail cell, in that it might piss off the Devil, who would "get" him with the vibes. There is some indication that Hurd's Chingon guru may have visited him in the Orange County Jail. We are certainly going to check that out, if possible, with the records of the jail. Hurd told a Dr. Klatte who visited Hurd in jail on 10-29-70 that he was sure glad to please the devil. "He now believes that his father, the devil, told him about it (the heart extraction) three weeks ago and he formed a

picture in his mind of the incident at that time. .. He relates that when the devil told him about it, the devil was extremely pleased and he was happy to have been able to make his father like him so much."

So, in the fall of 1970, Hurd was entering or finishing his fourth "day of Leet" --his fourth year in satan time. He found a girlfriend named Cathy with whom he began to correspond. He stated that he could occasionally communicate with her. He told doctors that he could babble with mental beams with Anton LaVey of the S.F. Church of Satan (who is not apparently associated with Hurd). Every night Hurd worshipped his deity in his cell, chanting or saying what he described as "the Ostian devil."

On 2-10-71 Arthur "Moose" Hulse pled guilty to accessory to snuff and on 3-1-71 was found guilty of first degree murder in the Carlin case and on 3-26-71 was sentenced to life imprisonment.

As for Steven Hurd, Dr. Fred Taylor, a psychologist, administered a "Draw-A-Person" test to Hurd on 3-10-71. "The human figure drawings are typically psychotic productions. Transparencies are present on both the male and the female and remarkably little differentiation occurs between the sexes. Both are attired in Nazi costumes, and the female is labelled "Property of Shotgun" and "Sympathy for the Devil." The female is drawn with a back view, a pose characteristic of that drawn by homosexual males. Both drawings indicate extremely poor judgement, great hostility, sexual ambivalence (a likely bi-sexual), extreme masculinity striving, and above all, an ongoing psychotic state of adjustment." Whew.

After the many visits of the shrinks, on 3-22-71 Steven Craige Hurd was ordered transported to Atascadero State Hospital as insane. "When 1st admitted to Ward 14, patient was hallucinating and was in constant communication with the devil." And "he has visions of the devil who appears to him in human form, but with skin resembling a pine cone and wearing a metal helmet." But later there was this: ~~And~~ "he states that since (taking) Melleril, he has not heard the voice of the devil talking to him and telling him what to do." (nut-hatch, Dr. Edw. E. Eklund 6-11-71).

The End

P 1 of 13

CLARENCE OTIS SMITH:

The Demons Bounce Off The Aluminum Foil.

Clarence Otis Smith was born in 1928 in Childress, Texas where 43 years later he still had relatives for he visited them after his midnight Dog Bar hack-rampage of July 12-13, 1971, prior to his arrest in early August of '71.

At this time, I know very little of his youth, education and the formation of his later demonologous life-style. At the age of 42, however, he was tall, gaunt-faced, lean and nearly bald. He lived on Placer Hills Road in the town of Weimar, California with his wife Georgina and two young children. Placer Hills Road runs north north from Weimar and crosses the Bear River near a campsite known as Dog Bar. The Bear River ambles from southwest to northeast, more or less, in this part of California north east of San Francisco, the Bear River forming the boundary line between Placer County to the South and Nevada County to the North.

Weimar is located in the steep, pine-studded foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, mine-shaft bedecked gold country where a hundred & 25 years ago the East rushed West to suck up the nuggets of Croesus. Clarence O. Smith's home was located in the Eden Valley area only two-and-½ miles from Dog Bar campground to the north, where he went nuts.

[illegible] Schmidt's Source of the "Montana" gold.

Clarence Otis Smith was [illegible] in [illegible] in Illinois, [illegible] where [illegible] years later he still had relatives for he visited them after his midnight [illegible] of June 12-13, 1871, prior to his arrest in early August of '71.

At this time, I know very little of his early education and the operation of his [illegible] style. At the [illegible] of it, however, [illegible] he lived [illegible] gold. He lived in [illegible] Hill, and his brother [illegible] California, with his wife's [illegible] and his young children. [illegible] Mills [illegible] runs north from [illegible] and the Bear River near a camp site known as [illegible]. The Bear River [illegible] from southwest to northeast, more or less, in this part of California, northeast of San Francisco, the Bear River forming the boundary line between Placer County to the south and Nevada County to the north.

[illegible] is located [illegible], [illegible] the [illegible] Nevada mountains, [illegible] country [illegible] the [illegible] gold [illegible] to [illegible] nuggets of [illegible]. Clarence O. Smith's home was located in the [illegible] Valley [illegible] only [illegible] miles from [illegible] camp [illegible] to the north, where he went [illegible].

Things waxed weird for the Smiths in 1970 when, like shrapnel stabbing thru a jungle, the demons tried to get them. At the time, in '70, lanky gaunt-faced Smith was working as a garbage collector for a refuse-gathering firm in Auburn, Calif., a few miles south of his home in Weimar.

Sometime in 1970, apparently the latter part of the year, Clarence O. Smith began a rather unfortunate association with a 20 year old mail-order minister named "Reverend" Everett Richardson. Richardson's claim to be a minister with the right to prefix his name with Reverend was based on his possession of some sort of deity document probably purchased from a Hollywood post office box as advertized regularly in newspapers & magazines. Cultoids use such "diplomas" issued in the mails from fake churches to run a legitimacy scam on the unwary or to try to rip off undeserved benefits or to avoid taxes.

Reverend Richardson began to spend a lot of time with the Smith family, although Clarence became fraught with angst when the preach-lad and his wife Georgina began to hold prayer services, so to speak, under the quilts. However it was; Clarence Otis Smith, at his trial in Jan. 1972, testified that he began to take orders from the person Everett T. Richardson re: demon-driving, re:faith-healing, re: the committing of murder.

In regard to demons, it was in the fall/winter of 70-71 that "Rev." Richardson and the Smith family thought they observed a plague of hostile, sickness-bearing demons infesting the woodshed at the Smith property on Placer Hill Road-- appearing to the eye like "figures in picture negatives" --as Clarence Smith testified (Jan 1972, murder trial).

In December 1970, "we burned down the shed" --he testified-- "to get rid of them, but it didn't do much good. Only 40 to 60 % of them were destroyed. We saw some of them after that in the house." It was felt apparently, that the demons were actually living in the shed and would occasionally raid the main house to infect. "They infected my son and made him ill" -- Smith told the court.

Everett Richardson testified that the demons "were more aggressive in the winter. We kept the lights burning all night and covered the windows with metal foil" -- apparently thinking that the demons or weirdo-geists would bounce like radar off the aluminum sheets. I-yi-yi.

In January, 1971, mail-order Everett Richardson moved in with the Smith family, who treated him as "part of the family" --as Clarence later testified. Richardson, as a witness for the prosecution, said, in regard to the covering of the windows with aluminum foil, [redacted] that he saw "at least 34 demons" who were were trying to pull a shrapnel scene on the pad. (trial, Tuesday, 1-18-72)

And so it went. Clarence Smith testified at his trial that his wife Georgina suffered acutely from many inner ailments but was cured miraculously in April 1971 "by a strange voice she heard while seated on a living room sofa."

Rev. Richardson apparently told police later that Clarence Smith, as the year of 1971 wore on, became more and more violent -- "Let's go down the hill and kill some hippies" Smith is reported to have mutter-snarled on occasion, viewing the summer traffic that swarmed down Placer Hill Road toward the Bear River and Dog Bar Campsite.

There is a conflict in their versions of events, in that Everett Richardson was a prosecution witness at Smith's murder trial and was instrumental in getting Smith arrested for homicide while Clarence Smith claimed that the whole murder was set up by the young Rev. Richardson.

On June 25, 1971, Clarence Smith, accompanied by his eight year old son, David, was driving in his dump truck at 3 A.M. on Interstate Highway 80 two miles south of Auburn, California when the truck went out of control and rolled 300 feet down an embankment. Smith remained inside the vehicle, dazed only, but his son was thrown from the truck and killed.

Smith reportedly was devastated by the death and was placed under heavy sedation at the local hospital. He began to drink heavily during the next several weeks.

Around July 12, 1971, according to Smith, Everett Richardson informed him that he had sinned grievously by being drunk and that, in the words of Smith: "to redeem my sins, I was to kill hippies on the river."

Dog Bar

There were 17 humans camping at Dog Bar campground on the north bank of the Bear River the hot night of July 12, Monday, 1971. It was midnight and most campers were inside their tents. There were two men, five women and 10 children at Dog Bar, all within several hundred feet or so of one another.

The list:

1. Kenneth Garbe, 20, of nearby Applegate, sitting in a tent playing cards with his wife, Elizabeth.
2. Elizabeth Jean Garbe, 23, of Applegate, sitting in a tent with her husband, Kenneth.
3. John Simmons AKA Jimen Satan, of nearby Colfax, California.* Simmons/Satan was apparently 29 years old and married to a woman named Beatrice and between them had 7 children. Simmons apparently was camping alone. He made what was described as a humble living, doing odd jobs in the area and also worked as a guard for a private parcel of river front land, probably along the Bear River in the ~~[illegible]~~ vicinity. Simmons was heavily armed, with a .41 Cal. Magnum stuck in his belt and a .22 Cal pistol at hand, plus a .38 calibre revolver found in his tent.
4. Delores Bell of nearby Auburn, Cal., employed as a waitress.
5. Bonnie Armbruster, also of Auburn.
6. child
7. child
8. child
9. child --these four children being in the tent with Armbruster and Bell.
10. Donna Fitzhugh 28, recently moved to Grass Valley, California from Ontario Cal. Her husband Sam Fitzhugh was away prospecting for gold at nearby Greenhorn Creek, to the northeast.
11. Mark Fitzhugh, 11, son of Donna Fitzhugh.
12. Martha Parker, 24, of Walnut, California in the East Los Angeles area. Her husband Dave Parker also prospecting for gold that night along Greenhorn Creek. She was the sister-in-law of Donna Fitzhugh.
13. child
14. child
15. child
16. child
17. child

* some reports say he was from Weimar. If so, Clarence Smith may have known Simmons. Weimar is in Placer Co.

About midnight, Clarence Otis Smith approached Dog Bar campground, apparently by foot, wearing thick glasses, tan pants, tan jacket and armed with a sharp bone-handled knife with a curving 18 inch blade resembling a sickle.

Elizabeth Garbe sat in her tent playing cards with her husband, Ken. Smith suddenly yanked open the tent flap and said, "Hi there!" and immediately took a swing with the knife-sickle at Elizabeth Garbe. Kenneth Garbe grabbed at Smith enabling his wife to escape the tent, screaming in the darkness. Smith pushed Garbe to the floor, where Garbe raised his hand to ward off hack and was wounded. He then crawl-ran out of the tent, Smith in close pursuit, and Smith hooked Garbe's back with the sickle, but not lethally.

The Garbes escaped the chopping nut who ambled hacking and slashing in another direction, uttering weird growls that sounded like a cross between gargling and laughing.

Mr and Mrs Garbe reached a tent some few hundred feet away to warn the two women occupants, Mrs Delores Bell and Mrs Bonnie Armbruster, both of nearby Auburn, California, and their four children. Mr. Garbe yelled a warning.

"We heard a voice out of the darkness shouting 'Get out of here. He's chopping everyone up'" --one of the mothers recalled shortly after the event. The Garbes and the two women and children fled across a small bridge across the Bear River to a house some distance away and telephoned the Sheriff's office.

As Mr. & Mrs Garbe and Mrs Bell and Mrs Armbruster and children were readying to flee the scene, they witnessed distantly the laughing Clarence O. Smith, silhouetted by campfire, do his evilness upon struggling victims.

John Simmons, 29, AKA Jimen Satan, was apparently sitting by firelight outside a tent, armed with a .41 Cal. Magnum in his belt, a .22 Cal pistol in his hand and a .38 Cal revolver nearby. Gargle-laughing Clarence O. Smith slashed him. Witnesses stated that Simmons fired three shots from his .22 Cal pistol at Smith to no avail as Smith overwhelmed him. As Smith killed Mr. Simmons, 28 year old Donna Fitzhugh ran toward Smith, apparantly from a nearby tent, aiming a .22 Cal. rifle at him which wouldn't work, either misfiring or having no ammunition. Smith killed her also and severely wounded in the head her sister-in-law Martha Marie Parker, 24, of Walnut, California. Their husbands were away on a gold prospecting expedition. Mrs. Fitzhugh's 11 year old son, Mark, watched the murders but escaped injury.

Mrs. Delores Bell, one of those fleeing across the bridge to safety, heard the shots and saw the killer silhouetted against a campfire: "When I looked back, he was down on his hands and knees striking at something.. He was so crazy he was even hitting a tree."

As he fled, Kenneth Garbe saw Mrs. Fitzhugh trying to fire upon Smith: "The last thing I heard was canvas ripping. I guess he went through the back of their tent."

Smith almost decapitated the woman, her head bent over a log. Simmons' stomach was ripped open and Clarence O. Smith stole Simmons'.41 Calibre Magnum pistol from his belt.

Because of the savage treatment afforded the victim, John Simmons, there was much early speculation by the police that perhaps he was the target of the murderer and that the Garbes had been attacked by mistake. There was another theory regarding a violent love triangle involving one of the victims.

It all took about a half hour. The bodies lay near the river 30 feet apart. Clarence Smith lost his thick glasses somewhere in the vicinity and escaped as follows, according to his testimony at his trial: "I swam the river, lost my shoes and jacket and while I was swimming the river, I gouged my leg." He received other wounds on his arms and hands also.

Police arrived shortly and Mrs. Parker was taken to the Sacramento Medical Center for critical brain surgery. Kenneth Garbe was treated for multiple wounds at Placer General Hospital in Auburn. Elizabeth Garbe was treated for minor cuts and released.

According to police, 6 children were found in the campsite, hiding in tents. The killer apparently returned to his nearby home.

The Search

A posse began combing the hills at daybreak. Clarence O. Smith testified that he was with Rev. Richardson after the murders and that Richardson told him to hide the weapons and bloody clothing at the Smith residence. Later detectives found bloodstained clothing stuffed into a jar and a .41 Cal. Magnum , apparently victim Simmons/Satan's, and the curved double-edged 18 inch murder weapon, in a sump beneath (a building on the property.) Pretty stupid of Smith.

News of the "maniacal laugh" caused chills to sweep through the piny Sierra Nevada foothills, not to mention across the nation's front pages. (Everyone would fear a) huge bald loup-garou "laughing , grumbling and growling like an animal" --as one wire service dispatch described it, and like the traditional symbol of death, waving a sickle.

Since the murders occurred at the boundary line between Placer and Nevada counties and since the victims lived in both counties, there was interest, intense indeed, in the case by both counties' Sheriffs offices, although, since the murder actually took place [illegible] in Nevada County, Sheriff Wayne Brown, a popular 21 year veteran at his job, headed up the investigation. Sheriff Brown was reknowned for what has been described as a masterful job of detective work in 1951 when he captured the notorious Santo Gang which had been guilty of some local murders. Nevada County Undersheriff Frank Gallino also worked on the Clarence Smith case, as did Lt. William Mullis of Nevada County.

Placer County Sheriff William A. Scott and his force worked on the case, including Captain Richard Wightman and Lt. William Harrington.

Prospectors Dave Parker and Sam Fitzhugh returned to Dog Bar Tuesday afternoon, July 13, 1971, where they were informed of the grim deeds.

Sheriff Brown's office checked doctors and hospitals to see if the killer came in for care of wounds. It was felt at the time that the killer might have a leg bullet wound. Smith apparently visited a local doctor in Auburn for various wounds and told the physician that he received the cuts walking through a glass door. Police visited Smith to question him within 48 hours of the murders but were apparently satisfied with his story at that time.

On Tuesday night, 7-13-71, a State Division of Forestry employee called Sheriffs deputies to report that he'd seen a man carrying a sickle that very night near Rollins Lake 5 miles north of the murder site. The man fit the description broadcast by the media.

Deputies trekked to remote back country to talk to gold prospectors and old timers and various "eccentric loners" -- finding nothing. Housewives and residents in the area began to carry weapons, as was their right under California law.

On Wednesday 7-14-71, police opened Dog Bar up for campers but was totally empty that night; also Thursday. There was a noticeable slack-off of summer tourist trade all through gold gouge country, causing dissatisfied rumbles from inn keepers.

There were many weapons already possessed by the local citizens since the area attracted as residents avid sportspeople; hunters, gun-lovers. On Thursday, 7-15-71, a woman told a reporter in a Nevada City restaurant: [illegible] "if anybody comes around my house tonight and don't holler real loud, they're going to get dusted off with a 12-gauge shotgun." Local police agencies in the area [illegible] and the California Highway Patrol received a swamp of tips and theories from citizens, as is usual in headline murder cases. "The people are frightened, and I mean frightened" -- commented Deputy Ronald Parscali. The Grass Valley Hardware Store, near Perez' barber shop, reported heavy sales of flashlights and batteries and ammunition.

Thursday, Placer County Sheriff William A. Scott and Nevada County Sheriff Wayne Brown issued appeals through the media for citizens to put their rifles back in the cabinets and to calm down. Around that time, one-half mile from the murder site, two persons pulled guns on a Pacific Gas & Electric serviceman trying to read a meter.

Also on Thursday a meeting was held between Sheriffs Brown & Scott representing the two counties concerned in order to coordinate the investigation. District Attorney Harold Berliner of Nevada County attended the meeting as did Captain Richard Wightman and Lt. William Harrington of Placer County sheriffs department.

By the end of the week, the police had located the thick glasses lost by Smith. By Friday, 7-16-71, newspapers were printing a scowling, fat-faced composite drawing of the suspect with data obtained from the wounded campers. Sheriff Brown was allegedly upset over the decision to release the composite drawing, noting that he himself, the sheriff, fit the hazy description of the snuffer. Said the sheriff, "I'm exactly 200 pounds, exactly 5 foot ten, bald and heavy set."

At the time of the murders, about a quarter of a mile from Dog Bar, lived a bearded long-haired musician named Charles Watson in an old abandoned ranch house overlooking the river. Watson tolk William Endicott of the Los Angeles Times (7-16-71 part 1, p.3) that on the night of the murders he heard screams. "But I hear screaming all the time. I thought it was just another party."

On Friday 7-16-71 there was a requiem mass held at 9:30 A.M. in St. Josephs Church in Auburn for deceased John Simmons. Mr. Simmons, 29, was buried in a $625 casket after $200 toward its purchase had been raised by friends of the family. Simmons' 17 year old stepson Willie vowed to raise the money by working during the rest of the summer. Simmons was buried in denims and polo shirt. "The family wanted it that way" --commented the undertaker.

On Monday 7-19-71 in Grass Valley, California, funeral services were held for Donna Fitzhugh.

On Wednesday, 7-21-71, Clarence Otis Smith fled the set for Oregon, thence to Texas (apparently visiting relatives in Childress, Tex.) and then to Mexico City.

Already a suspect, Smith apparently was kept under close watch during his perigrinations thru Oregon, Texas and Mexico prior to his arrest.

On Wednesday 7-28-71, Nevada County Sheriff Wayne Brown led a search of Smith's residence on Placer Hill Road where his wife was then still living. She gave the OK to search the grounds. Clarence Smith had been missing from home and garbage work for a week. Smith was apparently snitched out by his friend "Rev." Richardson. The San Francisco Chronicle (Sat. 7-31-71, p.3) reported that "investigators had searched the house --with permission of his family, which is still living there-- after Smith's minister suggested to officials they investigate Smith." The weapons & bloody clothing were located. That, plus linking the eyeglasses to Smith, enabled police to break the case.

On Friday 7-30-71, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Clarence Otis Smith by the Nevada City Justice Court upon the request of District Attorney Harold Berliner.

(Note: it would be interesting to determine if Clarence Smith or Rev. Richardson were inspired by the machete-head-bash murder of 25 farm workers 25 miles east of Dog Bar, in Yuba City, California along the Feather River in April & May of 1971. One Juan Corona, a Sutter County farm labor contractor has been convicted of the crimes, all committed a few weeks before Smith went nuts and given prominent treatment by the media.)

Arrest & Trial

On Saturday, August 7, 1971, Clarence Smith, wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots, wide belt and a large cowboy hat and two 5-inch-bladed knives, was picked up by Mexican authorities in Mexico City. He was flown north to the border where at 1 p.m. F.B.I. agents took him into custody in the middle of International

Bridge between Brownsville, Texas and Matamoros, Mexico. He was held in Camoron County jail awaiting extradition. On Monday, 8-9-71, C.O. Smith was arraigned in Brownsville, Texas for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.

On Monday, January 10, 1972 Clarence Smith went on trial for murder in Nevada County Superior Court in Nevada City, California. He pled not guilty and not guilty by reason of being insane at the time of the crime. During his trial he testified about his problem with the demons. On January 26, 1972 Smith was found guilty of murder, after a trial lasting 12 days and after two days (twenty hours) of jury deliberation.

There were hearings in front of the same jury regarding the question of his sanity at the time of the murders and it was held he was sane at the time.

On Thursday, March 2, 1972, Everett T. Richardson, the mail order minister, was sentenced to state prison for transporting a stolen automobile across a state line. U.S. District Judge Thomas J. MacBride (in Sacramento) ordered Richardson to undergo psychiatric examination.

On Friday, March 3, 1972, Clarence O. Smith was sentenced formally to serve life imprisonment. He surprised the court by standing up to confess the murders and to implicate his friend Richardson in the ordering of the crimes. He volunteered to take a lie detector test to substantiate his story that Richardson ordered, so to speak, the slayings. After his confession, Nevada County Judge Harold F. Wolters announced the life sentence on two counts of murder and two counts of assault.

Report
prepared
Jan-Feb-April-May 1973

Memo: to Larry Larsen
Subj: Zodiac
From: Ed Sanders

2-11-74

As you will note from the enclosed clippings Zodiac has written in again; he is up to number 37.

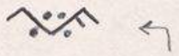
When seeing Dep. Baker in Santa Barbara, be sure to give him the book of poetry with the torture poems; and the clip about the woman filmmaker hanged on Mt. Tamalpais.

Ideas about catching zodiac:

1. Checking with clipping services; if zodiac does not live in California, since he is such a media freak he may have a clipping service.

2. The zodiac sign may have been borrowed from a symbol used on weather maps-- for instance the CBS weatherman in N.Y. uses it during his broadcasts. ⊕

   The card Zodiac sent Paul Avery of S.F. Chronicle in Oct. 1970, bore the following strange sign:

   Now those bars on the zodiac sign look like "flags" the CBS weatherman uses on his broadcasts to indicate the direction of winds. He also uses dots, which apparently indicate speed of wind.

   So, zodiac may have a boat, or be on a boat, or have at one time been associated with maps, or meteorology, or weather watching for, say, the Navy, since he has used old Naval codes.

   Or maybe, ha ha, he is associated with the fleet of disguised vessels of The Myth.

3. Zodiac as (former?) Naval Signal Corpsman.

Vallejo. Times Herald
Jan 31 - 1974

New Letter By Zodiac Gets Check

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The Zodiac killer surfaced again Wednesday after a three-year absence with a bizarre, handprinted letter of lyrics and cryptic comments claiming he has killed 37 persons.

The latest letter was addressed to the San Francisco Chronicle and printed with a blue felt-tip pen. Homicide Inspector William Armstrong said the letter was written by the same person who confessed to an earlier series of murders in letters written between 1969 and 1971.

Police have not tracked down the person who they believe is responsible for at least six murders in Northern California between 1966 and 1969.

The latest Zodiac letter made no reference to a series of random street shootings here Monday which claimed four lives and left a fifth victim seriously injured.

The note was the first word from Zodiac since March 15, 1971, when he wrote a letter to the Chronicle claiming he killed a woman in Riverside in 1966. At that time, he also claimed he had killed 16 other people.

"I saw & think "The Exorcist" was the best saterical comedy I have ever seen," said the misspelled letter, whose postmark indicated it was mailed Tuesday from somewhere in San Mateo County.

Then it included some scrawled lines from Koko's "Tit-willow Song" in the second act of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Mikado."

"P.S. if I do not see this note in your paper, I will do something nasty, which you know I'm capable of doing," the note added.

A final notation at the lower right corner of the note said "Me—37, SFPD—0." The newspaper said the notation indicated Zodiac now claimed 37 victims.

UPDATE

SF Chron
12/73

Sec

• *No word from Zodiac*

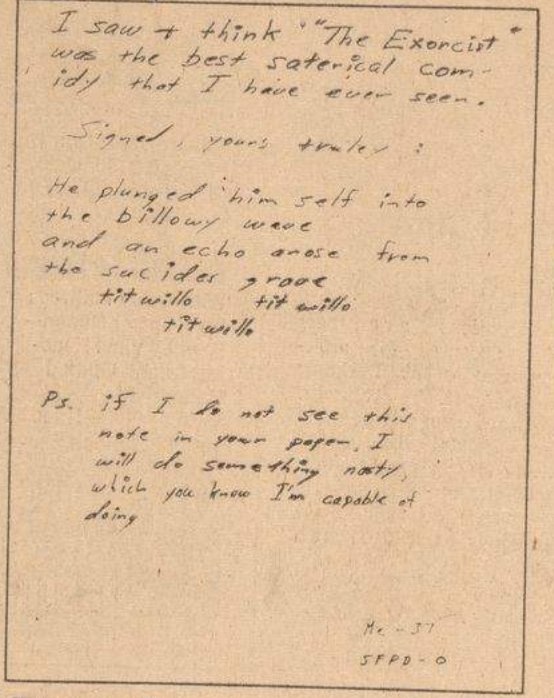
Two San Francisco police inspectors have what is probably one of the strangest Christmas wishes in America — they'd like to get a card from The Zodiac.

Inspectors Bill Armstrong and Dave Toschi have six cabinet drawers filled with data on the man they believe has killed 17 people — but they still don't know who he is.

The killer was last heard from just before Christmas 1969, when he sent a card to attorney Melvin Belli. To establish his credentials, the Zodiac also sent a piece of cloth torn from the shirt of a murder victim.

Each time the Zodiac communicates with police, he sends along a box score. The last one read: Zodiac, 17; SFPD zero.

Despite the taunts, Armstrong and Toschi would like to hear from the Zodiac again — because — with each communication they learn just a little more about the elusive killer.


I saw + think "The Exorcist"
was the best saterical com-
idy that I have ever seen.

Signed, yours truley :

He plunged him self into
the billowy wave
and an echo arose from
the sucides grave
titwillo titwillo
titwillo

Ps. if I do not see this
note in your paper, I
will do something nasty,
which you know I'm capable of
doing

Me - 37
SFPD - 0

This is the Zodiac message received yesterday

NEW ZODIAC LETTER

Zodiac Mystery Letter --the First Since 1971

By Paul Avery

The killer who calls himself Zodiac broke a silence of nearly three years yesterday with a bizarre note mailed to The Chronicle.

In his familiar and peculiar hand-printed style, Zodiac announced that the number of his murder victims now totals 37, and he once again chided San Francisco police for having failed to apprehend him.

Actually, only six slayings have ever been directly linked to Zodiac — the name the mysterious killer gave himself in one of the first of a long series of letters to this newspaper in which he has boasted of his crimes.

Five of his victims were killed in various areas of Northern California in a

Back Page Col. 5

1/31/74

From Page 1

ten-month period that began in December of 1968.

The sixth victim known to be Zodiac's — a coed murdered in Riverside in 1966 — was brought to light by The Chronicle in 1970 in its own investigation of the baffling case.

Zodiac eventually acknowledged that he indeed had been responsible for the Riverside slaying in a letter mailed on March 15, 1971, from Pleasanton in Alameda county.

That was the last communication from the killer — until yesterday.

Using a blue felt-tip pen, Zodiac wrote a cryptic note on a sheet of white paper and tucked it into an envelope addressed simply: "San Fran. Chronicle/Please Rush To Editor."

From the postmark, and the zip code numbers "940," it was determined that the letter was mailed Tuesday from somewhere in either San Mateo county or Santa Clara county.

The note itself, replete with probably deliberate misspellings, read:

"I saw & think 'The Exorcist' was the best saterical comidy that I have ever seen.

"Signed, yours truley

"He plunged him self into the billowy wave.

"And an echo arose from the suicides grave

"Titwillo titwillo titwillo

"Ps. If I do not see this note in your paper, I will do something nasty, which you know I'm capable of doing."

Zodiac then added this chilling notation:

"Me—37/SFPD—0"

In the past, Zodiac has used that style to boast of the latest total of his victims and the fact he has not yet been caught.

In the March 15, 1971, letter, he bragged that his victims totaled "17 plus."

The poetic lines in Zodiac's note are from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Mikado," in a second-act aria sung by Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner.

The latest Zodiac communication was turned over to Inspector William Armstrong of the homicide detail, who has been one of the chief investigators of the Zodiac case since the outset.

After conferring with a handwriting expert, Armstrong confirmed that the note was in fact from Zodiac.

Immediate questions raised by the letter include, of course, why Zodiac had remained silent for almost three years; what prompted him to break that silence, and whether he can be believed in his claim that he has actually killed 37 persons.

Armstrong reserved comment on the latest letter until he and other Zodiac investigators have had time to study it and to confer.

The Zodiac killings in Northern California began on Dec. 20, 1968, when he gunned down David Faraday, 17, and Betty Lou Jensen, 16, in a lovers' lane at Lake Herman reservoir near Vallejo in Solano county. He did not take credit for the double murder at the time.

In 1969, Zodiac began boasting of the killings in letters to The Chronicle and other newspapers.

On Oct. 11, 1969, San Francisco cab driver Paul Stine, 29, was shot to death in Pacific Heights in what at first appeared to be a robbery murder.

Three days later, The Chronicle received a letter from Zodiac in which he took that name for the first time and said he'd killed Stine. He proved the claim by enclosing a bloody swatch of the cab driver's shirt. Included with his boasts during this period was a message in code.

The cryptogram was soon decoded and it told a bizarre tale: Zodiac said his killings were to provide himself with "slaves" who would serve him in "Paradise."

A Chronology on the Killer Known as Zodiac

June. 4, 1963 Lompoc, California (coastline 50 miles north of Santa Barbara)

On June 4, 1963, two Lompoc High School seniors who were scheduled to be married in five months, left to attend a "Senior Ditch Day" party for graduating seniors. Instead of attending the party, they apparently decided to visit the beach [illegible].

They were 18 year old Robert Domingos, the son of a well-to-do Lompoc rancher and his close sweetheart 17 year old Linda Edwards. It was just three days before her 18th birthday.

Zodiac killed them.

Police found 20 .22 Calibre shell casings in a dry creekbed down a narrow footpath 100 yards from the beach, off Highway 101. Grass and light brush crushed into the sand leading to the location on the beach where the bodies were found from the spot where the shells were located, led authorities to assume that Zodiac dragged his human prey from the creekbed to a lean-to beach shack where he tried to burn the victims.

After the lovers had disappeared there was a massive search for them. Robert Domingos' father found his son's automobile half-hidden behind bushes along a dirt road leading to the beach site, some two miles south of Gaviota, California. The bodies were found about 30 hours later, on June 5 , 1963.

Zodiac dragged the bodies from the creekbed apparently, and dumped Robert Domingos, clad in surfer trunks, 11 slugs in him and bruised from beating, face down inside the lean-to on the beach. He piled unclothed Linda Edwards on top of him. Her swimsuit was found in the vicinity slashed. She was shot eight times.

Zodiac then smashed the lean-to down upon the dead friends and tried to set fire to it as if to create a pyre. The fire fizzled out, however.

The Santa Barbara County Sheriff's department launched the county's most intensive investigation to that date into the case, even pressing jail prisoners into service-- combing a 3-mile area of the beach. As the weeks and months went by the investigation slowly ground to a halt.

It was a reinvestigation in 1972, led by the assiduous efforts of the Santa Barbara County Sheriff John W. Carpenter and [redacted] [redacted] Detective William Baker, that [redacted] developed the information [redacted] that Zodiac was the killer. (See entry for date November 13, 1972)

October 30, 1966. Riverside California

On October 30 1966, a Sunday, an honor student at Riverside City College in Riverside, California (near Los Angeles) named Cheri Jo Bates, age 18, drove her VW to the Riverside City College library . Her purpose was to get books there. She spent about twenty minutes selecting three books dealing with English composition and then she left, in the autumn darkness, about 6:30 pm., walking toward a campus parking lot.

Zodiac, apparently while she was in the library, had removed the middle wire of the VW's distributor, so that Cheri Bates was unable to start her automobile. Zodiac apparently offered assistance: either a lift to a service station or a lift home or perhaps he snuffed the girl right there. Given the usual behavior of Zodiac, it is likely he engaged her in soft monotoned conversation then began to taunt his victim and finally began to kill.

In any case, a college groundskeeper found the woman, who had been a cheer leader for her school's athletic program, at dawn [redacted], her throat severely slashed and her body repeatedly stabbed with a short bladed knife, but not molested.

Zodiac left a heel print at the scene, made by a form of shoe "sold by military exchanges." Zodiac's Timex wristwatch also was torn off in the struggle and taken as evidence by the police. At the time of the murder, these were the few clues available. Riverside police launched a massive search for the berserk nut later to be known as Zodiac.

November 30, 1966   Riverside, California

Exactly one month after the murder of Cheri Bates, Zodiac dropped two unstamped letters into a rural mailbox in the Riverside vicinity. One was addressed in large hand-written print to the (Riverside) Press-Enterprise-- the other to "Homicide Detail." Each letter contained a blurred carbon copy of a typwritten purported confession to Cheri Bate's murder, typed in capital letters.

The typewritten confession read, in part (the only part revealed to the public): "She was young and beautiful. But now she is battered and dead. She was not the first and she will not be the last."

"... Miss Bates was stupid. She went to the slaughter like a lamb. She did not put up a struggle. But I did. It was a ball... I said it was about time. She asked me, 'about time for what?' I said it was about time for her to die..."

"... I am not sick. I am insane. But that will not stop the game..."

"Beware... I am stalking your girls now." This ended the letter which was unsigned.

The confession indicated that the killer had once been given a "brush-off" by the victim, Cheri Jo Bates. There was never any question that the confession letter was from the real killer-- because it included details only the killer could know-- such as the fact, kept top secret by the cops, that Miss Bates' car had been sabotaged by pulling out the middle wire of the distributor.

Accordingly, City of Riverside homicide detectives focussed on possible rejected suitors-- which turned out to be 100's of young men, mostly fellow students but also military personnel from nearby bases. All were checked and cleared, except for one unfortunate young human who remained a suspect until November of 1970 when it was learned that Zodiac was the culprit.

Around 11-30-66 Riverside, California.

Around a month after the October 30, 1966 murder of Cheri Bates, a Riverside City College janitor reported finding a library study desk upon which had been gory-scratched with a ball point pen, an apparent poem. Upon the polished varish of the desk top were these words, in the below written array:

"sick of
Living/Unwilling to Die
cut
Clean.
If red; clean*
blood spurting,
  dripping,
  spilling;
all over her new
dress.
Oh well.

*the word clean
in line five
is in question

It was red anyway.
Life draining into an
uncertain death.
She won't
die
this time.
Someone'll find her.
Just wait till
next time."

Beneath the so-scrawled "poem" , certainly a pitifully talentless endeavor, were printed the lower case letters "r" and "h" side by side and interpreted perhaps as the initials of the author.

At the time the police felt the desk of insignificant value in their investigation and the desk with poem was filed away in the police evidence vault to reside there until four years later when the astute investigators for the San Francisco Chronicle located its existence. (See entry for November 1970)

April 30, 1967 Riverside, California

On April 30, 1967, exactly six months after Zodiac killed Cheri Bates, he sent three notes from a Riverside city mail box, one to the Riverside Press-Enterprise, one to the police and one to the slain girl's father. "BATES HAD TO DIE THERE WILL BE MORE" was printed in large scrawled letters on each of the notes on pages of lined 3-hole school paper. Two of the three letters were signed with a "Z". These three "BATES HAD TO DIE" letters mailed on 4-30-67 and the poem written on the desk of 11-66 were not connected to each other at the time possibly because of the five month time-gap between them. The handwriting of all three notes and the desk has subsequently been verified as that of Zodiac. (See entry for November, 1970)

December 20, 1968 Friday, Vallejo, California (north of San Francisco)

On Friday, December 20, 1968, David Faraday, 17, an Eagle Scout and varsity wrestler at Vallejo, California High School and a friend, Betty Lou Jensen, 16, attended a pre-Christmas concert after which they parked at a locally-known lovers lane. There they died.

They parked on a dirt road off Lake Herman road, about ten miles east of Vallejo, probably off Route 680, by the edge of the Lake Herman reservoir which supplies water to nearby Benecia.

Shortly after the crime, Det. Sergeant Leslie Lundblad of the Solano County Sheriff's office reconstructed it as follows. Zodiac fired a shot into the rear of the stationwagon perhaps in association with a command for the occupants to get out. Or perhaps Zodiac got trigger happy. David Faraday, a recipient of the Scout God And Country Award, got out on the drivers side, according to Faraday's pattern of footprints at the murder scene, and walked to the passenger side- on the way to which or at which Zodiac killed him with a single shot of a .22 calibre weapon fired into the head behind his left ear, into his mind. He died on the way to the hospital. Betty Lou Jensen, a junior in high school, ran away from the driver's side, according to police, and was running toward the paved road. She ran exactly 28 feet from the car when she fell slain, five bullets in her back. There was no robbery or molesting.

Zodiac left behind 4 .22 calibre bullet casings near the station wagon. The couple was slain at 11:14 p.m. Police discovered a deep heel print in earthy ground in the brushy area behind a fence ringing the pumphouse of the reservoir. This was the only cover police believe Zodiac could have used in the flat rolling farmland surrounding the lovers lane. It is believed that the heel print is Zodiac's.

A person named Mrs. Manuel Borges discovered them at 11:30 p.m. just minutes after the incident. Immediate investigation involved the close questioning of the many friends of the victims.

July 4/ July 5, 1969 Friday night/ Saturday morning , Vallejo Calif.

Just before midnight on July 4, 1969 two young Californians parked on a lovers lane in Blue Rock Springs Park in Vallejo, California. Zodiac killed them. (The location was 3 miles from the reservoir where Zodiac struck on 12-20-68.)

They were Darlene Elizabeth Ferrin, 22, of 930 Monterey Street, shot three times, dieing on the way to the hospital. She was a waitress at Terry's Restaurant, apparently for the summer since she was a student at the University of California down in Riverside. -- and Michael Mageau, 19, who was shot at least three times but lived. Zodiac always seemed to kill the women, but was not too thorough with the men. Mageau was able to tell authorities that the car door was torn open shortly after they had parked. Zodiac opened fire immediately, using a semi-rare automatic 9 mm Luger type pistol. The woman was behind the wheel. Michael Mageau fell outside on the passenger side.

Police found seven 9 mm cartridges near the automobile. Three young humans found the couple a few minutes after midnight and called the police.

Shortly after midnight, about a half-hour after the snuff, Zodiac called the Vallejo police, apparently talking with police clerk Nancy Slover. Anonymously, Zodiac told the police station that he shot the couple parked at Blue Rock Springs Park and that also he had snuffed David Faraday and Betty Jensen at Lake Berman Reservoir on December 20, 1968. "I shot them (Ferrin & Mageau)-- I used a 9 mm Luger automatic." -Zodiac told the police clerk.

July 31, 1969 San Francisco, California -- Vallejo, California

On Thursday, July 31, 1969, from somewhere in San Francisco Zodiac mailed three unsigned letters, one to the San Francisco Chronicle, one to the S.F. Examiner, one to the Vallejo Times-Herald. Enclosed in each was a different 136 symbol cipher arrayed in a neat rectangular order. The text of each letter was about the same, with, apparently, slight differences in the wording. The essence of the letters was that Zodiac wanted some coverage in the newspapers or he would kill twelve over the coming weekend. He also confessed to the murders in Vallejo, California of December 20, 1968 (David Faraday and Betty Lou Jensen) and of July 4-5, 1969 (Darlene Ferrin).

The letter read, in part: "Here is part of a cipher. In this cipher is my identity."

"If you do not print the cipher by the afternoon of Fry., I will go on a kill rampage Fry. night."

"I will cruse around all week end killing lone people in the night, then move until to kill again until I end up with a dozen people over the week end."

The letter also listed what Zodiac termed "some facts which only I and the police know" regarding the two sets of murders in Vallejo, California, such as the brands of ammunition used and the positions in which the bodies were found.

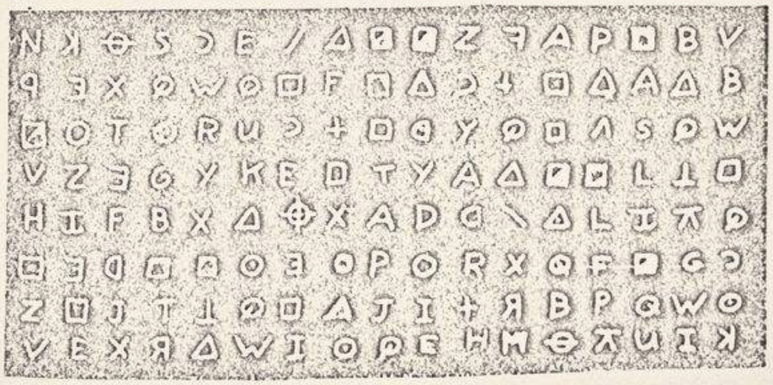
The letter also stated that all three ciphers sent to the newspapers had to be placed together in order for the message to be de-coded.

Since it was believed or known, at the time, that Zodiac had only killed in Vallejo, California, the focus of the

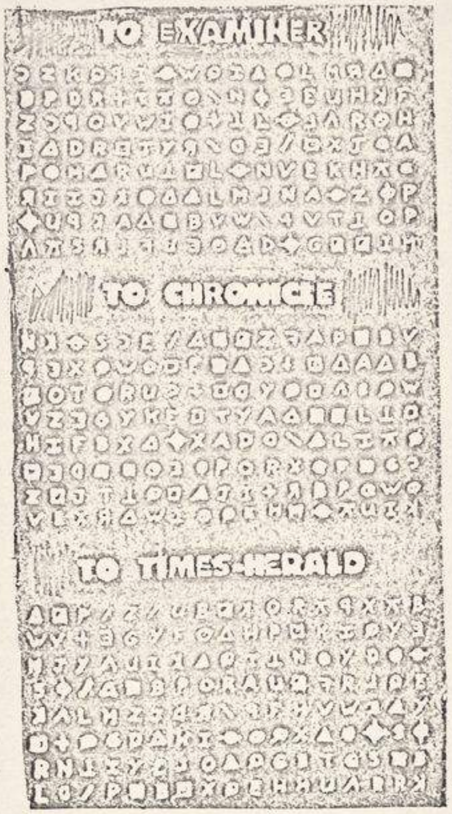
fear engendered by the letters was on the Vallejo area. Right away, the three newspapers receiving the letters forked them over to the Vallejo Police department, which in turn sent the ciphers to a Naval cryptographer at a nearby Naval station. (According to information from a representative of the Los Angeles Sheriffs department, Zodiac's ciphers were from an obsolete Naval Intelligence code no longer in use. It is not known by me whether it was these ciphers which were Naval Intelligence ciphers or ciphers which Zodiac sent at later date or dates.)

Apparently the San Francisco Chronicle received the Zod letter and cipher too late to verify, consult the authorities, etc., to be able to print it before the Zodiac-imposed deadline of Friday, Aug 1, 1969. However, both the cipher and the essence of the letter were printed on page 4, on Saturday August 2, under the headline: Coded Clue in Murders, marking the first time the Vallejo cipher-snuffer made itself known in the San Francisco area.

Here is the cipher as printed by the San Francisco, Chronicle: (a xerox copy of white-on-black copy of microfilm)



The Sunday S.F. Chronicle printed all three Zodiac codes:


TO EXAMINER
TO CHRONICLE
TO TIMES-HERALD

and the amateur cryptographers went to work in a frenzy.

Vallejo police however, remained skeptical-- saying most of the letter's data was common knowledge and could have been secured from a witness at the snuff sites. For, given the huge throngs that congregate at a fire or auto accident in America, similar numbers may have horded at the Vallejo murder sites.

Police Chief Jack E. Stiltz of Vallejo said at the time, "we're not satisfied that the letter was written by the murderer, but it could

have been." Chief Stiltz publicly asked Zodiac to write some more letters with more data. Chief Stiltz warned Vallejo residents to avoid lonely places and to know anyone allowed into their homes.

As might be expected, the weekend of August 2-3, 1969, the police switchboards went ga-ga as the tips and concern calls came in. But Zodiac, according to current information, did not strike.

August 8, 1969 Friday.   Salinas, California.

On Friday, August 8, 1969 Donald G. Harden, a history and economics teacher at North Salinas High, and his wife, announced that they had broken the Zod-code after 20 hours of off-and-on labor.

"As you can see, his spelling is rather poor and in some places he had made errors in the use of his own cipher" -Mr. Harden related.

There were incomprehensible groupings of letters in the code, perhaps intentional, perhaps unintentional, but the message was pretty clear. Harden's decipherment, apparently with the ~~the~~ text of the cipher sent to the Vallejo Times-Herald was as follows:

"I like killing people because it is so much fun it is more fun than killing wild game in the forrest because man is the most hongertue animal of all to kill something give eryetheyo a thrilling experience it is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl the best part of it I athae when I die I will be reborn in paradice and all the I have killed will become my slaves I will not give you my name because you will trs to sloi down or atop my collecting of slaves for my afterlife ebeo-riet emeth hpiti"

Donald Harden said that Zodiac tried to make the cipher difficult by usuing 12 different symbols for "e" the most common letter in the language and therefore most often to turn up in a code. Zodiac also used a backward "q" 16 times to try to make breakers think it was an "e".

The code was broken by looking for the word kill --four-letter patterns-- which Mr. & Mrs. Harden thought would show up a few times in the text.

The code-breakers' work sheets were forwarded to [redacted] Vallejo Police Sergeant John Lynch, then in charge of the Zodiac investigation.

August 11, 1969 Monday.

Amateur code-breakers in the San Francisco area speculated that a possible name for Zodiac was contained in an anagram among the garbled letters at the end of his message to newspapers, "obeo riet emeth hpiti." Minus the letters r, m, and p, the name is Robert Emmet the Hippie. Vallejo police Sgt. Lynch stated that several cryptographers had come up with the name "Robert Emmet." All Robert Emmets, hippie or whatever, were immediately checked out. Lynch also noted that there was a Robert Emmet who was a "Irish revolutionary patriot" executed in Ireland in 1803. (Perhaps Zodiac considers himself a reincarnation of Emmet.)

September 27, 1969 Lake Berryessa (North Napa County- North of S.F.)

On September 27, 1969, Zodiac, wearing a black hood with the so-called Zodiac symbol ⊕ sewn, drawn or painted upon it, approached a picnicking couple, brandishing a kitchen knife and a pistol, in broad daylight.

The location was an "isolated peninsula" near Lake Berryessa, a large water body in the northern part of Napa County , north and east of San Francisco. The picnickers were Cecilia Ann Shepherd, 22, and her friend Bryan Hartness, 20, enjoying themselves around 6:30 in the evening when Zodiac struck. At first Zodiac told the couple it was only a stickup. He ordered Cecelia Shepherd to tie up Hartnell with a piece of plastic clothesline and then Zodiac tied her up. The killer talked with them for around fifteen minutes.

On a sudden, the black-hooded Zodiac shoved the pistol [redacted] he was holding into his belt and drew his knife. He started stabbing Hartnell first-- then he turned his hate upon the woman, stabbing her almost twice as much, twenty three wounds.

With a felt-tipped pen, Zodiac printed on Bryan Hartness's white sportscar the dates of the three Vallejo murders and his ⊕ signature. Within an hour of the incident, a human male with a "young voice" called police to "report a murder--no, a double murder"--as Zodiac said. He then described the couple, the car and the scene. At the Lake Berryessa murder site, Zodiac left behind a not-so-common Air Force "wing walker" boot print or prints, size 10½.

A fisherman in a boat heard the couples shrieks for help and summoned assistance. A couple of hours after the attack they were taken to the Queen of the Valley Hospital in Napa. Cecilia Shepherd tied two days later. Hartnell was released from the hospital on 10-9-69 and returned to Pacific Union College to continue his pre-law studies. Hartnell believes his religion [redacted]

pulled him through the chop-up, and stated that during the black-hooded slayer's terror, he concentrated on Zodiac's voice as a means in the future to identify the misogynist twerp.

October 11, 1969, Saturday. San Francisco, California

On October 11, 1969 a Yellow Cab driver named Paul Stine, 29, who was working on his PhD in English literature at S.F. State College picked up Zodiac about 9:30 p.m. at Geary and Mason in downtown San Francisco. Paul Stine noted as his destination on his Way Bill, Washington and Maple Street, a residential section near a large park area known as The Presidio of San Francisco. Zodiac sat in the front seat and when the cab arrived at Washington and Cherry (a block beyond Maple) Zodiac killed Mr. Stine with a shot from a 9 mm pistol. Witnesses saw zodiac wiping down the cab with something. He ripped off the bottom of the back of Stine's striped shirt, apparently smearing it in the victim's blood and then dashed up Cherry street and disappeared into the spacious Presidio, leaving the cab engine still running, the meter clicking, the driver dead. Zodiac stole Paul Stine's wallet also. Stine had lived at 1842 Fell Street in San Francisco.

Police later speculated that Zodiac may be very familiar with San Francisco as he would have known that Washington St. at Cherry --a quiet residential block, would be empty of traffic at that hour.

There was a report that a man was seen running into Julius Kahn playground, located on Pacific Ave on the lower edge of the Presidio. All seven police dog units were sent in to search for Zodiac, to no avail. Witnesses sent data out indicating that Zodiac was white, about 40 , 170 pounds, sporting a blond crewcut , wearing glasses, dark shoes, dark grey trousers and jacket.

October 13, 1969, Monday.   San Francisco, California.

On Monday, October 13, 1969, in the p.m. Zodiac mailed a letter to the San Francisco Chronicle written on plain white paper with "pale blue ink" -perhaps meaning the blue magic marker with which Zod usually jotted. Zodiac mailed it in San Francisco.

It began: "This is the Zodiac speaking. I am the murderer of the taxi driver over by Washington St. & Maple St. last night & to prove it here is a blood stained piece of his shirt."

The letter also said: "The S.F. Police could have caught me last night if they had searched the park properly instead of holding road races with their motorcycles seeing who could make the most noise. The car drivers should have just parked their cars & sat there quietly waiting for me to come out of cover."

In addition to claiming the snuff of Stine, Zodiac claimed to be the killer, in the letter, "of the people in the north Napa and Vallejo areas in Bay Area."

Causing a pan-Bay-Area freakout, Zodiac also wrote in the letter: "I think I shall wipe out a school bus some morning. Just shoot out the front tires and then pick off the kiddies as they come bouncing out."

The letter was signed with Zodiac's gun-sight signature: ⊕

Upon receipt of the bloody cloth swatch, police checked the morgue where Stine's clothing was being held as evidence and sure enough they discovered a piece was missing, part of which matched the piece Zodiac has included in his letter.

Police put out a artist-drawn picture depicting what observors of the Stine murder thought Zodiac looked like-- saying his age to be 25-30 (later aged by witnesses to 35-40-45).

October 14-19, 1969 San Francisco Bay Area

Throughout the San Francisco Bay Area, children were considered to be in great danger as a result of Zodiac's threat to gun down a bus load. In Napa County, where Zodiac had struck wearing a black hood on 9-27-69, Fred Sowash, the Napa district transportation director began to work 18-20 hours a day to ward off Zod. He called in the 90 regular and part time bus drivers for a meeting. At the meeting he informed the drivers with the grim news that they'd be the first to go, in the event that Zodiac should attack any of their buses. To their credit not a driver demurred from his driving duties. It was decided that every bus was to have an extra driver whose duty it was to take over and speed away in the event Zodiac pinged the driving driver.

So, the 10,000 youngsters riding buses in the Napa Valley United School District experienced tight security as the 64 yellow school buses criss-crossed the county along 4000 miles of often-rural roadway, to and from the 24 elementary, 2 junior high and 4 senior high schools as police cars often followed and seven Cessna aircraft from the Napa Aero Club flew on guard patrol above. These precautions lasted a few days until it was felt the Zodiac threat had run its course.

In San Francisco there was a 10-officer investigation team headed by Homicide Inspector Jack Armstrong of S.F.P.D.. Inspector Armstrong contacted police in Vallejo & Napa County to combine their investigations.

October 17, 1969 Friday. San Francisco.

On October 17, 1969, reports were printed in newspapers regarding San Francisco detectives approaching astrologers to attempt to figure out when Zodiac might strike again or to check out possible star-related impetus or explanation to his activities.

October 20, 1969 Monday. San Francisco, California.

On Monday, October 20, 1969, 27 detectives from seven police agencies (S.F.P.D., Napa County Sheriff's office, Napa Police Department, Solana County Sheriff's dept., Vallejo Police Dept., The California Highway Patrol and the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation AKA The CII.) met to discuss the Zodiac crisis at a 3 hour session at the San Francisco Hall of Justice. Capt. Marty Lee, Chief of Inspectors of the S.F. Police Department, said the meeting was valuable, even though Zodiac's identity was not determined, because it showed different police jurisdictions and agencies that their knowledge of each other's cases "was not as sharp as it might be."

"I've learned things I didn't know and I think the other detectives had the same experience. We now have what we believe to be a better picture of the suspect." --Captain Lee stated.

The conference also included presentations by psychiatrists -- presumably to give some indication of the mental state (personality) and possible (psychological) history of Zodiac.

October 21, 1969 Tuesday San Francisco.

Police released a new composite drawing of Zodiac, aging him or it and making him heavier jawed. The San Francisco Chronicle ran the wanted poster on page 22, revealing in two drawings the original younger depiction and the older fatter faced killer. It was strictly oo-ee-oo, but necessary.

Handwriting experts were comparing Zodiac's handwriting with the signatures on permits for purchase of 9 mm Luger pistols. There were 143 Lugers sold in San Francisco during the years 67-68-69 (till Oct.).

October 23, 1969 Wednesday San Francisco/ Modesto, California

Joseph Stine, a Modesto, Calif. mechanic and brother of Paul Stine slain by Zodiac on 10-11-69, offered himself as a living target to lure Zodiac out into the open. To flush Zodiac, Stine announced his daily movements: "I work at the Richfield Service station at 706 Sutter St. in Modesto, near Rouse St." --Stine said.

"I start at 7 A.M. I go to lunch at the Walk-In Chicken in a shopping center two blocks away, riding a bicycle along Sutter St. and leaving the station at noon each day. I go back to the service station & work until 5. Let him come and get me."

Joe Stine, a bachelor, lived with his 58 year old mother. He, as of October '69, was 5' 7" and weighed 165 lbs. "I'm in excellent shape. I'm tough enough to handle Zodiac if I can get my hands on him. I don't carry any weapons. I don't feel I need any."

Zodiac refused the fight.

October 23, 1969 Wednesday San Francisco/ Oakland, California

At 2 A.M. on the morning of Wednesday, 10-23-69, A human male voice called the Oakland Police Dept. startling the police operator with

the declaration: "This is the Zodiac." The voice said that it wanted to get in touch with famed Boston attorney F. Lee Bailey--and if not Bailey he's talk with San Francisco lawyer Melvin Belli. Whatever, he wanted either Bailey or Belli to appear on Jim Dunbar's channel 7 talk show (KGO-TV) due to start only four hours later, at 6:25 A.M. The show was scheduled, as usual, to run for two hours--Zodiac said he'd call in to talk with either of the two lawyers. Melvin Belli agreed and appeared on the program, a talk show where listeners/watchers can call in to talk with moderator and guests. Jim Dunbar pled with watchers to keep the in-coming lines clear, waiting for Zodiac. There was nothing for 49 minutes when someone claiming to be Zodiac called during a commercial at 7:14 A.M. and hung up almost immediately, the first of five calls. A couple of minutes later another call came in to Belli. Belli waxed eloquent and asked Zodiac to produce a less-weird name than Zodiac. "Sam"--replied the perhaps ersatz-Zodiac, speaking in what was judged to be a boyish sounding voice.

"Zodiac" suggested Belli meet him on the roof of the Fairmont Hotel and then hung up, probably to beat the tracing attempts of police monitors.

And so it went for three hours, longer than the program would usually run. Belli kept Sam or Zodiac on once for several minutes but Sam wouldn't give out any data that would definitely link him to Zodiac, answering Belli's questions usually with a yes or a no. Belli suggested meeting Zodiac on the steps of Old St. Mary's Church in China-town, for Zodiac to turn himself in.

Finally Belli talked with "Sam" on a private line and they agreed to meet secretly, at the St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Shop on the 6700 block of Mission St. in Daly City at 10:30 A.M., right away.

Sam stood Belli up, who waited for 45 minutes in front of the Daly City thrift shop-- surveilled by several plainclothes detectives and, surprise surprise, some newsmen who somehow discovered the spot for Zodiac's surrender.

Authorities played the KGO-TV tape to the three humans who had actually heard Zodiac, Napa Police Department patrolman David Slaight and the switchboard woman of the Vallejo Police Dept, and survivor Bryan Hartnell. After several listenings it was generally agreed that it was not Zodiac's voice although it was decided at the time not to mention it publicly. Hartnell said he remembered Zodiac's voice as being older and deeper. The voice lacked confidence, seemed to be too unsure to be that of the hooded slayer.

There was the possibility that Zodiac had in fact made the original phone call to the Oakland Police Department and then had decided not to call when an imposter called or because of fear of being traced or whatever. Zodiac later, however, would write a letter pleading for help to attorney Melvin Belli. (see entry for 12-20-69)

In the mean-time,like a huge stack of straws whirled up into a tornado, the tips began to fill the switchboards and mail boxes not only of the San Francisco Police Department but of many surrounding communities. Anybody anybody didn't like was Zodiac. As one policeman said at the time, "Neighbors, ex-husbands, fellow employees, these are the types of individuals being identified as possible suspects."

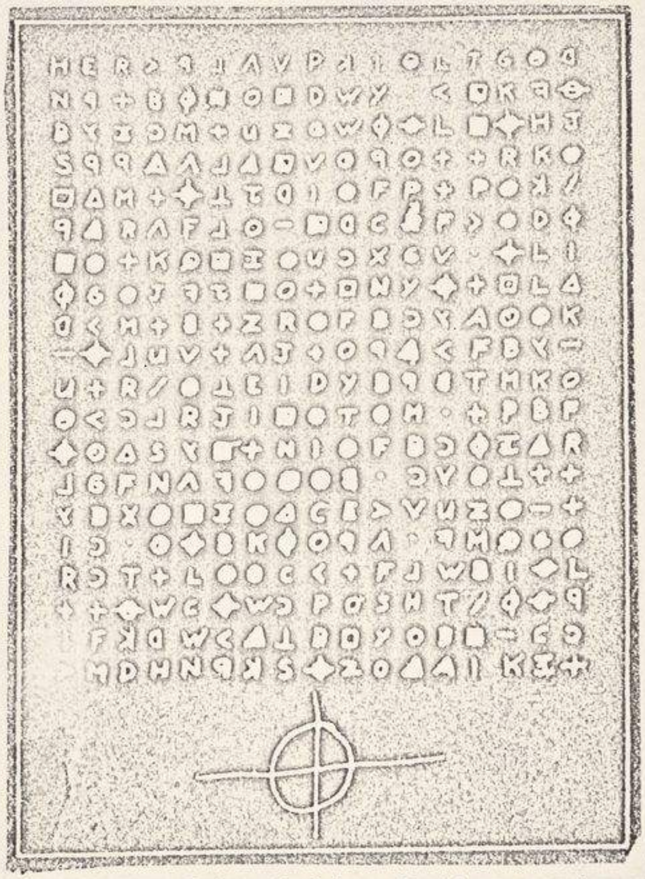
November 11, 1969 Tuesday San Francisco.

On Tuesday 11-11-69, Zodiac mailed two letters in San Francisco to the San Francisco Chronicle. One was a greeting card containing a cipher, which he wanted the Chronicle to print, the other a long babbling letter containing yet another bloody piece of Paul Stine's shirt tail. The letters, written with the usual Blue felt-tipped pen, were printed more neatly than most from the whiny-voiced warpo.

The greeting card letter was as follows: on the outer face was a picture of a fat dripping fountain pen hanging by a looped string and the words, "sorry I haven't written but I just washed my pen" and continued on the inside, "and i can't do a thing with it!"

Zodiac wrote this in the greeting card: "This is the Zodiac speaking I thought you would need a good laugh before you hear the bad news you won't get the news for a while yet. PS could you print this new cipher on your front page? I get awfully lonely when I am ignored, so lonely I could do my Thing !!!!!!" -the exclamation marks growing longer and more irregular at the end of the array.

With the greeting card was this cipher, never publicly deciphered:



Here are the portions of the long letter Zodiac sent:
"This is the Zodiac speaking up to the end of Oct I have killed 7 people. I have grown rather angry with the police for their telling lies about me. So I shall change the way the collecting the slaves. I shall no longer announce to anyone when I comitt my murders, they shall look like routine robberies, killings of anger, & a few fake accidents, etc."

"The police shall never catch me because I have been too clever for them."

"1. I look like the description passed out only when I do my thing, the rest of the time I look entirle different. I shall not tell you what my descise consists of when I kill."

"2. As of yet I have left no fingerprints behind me contrary to what the police say in my killings I wear transparent finger tip guards. All it is is 2 coats of airplane cement coated on my fingertips -- quite unnoticable & very effective."

"3. My killing tools have been boughten through the mail order outfils before the ban went into efect except one & it was bought out of state."

"So as you see the police don't have much to work on. If you wonder why I was wipeing the cab down I was leaving fake clews for the police to run all over town with, as one might say, I gave the cops some bussy work to do to keep them happy. I enjoy needling the blue pigs. Hey blue pigs I was in the park -- you were using fire trucks to mask the sound of your cruzeing prowl cars. The dogs never came with in 2 blocks of my & they were to the west & there was only 2 groups of parking about 10 min apart then the motor cicles went by about 150 ft away going from south to north west"

"ps. 2 cops pulled a goof abot 3 min after I left the cab."

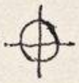
"I was walking down the hill to the park when this cop car pulled & one of them called me over & asked if I saw any one acting suspicisous or strange in the last 5 to 10 min & I said yes there was this man who was running by waveing a gun & the cops peeled rubber & went around the corner as I directed them & I disappeared into the park

a block & a half away never to be seen again."

"Hey pig doesn't it rile you up to have your noze rubed in your booboos?"

"If you cops think I'm going to take on a bus the way I stated I was, you deserve to have holes in your heads."

"Have fun! By the way it could be rather messy if you try to bluff me."



"PS. Be shure to print the part I marked out on page 3 or I shall do my thing."

"To prove that I am the Zodiac, Ask the Vallejo cop about my electric gun sight which I used to start my collecting of slaves."

December 20, 1969   San Francisco.

Sometime in the P.M. on 12-20-69 Zodiac sent a letter neatly enveloped (4X7 white) and printed to "Mr. Melvin M. Belli
1228 Mtgy   San Fran Calif" --Belli's home.

The letter, printed in block letters, read in part:
"Dear Melvin. This is the Zodiac speaking I wish you a happy Christmass. The one thing I ask of you is this, please help me. I cannot reach out for help because of this thing in my won't let me. I am finding it extreamly difficult to hold it in check and I am afraid I will lose control again and take my nineth and possibly my tneth victim. Please help me I am drownding."

"...If I hold back too long from no. nine I will lose all control of myself... please help me I cannot remain in control for much longer."

The letter was received on 12-32-69, when Belli was in Munich, Germany attending a conference of military trial lawyers.

Enclosed in the letter was another piece of Paul Stine's shirt.

Belli's housekeeper sent the letter to his office where a secretary opened it up, shudder shudder. An associate flew it to Munich where Belli examined it. Belli was scheduled to take part in a trial in Naples in early '70 and then fly to Algiers to confer with exiled Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, but said, "I'll catch the first plane back" -if that was what Zodiac wanted.

Said Belli: "I believe he wants to stop killing. I have carefully studied his letter-- one of my associates flew to Munich to bring it to me-- and feel it was written at a time when he calmly and rationally was considering the future."

"He knows eventually he will be apprehended and that unless he gets proper legal representation he will most probably be sentenced to die in the gas chamber. That is why he is crying out for help... why he has come to me. He wants to be saved from the gas chamber."

March 22, 1970 Sunday near Modesto, California

On Sunday, 3-22-70 Kathleen Johns, 23, 7 months pregnant and with her 10 month old daughter Jennifer, was driving from her former home in San Bernadino, California to the San Francisco bay area, to visit relatives, in her station wagon.

A late model automobile began to follow her after she passed through Modesto, California, eastish of San Francisco. She was probably traveling on Route 99. The driver of the car following Mrs Johns began to pull a light-blink scene when she pulled off onto State Route 132, a lightly traveled route ideal for something like Zodiac.

Concerned that something was wrong with her automobile, she pulled to the side of the road and stopped. So did the late model car following her. A human, clean shaven and neatly dressed came up and told her her left rear wheel was wobbling and that he'd fix it

if she wanted. Mrs. Johns breathed a sigh of relief and accepted the neat man's offer.

"It's all fixed now" --he told her a few minutes later, having hovered tinkering with the wheel, and then he headed for his own car.

Mrs. Johns started to drive away and was able to procede only a few feet when the left rear wheel fell off and the station wagon thudded/ground to a halt. The man came back, probably upset that she hadn't been killed in what would appear to be an accident, and spoke to Mrs. Johns.

"With a sincere smile" as Mrs Johns spoke of it, Zodiac informed her that "the trouble's worse than I thought" and offered her a ride to a bright-lit service station visible ¼ mile up the road.

The pregnant Mrs Johns took her 10 month old daughter into Zodiac's car because "he seemed so nice"-- but Zodiac did not procede directly to the service station. Instead he began to drive off the highway into a network of deserted farm roads. She thought it was going to be a rape. Sarcastically she asked: "Do you always go around helping people like this?"

"When I get through with them they don't need help" she remembered the soft-voiced Zodiac saying in reply. For nearly two hours Zodiac drove slowly through the farm lands-- ever so often looking at Mrs. Johns and saying such things as "you know you're going to die" and"you know I'm going to kill you."

"I knew he meant it" --Mrs Johns told a reporter from the San Francisco Chronicle; "he said it over & over in a calm, quiet voice and you could feel he meant every word. I just sat there waiting for it to happen."

The car, on a sudden stopped. Zodiac had hit the brakes because he had almost driven the wrong direction onto a freeway exit ramp. Mrs. Johns grabbed Jennifer and leaped from the car as it took off again and ran into a field where she threw herself into an irrigation ditch, holding her less-than-year old daughter beneath her to keep her quiet.

From the ditch, she saw Zodiac, flashlight beaming, trying to find her, to no avail. Finally Zodiac got into his car and slowly pulled away.

Later, hysterical, she flagged down a passing truck and shortly thereafter told her story to police. At the police station she was asked to describe her abductor. Mrs. Johns told them his estimated age, height, weight, hair-color. As she did so, she spotted a police bulletin board in the room on which was attached a Zodiac wanted poster bearing the artist's sketch of him. "Oh my God.. that's him.. that's him right there." --she exclaimed.

Mrs. Johns said Zodiac's face at the chin had traces of pock marks. He had been wearing dark blue nylon windbreaker-style jacket over dark bell bottom pants. His shoes were spit-shined, reflecting light. He wore thick-rimmed glasses held on his head by a band of plastic or rubber as some athletes and workers wear. He spoke in a monotone with no apparent accent.

Zodiac's automobile was an American , late model, light colored two-door with bucket seats (black) and an automatic gear shift between the buckets, the console of which had an ashtray with cigarette lighter built in. The car bore California plates and was messy. Clothes and papers were scattered on the dashboard and both front and back seats. The clothing was mostly men's but there were also some smaller patterned tee shirts perhaps belonging to a child 8 to 12. On the dashboard also were a couple of colored

plastic scouring pads and a black-rubber-gripped flashlight.

At the time the media didn't print the story because they didn't believe it was Zodiac. However, police subsequently sifted all the data and came to believe it was, in fact, Zodiac. This was helped by a letter Zodiac sent to the San Francisco Chronicle in which he bragged about his near miss and about the fact he'd gone back to Mrs. Johns' sabotaged car and burned it to the ground. When police found the station wagon, to be sure it had been set afire. Mrs. Johns grim experience did not receive public mention until the San Francisco Chronicle printed it on Monday 11-16-1970.

April 17/18, 1970 Friday/Saturday San Francisco.

The weekend of April 17, 1970 provided what appears to be the first example of a Zodiac-type copycat snuff. A satanist who two months later ate a man's heart in Wyoming has been accused of the crime. Here it is.

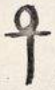
Robert Michael Salem lived at 745 Stevenson Street in San Francisco apparently behind the Franciscan Hotel. He lived in a ritzy apartment where he also had a workshop turning out expensive famous lamps of his own design.

Salem was from Texas and after leaving the Navy in 1949 came to San Francisco. He was fond of cats and his hurricane lamps found their way into museum shows. He had long greying hair and on the day of his death was wearing "oriental lounging pajamas."

Someone, perhaps Zodiac, perhaps satanist Stanley Baker, killed Salem. He was stabbed once in the chest, six times in the back and his head was almost severed from his body. His left ear was cut off. A symbol, apparently the Egyptian "ankh" -denoting life, was carved in his chest: ☥.

Salem's apartment was ransacked and the killer took a shower before leaving to cleanse himself of gore. There was no apparent robbery but police felt the killer was searching for something. The murder weapon was missing. The killer, perhaps to throw the coroner's investigation off as to the hour of death, turned the heat in the apartment up to 90 degrees, heightening the odor.

On the wall above a pallet on the floor where apparently Robert Salem was found, the killer wrote, as in the Tate-LaBianca murders, in the victim's blood :



SATAN   ZOD
SAVES   IAC

(The "D" in the word Zodiac appears more to be an "I" --but, in my inspection of other blood writing in the Tate-LaBianca murder cases, sometimes bloodwriting is very faint and does not turn up well in black and white photos. The symbol appears again, as upon the victim's stomach, to be a form of the Egyptian Ankh/life sign.)

Friends employed at the Franciscan Hotel discovered Salem's body on Sunday evening, 4-19-70.

April 20, 1970   San Francisco

On Monday, 4-20-70, from a street corner mailbox in San Francisco in the morning, grim Zod mailed a 2-page letter to the San Francisco Chronicle, lettered on white cheapo stationary with his blue felt-tip pen.

The letter read , in part: "This is the Zodiac speaking. By the way have you cracked the last cipher I sent you? My name is ----
AEN⊕OKOMO⊥NAM "

"I am mildly interested as to how much money you have on my head now. I hope you do not think that I was the one who wiped out that blue meannie with a bomb at the cop station."(referring to the bombing of the Park Police Station in Frisco on 2-16-70 resulting in the death of Sgt. Brian McDonnell and wounding 8 officers.)

"....it just wouldn't do to move in on someone elses teritory. But there is more glory in killing a cop than a cid because a cop can shoot back."

"I have killed ten people to date. It would have been a lot more except... I was swamped out by the rain we had a while back."

Portions of the two-page letter were not made public. It apparently ended: "PS I hope you have fun trying to fiygure out who I killed."

April 22, 1970 San Francisco.

The San Francisco Chronicle ran a page one story on the new Zodiac letter: ZODIAC SENDS NEW LETTER CLAIMS 10. The same day Robert Salem's murder was termed by the police to be a "copycat" snuff.

April 29, 1970 San Francisco.

Sometime after noon Tuesday, 4-29-70, Zodiac mailed a contemporary greeting card to the San Francisco Chronicle upon which he penned some of his mortal words: "I hope you enjoy yourselves when I have my BLAST" It was signed: ⊕

It also read: "P.S. on back"
The P.S. was this in part: "If you don't want me to have this blast you must do two things. Tell every one about the bus bomb whith all the details. I would like to see some nice zodiac butons wandering

about town. Every one else has these buttons like ☮ , black power, melvin eats bluber, etc. Well it would cheer me up considerably if I saw a lot of people wearing my buton. Please no nasty one like Melvin's.... Thank you." ⊕

The bomb referred to apparently was the "death machine" bomb that Zodiac had described in several letters, not made public, written between November '69 and May '70; Zodiac even sending in one letter a crude blueprint of his death machine bus bomb. Zodiac wanted some attention paid to his ten killings.

April 31, 1970 Thursday. San Francisco

On April 31, S.F. Police Chief Alfred Nelder told the S.F. Chronicle to print the story of the threat letter and to mention the bomb threat. History, however pushed it off the front pages.

May 1, 1970 San Francisco

Because of Nixon's invasion of Cambodia with armed forces, the front page of the S.F. Chronicle was invaded with war news and Zodiac bombed to page eight with his bus bomb threat.

July 27, 1970. San Francisco

On July 27, 1970 Zod fired two letters to the S.F. Chronicle. In the longer of the two letters, the killer penned a list of types of humans he'd be interested in snuffing. The list was a sort of paraphrase of certain stanzas from the entrance aria of Ko-Ko the Lord High Executioner in the operetta "The Mikado"by W.S. Gilbert. Because of misspellings and variations, the police determined that perhaps Zodiac put it down from memory rather than writing directly from the libretto.

The weirdo-epistle read, in part:

> "I've got a little list, I've got a little list
> of society offenders who might well be underground
> who would never be missed, who would never be missed
> There is the pestulentual nucences who whrite for autographs,
> all people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs
> There's the banjo seranader and the others of his race
> all people who eat peppermint and phomphit in your face
> and the Idiout who praises with inthusastic tone
> of centuries but this and every country but his own."

Forthwith there was a "quiet search" for one-time Ko-Kos who appeared in stock and college productions-- with no leads apparently very fruitful.

In the two letters Zodiac issued hideous mansonistic warnings that future victims would be tortured before being killed. Some would be tied over anthills so Zodiac could "watch them scream and twitch and squirm." And others Zodiac continued, "shall have pine splinters driven under their nails and then burned. Others shall be placed in caves and fed salt beef until they are gorged."

"Then I shall listen to their please for water and I hsall laugh at them."

The crime labs authenticated the handwriting as being that of Zodiac. Police requested that the Chronicle desist from publishing the letters and complied until October of 1970.

October 5, 1970 San Francisco.

On October 5, 1970 it sent a postcard to the San Francisco Chronicle signed (in cut-out letters,) Zodiac-⊕. On the post card were pasted words and phrases cut from an edition of the S.F. Chronicle.

The card-pasteups read as follows: "Dear Editor
You'll hate me, but I've got to tell you
The pace isn't any slower! In fact its just one big
thirteenth. 13. Some of them fought it was horrible.
P.S. There are reports city police pig cops are closing in on me.
Fk. I'm crackproof. What is the price tag now?"

Thirteen holes, apparently indicating his thirteen alleged soul-slaves he thinks will serve him in "paradice", were clipped into the right edge of the card. Beneath the 13 in the middle of the card was a cross †.

Even though there were no hand written parts with which to verify Zodiac's handwriting, detectives contemplating the card for two days decided it was "highly probable" , for unstated reasons, it was of Zodiac. The address on the card was cut itself from the Chronicle, reading: San Francisco Chronicle/ SF.

October 12, 1970. San Francisco

The Gilbert & Sullivan, Ko-Ko letter Zodiac sent the previous July 27, was released in print in the San Francisco Chronicle. Inspectors Armstrong and Toschi of the S.F. Police Department, the leaders of the Zodiac investigation there, supplied information that they had cleared 1000's of suspects fingered out by, in their words: "wives, mothers, acquaintances, friends, fellow workers, delivery men... not to mention police agencies throughout the world."

Sheriff's department Sgt. Kenneth Narlow of Napa County had followed through 900 tips between 9-27-69 and October of '70. And as of 10-12-70 (the S.F. Police Departments) ~~the~~ fire proof steel filing cabinet on Zodiac, its drawers jammed full of reports, suspect identifications and evidence, still had apparently not (revealed) ~~[illegible]~~ his identity.

October 27, 1970 San Francisco.

Paul Avery, the reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle who had been writing extensive articles under his by-line about Zodiac, received a halloween card snuff threat from you know who. Zodiac dropped the card into a S.F. mailbox on Tuesday, 10-27-70, in the afternoon.

The card was a printed Happy Halloween card with printed greetings and dancing skeletons on the front and on the inside. Upon the card Zodiac painted neatly in white "artists" ink various weirdo-grams such as "Peek-a-boo you are doomed!" The reporters name was misspelled by Zod, as Paul "Averly."

The card forthwith was forked over to homicide detectives who in turn presented it to the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation handwriting expert, Sherwood Morrill who confirmed on 10-30-70 that it was Zodiacs writing, comparing it with previous Zodiac letters to the Chronicle.

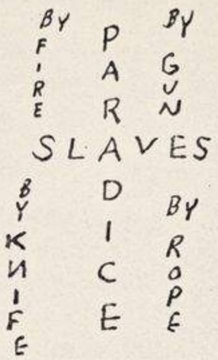
There were cryptic references on the card to a possible new count of Zodiac murders, the number 14. "4-teen" was printed above a dancing skeleton by Zodiac and there were 14 quarter-moons drawn on various parts of the card. Police speculated that perhaps Paul Avery was marked for number 14.

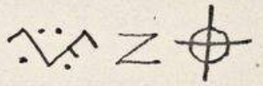
Avery scoffed at the punk Zodiac; "He is unquestionably a shrewd individual and has, quite correctly, read between the lines and knows I disbelieve his ever-mounting claims as to the number of persons he says he has killed." — —

"I consider the 'you are doomed' to be more of the same-- a lot of talk."

Zodiac painted upon the dark part of the card the following array of words, apparently sort of a presentation of his apparent philosophy of killing people in order to trap their souls to be

his slaves in "paradice":



The card was signed with a new weiro symbol: 

On Saturday, Halloween 1970, the San Francisco Chronicle printed the card and a story on page 1 and page 16. Happy Halloween.

November 8-12, 1970 San Francisco.

Sometime early in the week of Monday, 11-8-70, the San Francisco Chronicle, probably reporter Paul Avery, became aware of the letters, signed with a Z, that Zodiac had sent following the October 30, 1966 murder of Cheri Jo Bates in the Southern California city of Riverside.

The Chronicle conferred with Riverside authorities, particularly with Det. Capt. Irvin Cross-- and located the desk poem and compared then the letters and the poem and the writing seemed obviously to be that of the northern California killer.

On Thursday or Friday, Nov. 11 or 12, The Chronicle handed the Riverside data over to handwriting expert Sherwood Morrill of the State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification, in Sacramento. Mr. Morrill examined the material for four days, comparing with known Zodiac writing, then reported: "The handwriting scratched in the desk is the same as on the 3 letters, particularly like that on the envelopes, and this handwriting is by the same person who has been preparing the Zodiac letters that have been received by the Chronicle."

November 18, 1970 Wednesday. Riverside, California

On Wednesday, 11-18-70 homicide officers from San Francisco, Napa County, Riverside County and the State Attorney General's Office met in Riverside, California for a closed 9-hour conference and clue-trading session which they felt confident at the time would bring about the capture of Zodiac.

The meeting was held because of the disclosure on Monday, 11-16-70 by the San Francisco that Zodiac had killed Cheri Bates in Riverside. The police were very tight-lipped after the conference.

Among those attending the conference were Inspector Dave Toschi of S.F.P.D. and Det. Sgt. Ken Narlowe of the Napa Co. Sheriffs Dept. and Inspector Mel Nichloi of the State Crime Bureau and Riverside Det. Capt. Irvin Cross.

It was learned that there was a consensus of those attending the meeting that in 1966 October Zodiac had some close connection to Riverside. Also: that, for some reason, Zodiac had attempted to hide his connection with Miss Bates' murder-- a different modus operandi than his usual casual bragging. Detectives felt that that might indicate that Zodiac had blundered in his Riverside maraudings, leaving clue or clues.

March 13, 1971 Pleasonton, California

On Saturday afternoon or evening, 3-13-71, in Pleasonton, Cal. about fifty miles southeast of San Francisco, Zodiac mailed a letter down to the Los Angeles Times-- to the Times because of being apparently upset over his lack of publicity in other newspapers. (As when Nixon's Cambodian invasion warred him off the front page, May day, 1970.)

The letter read, in part: "This is the Zodiac speaking. Like I have always said I am crack proof. If the Police Meannies are evere going to catch me, they had best... do something. Because the longer they fiddle... around, the more slaves I will collect for my afterlife. I do have to give them credit for stumbling across my Riverside activities, but they are only finding the easy ones, there are a hell of a lot more down there. The reason that I'm writing to The Times is this, they don't bury my on the back pages like some of the others"

It was signed: " SFPD— 0 ⊕ —17"

Inspector William Armstrong of S.F.P.D. stated that police had serious doubts that Zodiac had in fact killed 17.

Insp. Armstrong and his partner Insp. Dave Toschi had been skeptical for more than a year after the mishuga-murderer began claiming snuffs for which the police could not find victims.

The letter was turned over to questioned documents examiner John J. Harris who compared the brief letter to others and verified it as authentic Zodiac writing.

As for their being "a hell of a lot more down there" -- Riverside Capt. Cross said that his department had no unsolved murders. Capt. Bud Brooks of the Riverside County Sheriff's department said, though, that he had one unsolved murder perhaps attributable to Zodiac, a woman strangled with her stocking, different, however, from any other Zodiac killing. "I can't imagine what other cases he might be referring to" -Capt. Brooks told the L.A. Times, which broke the story of the new Zodiac letter on Tuesday, 3-16-71.

March 22, 1971, Monday.

On Monday evening, March 22, 1971, Zodiac sent a post card , 4¢ in those days, marked to the attention of Paul Avery, to the San Francisco Chronicle. It was another paste-up job of pictures and clippings of words and phrases from newspapers.

The words "Sierra Club" were cut out and glued at the card's top onto a picture of a snow and tree scene with people walking carrying skis on paths between rows of modern housing -- like "condominium communities such as those found around Crystal Bay and Inrline Village on the north side of Lake Tahoe" --as the Chronicle described it.

The words, pasted upside down, "around in the snow" were also on the card. Also on the card were "sought victim 12" and "Peek thru the pines" --and "Pass Lake Tahoe Areas" . It was signed: ⊕ with his usual felt-tip pen.

The card was forthwith handed over to S.F. detectives Wm Armstrong and David Toschi, who headed the statewide multi-county Zodiac search squad. The Questioned Documents Section of the State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification verified it as Zodiac's on Thursday 3-25-71.

On Friday, March 26, 1971, The San Francisco Chronicle in a page 1 story, revealed Zodiac's "Sierra Club" card.

"Sought victim 12" whom Zodiac mentioned on his card perhaps was one Dona Lass, 25, last seen circa 2 A.M. on Sept 6, 1970 leaving work at the Sahara Hotel Casino in South Lake Tahoe. Her automobile was found near her small apartment, nothing missing. She was, to my knowledge, never found.

November 13, 1972 Santa Barbara, California

On November 13, 1972 Santa Barbara County Sheriff John W. Carpenter issued a press statement linking Zodiac to the 1963 murders of Linda Edwards and Robert Domingos on a beach north of Santa Barbara.

The investigation was partly spurred by Zodiac's admission on 3-13-71 that "there were a hell of a lot more" of his killings "down there" --meaning southern California.

The Santa Barbara investigation was organized by Sgt. William Baker who perused apparently the "homicide profile" of the Zodiac ~~cases~~ killer as prepared by the State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification.

Several months prior to November of 1972, Sgt. Baker contacted Riverside , California detectives regarding the slaying of Cheri Bates in 1966. Baker later told reporters that references made in Zodiac's confession letter sent to the Riverside Press-Enterprise and the Riverside Police "could be construed as being similar to ours." --meaning the Edwards-Domingos murder of 1963. (See entry June 1963)

In his press release of 11-13-72, Sheriff Carpenter said: "Several significant similarities between our case and the others, as well as other evidence which I am not at liberty to disclose at this time, all lead to connect ZODIAC with this crime."

"In addition, we have information, to be investigated further, which may place him in the Santa Barbara area in 1963."

Sgt. Baker of the Santa Barbara Sheriff's office, met in San Francisco for lengthy conferences before the announcement of Zodiac's probable connection with the Santa Barbara crimes. The Santa Barbara Sheriff's office apparently wanted to hold the information from the public, possibly so as not to tip off Zodiac, but San Francisco P.D. persuaded them to release the data publicly.

Zodiac-- while apparently quiet for more than a year and a half, is still at large.

prepared Dec. 1972, Jan./Feb. 1973
Ed Sanders

B

THE BLOOD OF EVIL

Ritual Violence in America: An Investigation

by

Ed Sanders

prospectus

FROM
BRANDT & BRANDT
101 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

The Blood of Evil
--Ritual Violence in America--
an investigation

The purpose of this book is to investigate the presence in America, particularly in California, of corrosive, corrupt, magic-minded, killer-congeries or societies of criminals who justify their violence and blood-letting on religious and esoteric grounds.

With the assistance of Los Angeles-based private investigator, Larry Larsen, whose name is waxing legendary in law enforcement circles, I have been gathering information for this book since I became aware of such groups in December 1970, while researching my book, The Family/ The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion.

Reception by law enforcement officials of the book, The Family, was fantastic, some officers asking for, and receiving, signed copies of the book. Such reception, coupled with Mr. Larsen's continuing contacts with law enforcement officials on the city, state and federal level, has opened vast doors in our search to bring grim facts to light.

Much of the material to be presented is hideous, gory and terrifying. Unfortunately, the truth of what we are depicting lies drenched in violence.

In the next several months, Larry Larsen and I are going to sweep up and down the state of California, interviewing witnesses and police officials, taping interviews, in the completing of this book. No cult so ferocious, no place so forboding, will deter us.

I have divided California into (six) investigatory grids, each with its own special problems of investigation. They are: northern California, the San Francisco-Santa Cruz area, the Monterey-Big Sur area, the Santa Barbara area, the Los Angeles-Topanga-Malibu Canyon area, and the Orange County-Riverside County area (south to Mexican border).

For each area we will prepare "reports", that is, detailed, polished presentations of information derived from police interviews, witness interviews, court records and transcripts, photographs, reliable newspaper documents, probation reports, etc.

These reports will be subdivided into sections on cultic murders, ritual sacrifices of animals, cults exposed as participating in these activities, cultic participatinn in hard-drug dealing, and profiles of individuals who can be proven to be leaders of these associations or who have been arrested and/or convicted for weirdo-tinged murders.

As the material for these reports is gathered and woven, we will put together the information that indicates, say, that a particular group operates on a statewide or multi-state level. Or , as evidence already shows, that a particular group might hold the "business" aspect of its operations in one part of the state and its "ritual" aspect in another, safer part of the state, thus splitting police jurisdictions.

We will put together a cultic "religious profile" regarding rituals, esoteric beliefs, and justification, if any, for their violent encroachments. Why is this activity happening in America?

From the evidence to date, some of California and New England, appears riddled with hard-eyed cults like (those in) Egypt during the early years of Christianity, adding, in our case, the electromagnetic revolution, the blood-sacrifices of paganism, L.S.D-hypnosis and hard drugs, not to mention aimless freedom.

Accordingly, with portable xerox equipment, tape recorders, a minox document-camera and excedrin, we shall be roaming upon the mountains, beaches and deserts of the West, looking for cult-snuffers past and cult-snuffers present. By holding this problem up into the "hard Sophoclean light" our country hopefully will become a cleaner place, at least a safer place.

Ed Sanders
February, 1973.

Chapters of research

I. Santa Cruz Mountains

1. Animal sacrifices, blood and entrails eating, LSD-hypnosis: Santa Cruz, 1968-72
2. The Four P Movement: Santa Cruz
3. John Linley Frazier: Eco-snuffer
4. hard-drug sales and cultic activities
5. The Lovers of Om
6. The China Grade Commune of paraplegic-snuffers
7. The School of Natural Philosophy-- a possible home for a sacrifice cult. 25355 Spanish Ranch Road
   Los Gatos, Calif.
8. Activities of members of the Process Church, Santa Cruz 1968-70
9. Charles Manson and the Chingons, ritual activity in 1969 near Alma Monastery, Santa Cruz summit.
10. Evidences of human ~~sacrifices~~ cult-deaths , 1968-72, beaches and mountains around Santa Cruz.

Chapters of Research

II. Northern California

1. The Demons Bounce Off The Aluminum Foil: Clarence O. Smith --who killed a group of campers at Dog Bar Campground on the Bear River in August 1971, on the advice of his guru.

2. The Aryan Brotherhood-- a racist group operating in California prisons and outside-- committing murders and robberies. Members or remnants of Mansons family joined with this group in 1971-72 near the Russian River --killing several;

III. Monterey-Big Sur Area.

1. The Woman They Tried to Sacrifice: Cambria, Cal, on the beach, 1971-- a first hand account of a woman who escaped.

2. A commune of snuffers near Big Sur; an investigation

3. Stanley Baker: Teeth by the River of Lightning

IV. Santa Barbara

1. On The Trail of Zodiac: Police are apparently closing in on the grim killer named 'Zodiac -- an examination of the investigation conducted by Sgt. William Baker of the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's office.

2. The Process Church

3. Murders on the beach 1970

Chapters of Research

V. Los Angeles-Topanga-Malibu Canyon Area

1. the goat-snuffers of Topanga Canyon 1970
2. The Brayton bunch-- more light on the renegade Solar Lodge.
3. The Process Church --visits in California 1968-69
4. The Thumbless blood-pourers of the Moonfire Ranch
5. Charles Denton Watson-- "I'm the devil, I'm here to do the devil's business" --a profile.
6. A catalogue of evidence linking Sirhan Sirhan with the occult world of California, 1968.
7. Robert Strong and the Sudan Muslims-- out of California came chest-axer Robert Strong, who ~~rabble~~ urged the Attica inmates to riot during the disorders and who formed a snuff-cult, and was caught.

VI. Santa Ana Mountains.

1. Steven Hurd: The Heart In the Burning Station Wagon
2. The Four P group, Santa Ana activities.
3. Outdoor rituals, Santa Ana Mountains, 1969-70-71.
4. The Devil and Heroin-- an examination of the connections between heroin distribution and groups of devil-worshipers in the State of California.

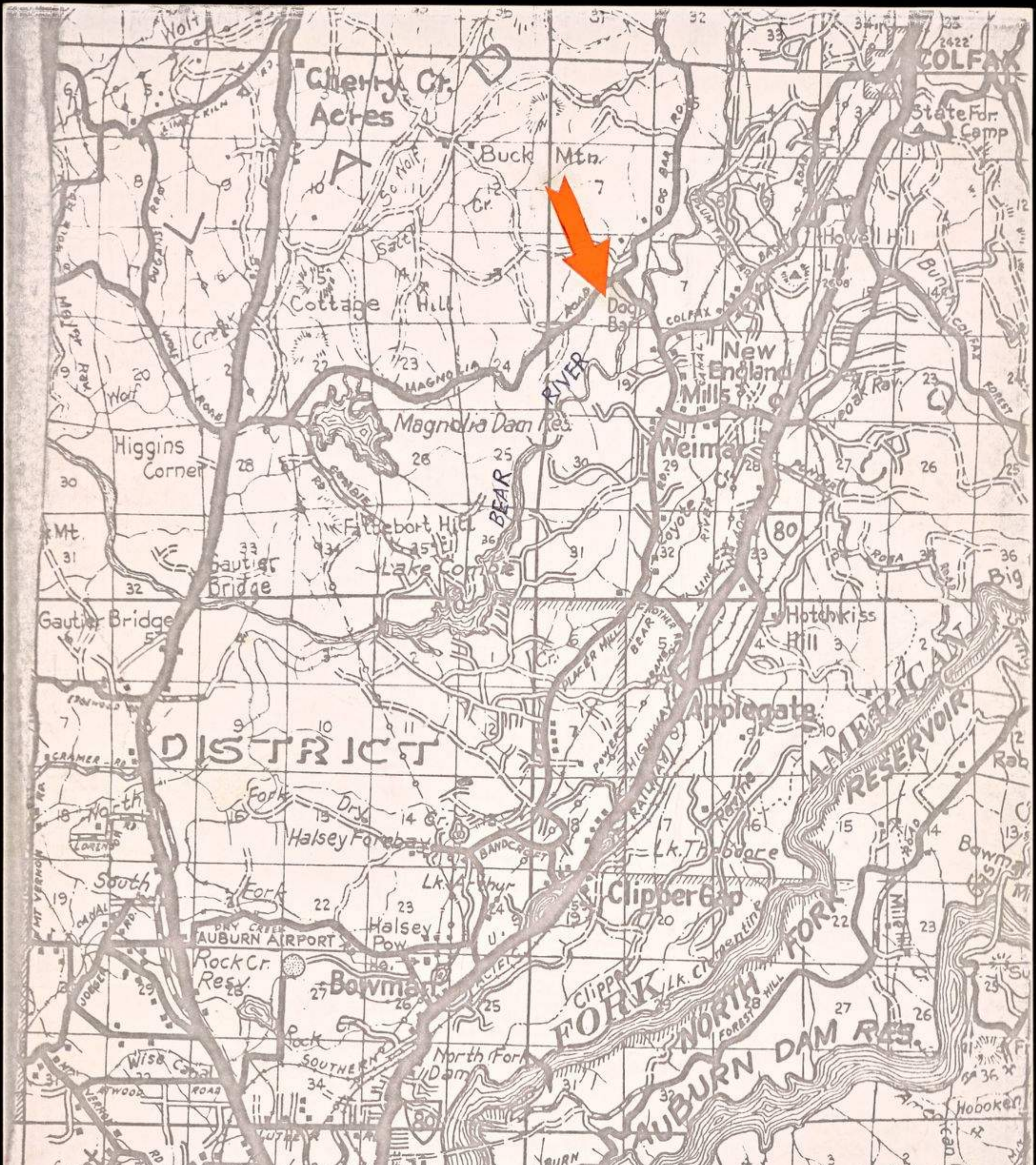
Chapters of Research

VII Why is this happening in America?

1. techniques of psychedelic brainwashing: perversion of encounter group techniques; LSD=hypnosis; vampirism; the "death-trip" ; reincarnation and soul-slavery.
2. a glossary of sacrificial cult words and phrases, with definitions.

CLARENCE OTIS SMITH:

The Demons Bounce Off the Aluminum Foil


Cherry Cr. Acres
Buck Mtn.
Cottage Hill
Dog Bar
Colfax
State For. Camp
Howell Hill
New England Mills
Magnolia Dam Res.
Magnolia
Bear River
Higgins Corner
Weimar
Coyote Cr.
80
Lake Combie
Gautier Bridge
Hotchkiss Hill
Applegate
DISTRICT
American Reservoir
Big
North Fork
Dry Cr.
Halsey Forebay
Lk. Arthur
Lk. Theodore
Clipper Gap
Auburn Airport
Rock Cr. Resv.
Halsey Pow. Ho.
Bowman
North Fork Dam
Fork
Lk. Clementine
North Fork
Auburn Dam Res.
Wise Canal
American Canyon
Hoboken
Doty Flat
Auburn
49
193
Penobscot

P 1 of 13

CLARENCE OTIS SMITH:

The Demons Bounce Off The Aluminum Foil.

Clarence Otis Smith was born in 1928 in Childress, Texas where 43 years later he still had relatives for he visited them after his midnight Dog Bar hack-rampage of July 12-13, 1971, prior to his arrest in early August of '71.

At this time, I know very little of his youth, education and the formation of his later demonologous life-style. At the age of 42, however, he was tall, gaunt-faced, lean and nearly bald. He lived on Placer Hills Road in the town of Weimar, California with his wife Georgina and two young children. Placer Hills Road runs north north from Weimar and crosses the Bear River near a campsite known as Dog Bar. The Bear River ambles from southwest to northeast, more or less, in this part of California north east of San Francisco, the Bear River forming the boundary line between Placer County to the South and Nevada County to the North.

Weimar is located in the steep, pine-studded foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, mine-shaft bedecked gold country where a hundred & 25 years ago the East rushed West to suck up the nuggets of Croesus. Clarence O. Smith's home was located in the Eden Valley area only two-and-½ miles from Dog Bar campground to the north, where he went nuts.

Things waxed weird for the Smiths in 1970 when, like shrapnel stabbing thru a jungle, the demons tried to get them. At the time, in '70, lanky gaunt-faced Smith was working as a garbage collector for a refuse-gathering firm in Auburn, Calif., a few miles south of his home in Weimar.

Sometime in 1970, apparently the latter part of the year, Clarence O. Smith began a rather unfortunate association with a 20 year old mail-order minister named "Reverend" Everett Richardson. Richardson's claim to be a minister with the right to prefix his name with Reverend was based on his possession of some sort of deity document probably purchased from a Hollywood post office box as advertized regularly in newspapers & magazines. Cultoids use such "diplomas" issued in the mails from fake churches to run a legitimacy scam on the unwary or to try to rip off undeserved benefits or to avoid taxes.

Reverend Richardson began to spend a lot of time with the Smith family, although Clarence became fraught with angst when the preach-lad and his wife Georgina began to hold prayer services, so to speak, under the quilts. However it was; Clarence Otis Smith, at his trial in Jan. 1972, testified that he began to take orders from the person Everett T. Richardson re: demon-driving, re:faith-healing, re: the committing of murder.

In regard to demons, it was in the fall/winter of 70-71 that "Rev." Richardson and the Smith family thought they observed a plague of hostile, sickness-bearing demons infesting the woodshed at the Smith property on Placer Hill Road-- appearing to the eye like "figures in picture negatives" --as Clarence Smith testified (Jan 1972, murder trial).

In December 1970, "we burned down the shed" --he testified-- "to get rid of them, but it didn't do much good. Only 40 to 60 % of them were destroyed. We saw some of them after that in the house." It was felt apparently, that the demons were actually living in the shed and would occasionally raid the main house to infect. "They infected my son and made him ill" -- Smith told the court.

Everett Richardson testified that the demons "were more aggressive in the winter. We kept the lights burning all night and covered the windows with metal foil" -- apparently thinking that the demons or weirdo-geists would bounce like radar off the aluminum sheets. I-yi-yi.

In January, 1971, mail-order Everett Richardson moved in with the Smith family, who treated him as "part of the family" --as Clarence later testified. Richardson, as a witness for the prosecution, said, in regard to the covering of the windows with aluminum foil, that he saw, "at least 34 demons" who were were trying to pull a shrapnel scene on the pad. (trial, Tuesday, 1-18-72)

And so it went. Clarence Smith testified at his trial that his wife Georgina suffered acutely from many inner ailments but was cured miraculously in April 1971 "by a strange voice she heard while seated on a living room sofa."

Rev. Richardson apparently told police later that Clarence Smith, as the year of 1971 wore on, became more and more violent -- "Let's go down the hill and kill some hippies" Smith is reported to have mutter-snarled on occasion, viewing the summer traffic that swarmed down Placer Hill Road toward the Bear River and Dog Bar Campsite.

There is a conflict in their versions of events, in that Everett Richardson was a prosecution witness at Smith's murder trial and was instrumental in getting Smith arrested for homicide while Clarence Smith claimed that the whole murder was set up by the young Rev. Richardson.

On June 25, 1971, Clarence Smith, accompanied by his eight year old son, David, was driving in his dump truck at 3 A.M. on Interstate Highway 80 two miles south of Auburn, California when the truck went out of control and rolled 300 feet down an embankment. Smith remained inside the vehicle, dazed only, but his son was thrown from the truck and killed.

Smith reportedly was devastated by the death and was placed under heavy sedation at the local hospital. He began to drink heavily during the next several weeks.

Around July 12, 1971, according to Smith, Everett Richardson informed him that he had sinned grievously by being drunk and that, in the words of Smith: "to redeem my sins, I was to kill hippies on the river."

Dog Bar

There were 17 humans camping at Dog Bar campground on the north bank of the Bear River the hot night of July 12, Monday, 1971. It was midnight and most campers were inside their tents. There were two men, five women and 10 children at Dog Bar, all within several hundred feet or so of one another.

The list:

1. Kenneth Garbe, 20, of nearby Applegate, sitting in a tent playing cards with his wife, Elizabeth.
2. Elizabeth Jean Garbe, 23, of Applegate, sitting in a tent with her husband, Kenneth.
3. John Simmons AKA Jimen Satan, of nearby Colfax, California.* Simmons/Satan was apparently 29 years old and married to a woman named Beatrice and between them, had 7 children. Simmons apparently was camping alone. He made what was described as a humble living, doing odd jobs in the area and also worked as a guard for a private parcel of river front land, probably along the Bear River in the ~~area~~ vicinity. Simmons was heavily armed, with a .41 Cal. Magnum stuck in his belt and a .22 Cal pistol at hand, plus a .38 calibre revolver found in his tent.
4. Delores Bell of nearby Auburn, Cal., employed as a waitress.
5. Bonnie Armbruster, also of Auburn.
6. child
7. child
8. child
9. child --these four children being in the tent with Armbruster and Bell.

10. Donna Fitzhugh 28 ,recently moved to Grass Valley, California from Ontario (Cal.). Her husband Sam Fitzhugh (was away) prospecting for gold at nearby Greenhorn Creek, to the northeast.

11. Mark Fitzhugh, 11, son of Donna Fitzhugh.
12. Martha Parker, 24, of Walnut, California in the East Los Angeles area. Her husband Dave Parker also prospecting for gold that night along Greenhorn Creek. She was the sister-in-law of Donna Fitzhugh.
13. child
14. child
15. child
16. child
17. child

* some reports
say he was from
Weimar. If so,
Clarence Smith may have
known Simmons.
Weimar is in Placer Co.

About midnight, Clarence Otis Smith approached Dog Bar campground, apparently by foot, wearing thick glasses, tan pants, tan jacket and armed with a sharp bone-handled knife with a curving 18 inch blade resembling a sickle.

Elizabeth Garbe sat in her tent playing cards with her husband, Ken. Smith suddenly yanked open the tent flap and said, "Hi there!" and immediately took a swing with the knife-sickle at Elizabeth Garbe. Kenneth Garbe grabbed at Smith enabling his wife to escape the tent, screaming in the darkness. Smith pushed Garbe to the floor, where Garbe raised his hand to ward off hack and was wounded. He then crawl-ran out of the tent, Smith in close pursuit, and Smith hooked Garbe's back with the sickle, but not lethally.

The Garbes escaped the chopping nut who ambled hacking and slashing in another direction, uttering wierd growls that sounded like a cross between gargling and laughing.

Mr and Mrs Garbe reached a tent some few hundred feet away to warn the two women occupants, Mrs Delores Bell and Mrs Bonnie Armbruster, both of nearby Auburn, California, and their four children. Mr. Garbe yelled a warning.

"We heard a voice out of the darkness shouting 'Get out of here. He's chopping everyone up'" --one of the mothers recalled shortly after the event. The Garbes and the two women and children fled across a small bridge across the Bear River to a house some distance away and telephoned the Sheriff's office.

As Mr. & Mrs Garbe and Mrs Bell and Mrs Armbruster and children were readying to flee the scene, they witnessed distantly the laughing Clarence O. Smith, silhouetted by campfire, do his evilness upon struggling victims.

John Simmons, 29, AKA Jimen Satan, was apparently sitting by firelight outside a tent, armed with a .41 Cal. Magnum in his belt, a .22 Cal pistol in his hand and a .38 Cal revolver nearby. Gargle-laughing Clarence O. Smith slashed him. Witnesses stated that Simmons fired three shots from his .22 Cal pistol at Smith to no avail as Smith overwhelmed him. As Smith killed Mr. Simmons, 28 year old Donna Fitzhugh ran toward Smith, apparantly from a nearby tent, aiming a .22 Cal. rifle at him which wouldn't work, either misfiring or having no ammunition. Smith killed her also and severely wounded in the head her sister-in-law Martha Marie Parker, 24, of Walnut, California. Their husbands were away on a gold prospecting expedition. Mrs. Fitzhugh's 11 year old son, Mark, watched the murders but escaped injury.

Mrs. Delores Bell, one of these fleeing across the bridge to safety, heard the shots and saw the killer silhouetted against a campfire: "When I looked back, he was down on his hands and knees striking at something.. He was so crazy he was even hitting a tree."

As he fled, Kenneth Garbe saw Mrs. Fitzhugh trying to fire upon Smith: "The last thing I heard was canvas ripping. I guess he went through the back of their tent."

Smith almost decapitated the woman, her head bent over a log. Simmons' stomach was ripped open and Clarence O. Smith stole Simmons'.41 Calibre Magnum pistol from his belt.

Because of the savage treatment afforded the victim, John Simmons, there was much early speculation by the police that perhaps he was the target of the murderer and that the Garbes had been attacked by mistake. There was another theory regarding a violent love triangle involving one of the victims.

It all took about a half hour. The bodies lay near the river 30 feet apart. Clarence Smith lost his thick glasses somewhere in the vicinity and escaped as follows, according to his testimony at his trial: "I swam the river, lost my shoes and jacket and while I was swimming the river, I gouged my leg." He received other wounds on his arms and hands also.

Police arrived shortly and Mrs. Parker was taken to the Sacramento Medical Center for critical brain surgery. Kenneth Garbe was treated for multiple wounds at Placer General Hospital in Auburn. Elizabeth Garbe was treated for minor cuts and released.

According to police, 6 children were found in the campsite, hiding in tents. The killer apparently returned to his nearby home.

The Search

A posse began combing the hills at daybreak. Clarence O. Smith testified that he was with Rev. Richardson after the murders and that Richardson told him to hide the weapons and bloody clothing at the Smith residence. Later detectives found bloodstained clothing stuffed into a jar and a .41 Cal. Magnum , apparently victim Simmons/Satan's, and the curved double-edged 18 inch murder weapon, in a sump ~~beneath~~ near (a building on the property.) Pretty stupid of Smith.

News of the "maniacal laugh" caused chills to sweep through the piny Sierra Nevada foothills, not to mention across the nation's front pages, (Everyone would fear a) huge bald loup-garou "laughing , grumbling and growling like an animal" --as one wire service dispatch described it, and like the traditional symbol of death, waving a sickle.

Since the murders occurred at the boundary line between Placer and Nevada counties and since the victims lived in both counties, there was interest, intense indeed, in the case by both counties' Sheriffs offices, although, since the murder actually took place in Nevada County, Sheriff Wayne Brown, a popular 21 year veteran at his job, headed up the investigation. Sheriff Brown was reknowned for what has been described as a masterful job of detective work in 1951 when he captured the notorious Santo Gang which had been guilty of some local murders. Nevada County Undersheriff Frank Gallino also worked on the Clarence Smith case, as did Lt. William Mullis of Nevada County.

Placer County Sheriff William A. Scott and his force worked on the case, including Captain Richard Wightman and Lt. William Harrington.

Prospectors Dave Parker and Sam Fitzhugh returned to Dog Bar Tuesday afternoon, July 13, 1971, where they were informed of the grim deeds.

Sheriff Brown's office checked doctors and hospitals to see if the killer came in for care of wounds. It was felt at the time that the killer might have a leg bullet wound. Smith apparently visited a local doctor in Auburn for various wounds and told the physician that he received the cuts walking through a glass door. Police visited Smith to question him within 48 hours of the murders but were apparently satisfied with his story at that time.

On Tuesday night, 7-13-71, a State Division of Forestry employee called Sheriffs deputies to report that he'd seen a man carrying a sickle that very night near Rollins Lake 5 miles north of the murder site. The man fit the description broadcast by the media.

Deputies trekked to remote back country to talk to gold prospectors and old timers and various "eccentric loners" -- finding nothing. Housewives and residents in the area began to carry weapons, as was their right under California law.

On Wednesday 7-14-71, police opened Dog Bar up for campers but was totally empty that night; also Thursday. There was a noticeable slack-off of summer tourist trade all through gold gouge country, causing dissatisfied rumbles from inn keepers.

There were many weapons already possessed by the local citizens since the area attracted as residents avid sportspeople; hunters, gun-lovers. On Thursday, 7-15-71, a woman told a reporter in a Nevada City restaurant: "if anybody comes around my house tonight and don't holler real loud, they're going to get dusted off with a 12-gauge shotgun." Local police agencies in the area and the California Highway Patrol received a swamp of tips and theories from citizens, as is usual in headline murder cases. "The people are frightened, and I mean frightened" -- commented Deputy Ronald Parscali. The Grass Valley Hardware Store, near Perez' barber shop, reported heavy sales of flashlights and batteries and ammunition.

Thursday, Placer County Sheriff William A. Scott and Nevada County Sheriff Wayne Brown issued appeals through the media for citizens to put their rifles back in the cabinets and to calm down. Around that time, one-half mile from the murder site, two persons pulled guns on a Pacific Gas & Electric serviceman trying to read a meter.

Also on Thursday a meeting was held between Sheriffs Brown & Scott representing the two counties concerned in order to coordinate the investigation. District Attorney Harold Berliner of Nevada County attended the meeting as did Captain Richard Wightman and Lt. William Harrington of Placer County sheriffs department.

By the end of the week, the police had located the thick glasses lost by Smith. By Friday, 7-16-71, newspapers were printing a scowling, fat-faced composite drawing of the suspect with data obtained from the wounded campers. Sheriff Brown was allegedly upset over the decision to release the composite drawing, noting that he himself, the sheriff, fit the hazy description of the snuffer. Said the sheriff, "I'm exactly 200 pounds, exactly 5 foot ten, bald and heavy set."

At the time of the murders, about a quarter of a mile from Dog Bar, lived a bearded long-haired musician named Charles Watson in an old abandoned ranch house overlooking the river. Watson tolk William Endicott of the Los Angeles Times (7-16-71 part 1, p.3) that on the night of the murders he heard screams. "But I hear screaming all the time. I thought it was just another party."

On Friday 7-16-71 there was a requiem mass held at 9:30 A.M. in St. Josephs Church in Auburn for deceased John Simmons. Mr. Simmons, 29, was buried in a $625 casket after $200 toward its purchase had been raised by friends of the family. Simmons' 17 year old stepson Willie vowed to raise the money by working during the rest of the summer. Simmons was buried in denims and polo shirt. "The family wanted it that way" --commented the undertaker.

On Monday 7-19-71 in Grass Valley, California, funeral services were held for Donna Fitzhugh.

On Wednesday, 7-21-71, Clarence Otis Smith fled the set for ~~[illegible]~~ Oregon, thence to Texas (apparently visiting relatives in Childress, Tex.) and then to Mexico City.

Already a suspect, Smith apparently was kept under close watch during his perigrinations thru Oregon, Texas and Mexico prior to his arrest.

On Wednesday 7-28-71, Nevada County Sheriff Wayne Brown led a search of Smith's residence on Placer Hill Road where his wife was then still living. She gave the OK to search the grounds. Clarence Smith had been missing from home and garbage work for a week. Smith was apparently snitched out by his friend "Rev." Richardson. The San Francisco Chronicle (Sat. 7-31-71, p.3) reported that "investigators had searched the house --with permission of his family, which is still living there-- after Smith's minister suggested to officials they investigate Smith." The weapons & bloody clothing were located. That, plus linking the eyeglasses to Smith, enabled police to break the case.

On Friday 7-30-71, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Clarence Otis Smith by the Nevada City Justice Court upon the request of District Attorney Harold Berliner.

(Note: it would be interesting to determine if Clarence Smith or Rev. Richardson were inspired by the machete-head-bash murder of 25 farm workers 25 miles east of Dog Bar, in Yuba City, California along the Feather River in April & May of 1971. One Juan Corona, a Sutter County farm labor contractor has been convicted of the crimes, all committed a few weeks before Smith went nuts and given prominent treatment by the media.)

Arrest & Trial

On Saturday, August 7, 1971, Clarence Smith, wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots, wide belt and a large cowboy hat and two 5-inch-bladed knives, was picked up by Mexican authorities in Mexico City. He was flown north to the border where at 1 p.m. F.B.I. agents took him into custody in the middle of International

Bridge between Brownsville, Texas and Matamoros, Mexico. He was held in Camoron County jail awaiting extradition. On Monday, 8-9-71, C.O. Smith was arraigned in Brownsville, Texas for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.

On Monday, January 10, 1972 Clarence Smith went on trial for murder in Nevada County Superior Court in Nevada City, California. He pled not guilty and not guilty by reason of being insane at the time of the crime. During his trial he testified about his problem with the demons. On January 26, 1972 Smith was found guilty of murder, after a trial lasting 12 days and after two days (twenty hours) of jury deliberation. There were hearings in front of the same jury regarding the question of his sanity at the time of the murders and it was held he was sane at the time.

On Thursday, March 2, 1972, Everett T. Richardson, the mail order minister, was sentenced to state prison for transporting a stolen automobile across a state line. U.S. District Judge Thomas J. MacBride in Sacramento ordered Richardson to ~~takex~~ undergo psychiatric examination.

On Friday, March 3, 1972, Clarence O. Smith was sentenced formally to serve life imprisonment. He surprised the court by standing up to confess the murders and to implicate his friend Richardson in the ordering of the crimes. He volunteered to take a lie detector test to substantiate his story that Richardson ordered, so to speak, the slayings. After his confession, Nevada County Judge Harold F. Wolters announced the life sentence on two counts of murder and two counts of assault.

Report
prepared
Jan-Feb-April-May 1973

Stanley Baker:

TEETH BY THE RIVER OF LIGHTNING

Stanley Dean Baker was born in Sheridan, Wyoming in 1947.

Sheridan, Wyoming is strictly cowboys & Indians country with numerous cattle ranches adorning its rugged landscapes. It is politically conservative, meaning staunch Republicanism mixed with dead Indians and send 'em back to Africa. The first "dude ranches" in America were in the Sheridan, Wyoming area. Stanley Baker's father was a popular Sheridan barber. Young Stanley served as a choir boy in the Catholic church. He received the coveted Boy Scout "God and Country Award."

Young Stanley liked to hunt and fish with his father. He grew up a powerful 6 foot two inches, with enormous hands. He apparently was well-liked by those of the 12,000 residents of Sheridan who knew him. There is no indication that he had any scrapes with the law, in his youth. Given the normal course of the American small town boy, Stanley Baker should have gone to school, gone to the service, married his sweetheart, and settled down with an appliance dealership or ~~[illegible]~~ as executive trainee at the creamery.

On August 28, 1964, when Stanley was about 17, he and four male companions were driving along Big Goose Road, six miles west of Sheridan, Wyoming, when the car sharp-turned and sheared off a utility pole. There were no serious injuries but the road was showered with sparks from the fallen 7200 volt powerline.

One of Stanley Baker's friends stepped from the automobile and was zapped by the electricity and was hurled face down into a ditch full of water, lying on or near the death-line.

Stanley Dean Baker jumped out of the car and pulled the boy off the electron-spitting line, and out of the ditch, burning himself very badly in the legs with electrical shocks, but saving his friend's life. This powerline zap Baker later claimed was largely responsible

for motivating him to chew the skin off a Musselshell County, Montana welfare worker's knuckle bones.

Baker dropped out, apparently during his senior year in high school, to join the Navy. Stanley Baker had a younger friend in Sheridan, Wyoming named Harry Allen Stroup, born in 1950. Stroup graduated from Sheridan High School in 1968, a thin impressionable human, later Baker's associate in murderous marauding.

Data for the years, 1966, 67, 68, 69, regarding Baker, is not gathered as yet, but apparently Stanley Dean Baker served a four year hitch in the Navy, which would have released him sometime in 1969.

At least by early 1970, Stanley Baker developed strong interests in satanism and devil-ism. He apparantly nurtured his satanism in sunny California where he spent considerable time in 1970. He was arrested in San Jose in 1970 for a drug violation.

He has been accused by Lt. Charles of the San Francisco Police Department, Homicide Bureau, of the grim murder of famous lamp designer Robert Salem, the weekend of Saturday April 18, 1970 in San Francisco.

Forty year old Robert Salem lived at 745 Stevenson St. in San Francisco, by the Franciscan Hotel. It was a luxurious pad which also served as Salem's workshop where he turned out sought-after hurricane lamps some of which appeared in museum shows. Salem was born in Texas and came to San Francisco in 1949 after serving in the Navy. He was fond of cats, the killer leaving behind a mother and 6 hungry kittens.

The killer, apparently Stanley Baker, attacked Robert Salem who was attired in what was described as "oriental lounging pajamas." Salem was stabbed once in the chest, 6 times in the back and his head was almost cut off. His left ear was removed. Into Salem's chest, Tate-LaBianca style, was carved what appeared to be the Egyptian word-sign meaning "life": ☥ -- the so-called "ankh" sign.

Upon the wall, in large printed letters, the killer scrawled, in Salem's blood a large Egyptian ankh-sign ☥ and the words: SATAN
SAVES

==which were positioned to the right of the ankh-sign; and to the right of SATAN/SAVES, were blood-painted the large letters: ZOD
IAC .

The letter "D" in the word ZOD/IAC appeared to be very faint, in the picture of the wall as printed in the San Francisco, Chronicle.

Robert Salem's apartment was ransacked, leading police to believe that the killer was looking for something specific, since there was nothing known to be of value missing. The killer took a shower in the apartment, before leaving, to wash the red off.

Stanley Baker told a prison cellmate later that he boiled the severed ear and ate it. It is not known if this grim event occurred in Salem's very apartment or somewhere else. i-yi-yi.

Police were unable to find the murder weapon, The killer turned the heat in the apartment up to 90 degrees, perhaps to throw the coroner off in dating the time of death.

Friends of Salem found his body on Sunday evening, 4-19-70, employees of the nearby Franciscan Hotel who were worried, not having seen Mr. Salem for several days.

(Lt. Esty of the Capitola Polic Department reportedly has a file on the Robert Salem killing.)

Stanley Baker told Michael Whalen, Harry Stroup's attorney in the Nov. '70 heart-eat trial, that he'd joined some sort of "black magic cult" called "The Church of Satan" -in the summer of 1970. 1969 seems a better year for Baker joining the satanists, since the summer of 1970, he was either on the road in Canada or the Sheridan, Wyoming area, probably not too much a hot-bed of satanist recruitment.

Before his murder trial, Stanley Baker told authorities that he'd come back to the Sheridan area to pick up his old friend Harry Stroup. Baker elected to stay in Story , Wyoming, a resort community 20 miles from Sheridan in north central part of the state. He lived there with a step-sister.

Baker presented a weird fierce face to the local youth-- strutting around clad in a bone necklace, brown leather vest, black leather bell bottoms, long blond hair and glaring snuff-eyes focussing upon up-tight female caucasians. As for Baker arriving to pick up Stroup-- it appears that satanism, violence, plus boiling that ear, had weirdized Baker to the point where, according to his own testimony, he "often had impulses to kill H.A. Stroup, but I didn't because true friends are hard to find."

The huge-handed 6 foot 2 inch Baker had, according to Sheridan, Wyoming police, been working sometime in 1970 in Big Timber,

In the first half of June 1970, Stanley Baker freaked out the local young citizenry of Sheridan, by his deportment at several parties. There was a "beer and pot" party in Tongue River Canyon , 25 miles N.W. of Sheridan, according to an 18 year old Sheridan College woman, where Baker in his leathers and necklace of bones strode through the dark forest glaring and uttering strings of gutteral growls.

A few days after the Tongue River Canyon party, there was another shindig held at night at a place called "the pits" -- a coal mining pit filled with water attended by a couple of dozen couples, including Stanley Dean Baker, ear-eater.

Sometime, late in the afternoon, by chance or by choice, Stanley Baker, apparently walking barefoot, cut his foot on a broken beer bottle. To the startled gazes of the revellers, Baker carefully drained the blood of his own foot into a cup whereupon he slowly drank it down after which he patted his stomach, uttered an ahhhh, and announced how good it was.

On June 15, 1970 Stanley Baker, Harry Stroup, now 20, and , a human named Evan Broheart left Sheridan , Wyoming in Brohearts car, on the way to Toronto, Ontario, Canada to attend a rock and roll festival to be held on Sat./Sun. June 27-28, 1970.

The rock and roll festival, called by promoters, The Festival Express, was held at the Canadian National Exposition Stadium aka CNE Stadium, in Toronto.

Harry Stroup was either A.W.O.L. from the army or due to report for active duty around the time he left for Canada. He testified that one of the reasons he traveled to Canada was to investigate joining other draft resistors there to avoid fighting in the Vietnam War, which he regarded as an unjust conflict.

Baker later testified that he carried in his duffle bag during his Canadian trip some sort of magic kit related to his "black cult of satan" --his adopted religion.

The Festival Express in Toronto June 27-28 featured famous rock acts from the United States, including The Grateful Dead, The Band, Bonnie & Delaney, Tom Rush, Ten Years After, Traffic and great blues singer Janis Joplin.

On July 3, 1970 at 8:30 p.m. Stanley Baker mailed a letter home to Sheridan in which he revealed that he wanted to go to disk jockey school and chatted how he liked the women of Canada, etc. "We've been here for two weeks, will be leaving tomorrow. People are really nice up here." -he wrote.

After Stanley Baker and Harry Stroup split from the Toronto area, apparently on or just after July 4, 1970, they hitched west across Canada. Evan Broheart, who drove them originally from Sheridan to Toronto on June 15, apparently returned by himself or perhaps stayed behind longer. Baker and Stroup caught a freight train from Big Sandy, , to Great Falls Montana, arriving sometime July 8 or early July 9, 1970.

Upon leaving the freight train, Baker/Stroup were picked up early on July 9 by a Mrs. Richard Scott, her husband and children. Mrs. Scott drove them to a mountain where they all shared food. "We picnicked and shared a nice lunch and a nice visit with them. They said they had been to a rock festival up in Canada someplace." -- Mrs. Scott testified at Stroup's Nov. '70 trial.

After the picnic, Mrs. Scott drove the pair south to the White Sulphur Springs cut-off, and dropped them off, north of Livingston, Montana, on Route 89. From White Sulphur Springs a motorist from Colorado picked Baker and Stroup up and drove them south to Yellowstone National Park but the camp was full. The motorist drove them back a couple of miles north again toward Livinstone, where Stanley Baker called a human named Jim Higgins of Big Timber, Montana regarding employment. Baker apparently had worked previously for Mr. Higgins.

After the call, the pair drove onward toward Livingston and camped overnight, the night of July 9, 1970, along Route 89.

Early the next morning, July 10, 1970, Stanley Dean Baker and Harry Allen Stroup, hitched north and were picked up in a van headed for Canada occupied by four young humans and two dogs. The van dropped the pair off at the White Sulphur Springs Overpass where, according to their testimony, they stashed their gear in the high grass. Stanley Baker apparently had made an appointment with Jim Higgins in Big Timber regarding a possible job so they headed in that direction.

A human in a Buick convertible picked them up and drove them most or all of the way. Baker and stroup waited for Mr. Higgins for an hour across the street, in a field, from Higgins' house which was apparently next to a fish hatchery. Baker later testified that Higgins turned him down because Higgins said Baker was wanted for drug violations in Wyoming. This angered Baker in murderous proportion. After the rejection, Baker/Stroup hitched away into the void. Mrs. Juanita Cantwell and her husband were driving from Clyde Park to Livingston, Montana and gave the young men a ride back to Route 89, White Sulphur Springs Viaduct, where they'd told her they'd stashed their gear. Before she let them out, she warned Baker about going thru Bozeman, Montana, in that, due to the heavy red-neck ratio, some of the locals might try to grab the hirsute wanderers and forceably cut their hair.

Stanley Baker was wearing a heavy chain around his neck and told Mrs. Cantwell that he wouldn't stand to be pushed around, that he "threw away his flowers a long time ago for a knife and a chain."

After Higgins refused to hire him, Baker has testified to being sorely angry at "the Establishment,"-- as he termed it. According to the testimony of Baker and of Stroup, they parted company for a few hours at the luggage-stash near the White Sulphur Springs Overpass. (Stroup, however, was found guilty by a jury in November 1970 of accompanying Baker on the ensuing snuff-spasm.)

They then split up after some small argument apparently regarding which direction they should hitchhike. As they split, according to Baker, they each dropped into their systems a tab of LSD.

Baker later blamed the acid for amplifying his anger: "The LSD magnified my anger into uncontrollable proportions. I was so rattled, I couldn't have told you, man, which hand I stuck out in front of me." (testifying 11-19-70)

Alas for him, around five p.m. the afternoon of July 10, 1970, a man named James Schlosser left his job at the Musselshell County Welfare office in Roundup, Montana, waved goodbye to his friends and started out for a weekend of camping, probably heading for Yellowstone National Park. The strong 200 pound Mr. Schlosser was a 1970 graduate of the College of Great Falls and had been working at the welfare office for about a month. James Schlosser picked up blond-bearded satanist Stanley Dean Baker, stoned, stymied and stab-eyed.

The data is confused as to what happened next. It appears that Baker supplied authorities with two stories. One is that he and Schlosser attempted to camp out at Yellowstone but were turned away at the gate because of overcrowding. The other story, in his testimony at his buddy Stroup's trial, was that the "dude" -as Baker described his victim, was interested in camping at Yellowstone but that Baker, who had been there a couple of days previous, told him it was full.

So, according to Baker, they drove down 4-lane Route 89 toward Corwin's Springs and Gardiner, Montana and camped out on the roadside just a few feet from the Yellowstone River swirling swollen from recent rains. They made no fire-- just crawled into their sleeping bags-- and slept.

There is one puzzling event that somehow fits into the chronology.

Between 10:30 & 11:30 p.m. the night Schlosser was murdered, Stanley Baker and "another rough-looking man" came into Williams Texaco station in Bozeman, Montana in a blue compact car, according to tall Tom Putnam, who was working at a summer job at the station. He wasn't able to identify the other person-- although it appears definitely not to have been Schlosser, who was certainly not "rough-looking." Also, Schlosser's car was not blue, but was a two-door 1969 Opel Kadett, gold in color with black racing stripes. (Putnam the gas station attendant now lives in Sheridan , Montana.)

Around midnight, Stanley Dean Baker was awakened by the distant sound of thunder and saw the flashes of lightning upon the sky. This triggered off a snuff-spasm, according to Baker.

Tranced, as he claims, Baker removed from his belongings a .22 Cal. High Standard 9 shot cheapo-cheapo pistol, the type that Manson's family used on Cielo Drive, and shot Schlosser once in the back of the head. Baker then attacked the victim's chest with a K-Bar knife, slash-sawing a large T-shaped wound in it, whereafter he grabbed out Schlosser's heart and ate it beneath the flashing clouds raw and quivery warm.

He cut the social worker's arms off near the shoulder, offed the head, and the legs near the knees and hacked the torso, so that, he said, the body would sink into the Yellowstone River, just 75 feet off the road at that point. This process took about four hours.

In addition, Baker cut off one of the victim's middle fingers, and pared away the flesh which he flung into the river. The finger bones he kept and cleaned and made smooth (apparently by chewing them.) They were received later by the police who sent them to the Smithsonian Institute in D.C. to be verified as human.

Baker told the police, the F.B.I. and the court that the heart-gobble was not undertaken as part of any satanic thrill-rite or ceremony. He said that he "awoke" to find himself "just standing there, covered with blood" --as he testified (11-19-70 Stroup's trial). In haste, Baker rolled up the sleeping bags, stole Schlosser's Texaco credit card, drivers license and automobile registration for the Opel Kadett --then peeled away from the murder site, leaving behind a grim riverside spatter-pattern of blood, loose teeth in grass, flesh-parts and bone chips, from his satanoid picnic.

Baker sped down Route 89, looking for Harry Stroup (or, according to the jury, *with* Harry Stroup). Only a few minutes after he tossed the torso into the swollen river, Baker located Stroup a couple of miles from where they allegedly split up earlier. It was shortly after midnight when, according to his own testimony, Baker "duped" 20 year old Harry Stroup into getting into Schlosser's car with him and heading out for California.

They drove through Idaho Washington and Oregon and down into California into the beautiful rocky fastnesses of the Big Sur area, where tales of cult-snuffs and oo-ee-oo weirdness abound, from the years 69, 70, 71. They paid for gasoline with Schlosser's credit card.

July 11, 1970

On Saturday afternoon, five miles north of Gardiner, Montana a park services employee at Yellowstone National Park named Richard Miller, was trout fishing in the river. when he spotted what at first he was sure was a mannikin floating nearby. To his once-in-a-lifetime horror he saw that it was a headless torso clad in shorts. He hastened to make sure that his three-year old granddaughter playing nearby didn't see the sight and raced to call the police.

The body was removed to Franzen Mortuary in a rubber disaster pouch.

July 13, 1970, Monday. Big Sur, California area.

Stanley Baker and Harry Stroup were about 25 miles south of Big Sur, California, driving from Lucia, a don't-blink sized small town right on the coast, east along Nacimiento Grade Road which wound up through the mountains and Hunter-Liggett Military Reservation for thirty-five miles, ending at King City. He told police later that he was going to ditch the car somewhere in the area. (There was a commune, a socalled "hippie colony" , along Nacimiento Grade Road some'here. See if the commune was the one where Eve Hindin was heading when abducted on 7-5-70.)

Sometime just before they were arrested, Baker gave Stroup one of Schlosser's smooth knuckle bones, as a good luck charm, saying that it was from a chicken.

The Opel Kadett was speeding around a curve apparently on the wrong side of the road when it ran head-on into a pick-up truck pulling a motorcycle, carrying a vacationing Michigan printer named Robert Parks. The pickup was lightly damaged but the ~~Opex~~ gold Opel was whacked out of commission. Parks approached the two hirsute men and asked to see drivers license etc. To his surprise they could produce nothing. In fact, Baker asked to borrow a screwdriver; borrowing which, he proceeded to unscrew the Montana plates from the smashed Opel and threw them into the wilderness.

Robert Parks asked who was going to pay for damages to his vehicle, and Baker told him that if they could get to a phone he would make a phone call and straighten everything out. Accordingly, Baker and Stroup got into Parks' pickup truck and they drove toward the coast town of Lucia. During the ride Baker told Parks about a murder. "He said he killed a man on the beach the night before" - Parks testified at Stroup's trial (11-23-70), "and I said, 'Okay, fine.'"

After Baker had blurted out that he'd killed someone on the beach the night before, Stroup offered to bribe Mr. Parks, saying, "You shouldn't judge this person by what he says. I'll give you my watch, ring and any money I have to let us go."

When they reached Lucia, Parks stopped at a gas station and said, "You can make the call here." Instead, Baker and Stroup ran away into the woods, leaving Parks with a damaged pickup truck.

Baker burnt the license and car registration belonging to Schlosser, dumb precautions for someone who has just snitched himself out.

Robert Parks phoned the California Highway Patrol in Salinas from Lucia and told him what had happened. Patrolman Randy Newton told Mr. Parks to meet him 25 miles north of Lucia at Big Sur in Pfeiffer State Park. Parks mentioned Baker's purported snuff activities and weird behavior when they met and talked at Pfeiffer State Park.

After the interrogation , Mr. Parks drove away toward his home in Michigan and CHP Officer Newton obtained a tow truck and headed south to Lucia and turned east onto Nacimiento Grade Road finally confronting the front-smashed Opel Kadett. Searching he found the two Montana plates.

Officer Newton phoned in the Montana license plate numbers to obtain information about ownership and possible theft. At 3 p.m. that afternoon, Monday, July 13, 1970, he drove north up the Coast Highway. Three miles north of Lucia near Vincenti Creek Randy Newton spotted Baker and Stroup trudging up the road.

Newton asked them if they were connected with the smashed automobile and they admitted they were. Newton then told them what Robert Parks had related to him about a murder one of them had admitted committing. Baker spoke up, "Yes, I want to confess a murder."

Newton leaned them over the patrol car, locked up their hands, and read them their rights derived from the Constitution of the United States. He called then Monterey County Sheriff's Deputies Bill Lindstrom and Bill Cook and agreed to meet the Deputies at Dolan Creek, 10 miles north of the arrest site.

At Dolan Creek police took into custody what was probably the first seized cannibal knuckle-bone in modern history. They emptied the suspects pockets onto the fender of the Sheriff's vehicle, plunking onto which was a small bone. "What is that"- an officer asked Harry Stroup, out of whose pocket it was taken.

Stroup said it was a chicken bone. Officer Lindstrom said Baker disagreed, "No, man, it's not a chicken bone, it's a bone from that dude I killed in Montana."

Baker began confessing right away. They were taken to the Sheriff's sub-station in Monterey, California. ~~[illegible]~~ On the way to the sub-station, one of the Deputies radio'd CHP Officer Randy Newton to find out if any data had come in regarding the Montana license plate off the Opel. Newton said there was no data in yet but the automobile was not on the stolen list.

As the officer talked over the radio, suddenly Stanley Baker blurted out, "It belonged to the dude I killed." Waiting to interrogate the suspects were Detective Dempsey Billey of the Monterey County Sheriff's Department, resident F.B.I. agent Warren A. Cook and Detective Sgt. John McMahon in whose office apparently the interviews were held.

Stroup and Baker gave their residence as being in Sheridan, Wyoming. Stroup , however, seemed unwilling to babble so he was led away to another room while the interrogation focussed on logorrhetic Stanley Baker.

It was then, alone with the officers, that Stanley Baker uttered his now-famous confession opening line: "I have a problem, I am a cannibal." Baker, attired in striped light-hued bells, leather vest, engineer boots and green army fatigue jacket, was shown the finger bone from Stroup's pocket. Baker said, "If you'll look in my pocket, I've got one too."

Sure enough, he had one too, and also a typed "recipe" for making L.S.D. Baker told the intent interrogators that just recently he had taken 65 caps of acid, apparantly at one gulp, enough certainly to zonk one out onto the plane of Total Froth. Baker told them of the electric shock he'd received age 17. "I haven't been the same since." -he told them.

Baker rambled on and on about witchcraft, the gore, the murder, about satanism-- freaking out somewhat the officers of the law who had to question and listen to him.

Det. Sgt. McMahon told a writer from the Great Falls, Montana Tribune, who called up the Monterey County Sheriff's office as soon as word seeped out about Baker's arrest, about his disgust: "I have to go in there (detention cells where suspects were being held) right now and get a taped statement. It's making me sick." McMahon said that Baker called himself "Jesus"-in common with a quite a few violent-minded psychedelic snuffoids.

As for Stroup, he remained silent, steadfastly claiming his innocence of the crime. At the least, however, Stroup knew about Schlosser's death soon after it occurred. F.B.I. agent Warren Cook, who interviewed first Baker, then Stroup, on the day of their arrest (7-13-70) said Stroup told him Baker had said he killed a man who had 'made sexual advances' toward him.

Sgt McMahon later told an investigator that he felt Stroup would have confessed himself except a lawyer, apparently hired by his father, called and told him to keep quiet.

Baker/Stroup were held without bail in the County Jail in Monterey, California.

July 14, 1970. Tuesday. Gardiner, Montana.

Late in the day on 7-14-70, Park County Montana police found the blood/bonechip suffused snuff site by the river and the 12 inch K-Bar knife.

July 15, 1970. Wednesday. Park County Montana

On 7-15-70 the Park County Sheriff's office received an inquiry from police in Farmington, Utah regarding a murder in mid-April 1970, involving a victim with legs cut off, and 60 stabs. The suspect in the crime was one Dennis Baker. This will be investigated further.

July 19, 1970. Sunday. Park County Montana.

On 7-19-70 Park County Sheriff Don. D. Guintoni flew to Monterey, California in a chartered plane to scoop up Baker and Stroup. Among the personal property of the killers taken in custody by Sheriff Guintoni was, according to Sgt. McMahon, a published book or paperback on satanism or witchcraft belonging to Stanley Baker.

The defendents were flown to Montana and locked up that night in the the Park County Jail for a light dinner of chicken. i-yi-yi.

July 27, 1970

As the date of the defendents' arraignment for murder approached, rumors were rampant in peaceful Livingston that "dozens of hippies" were going to "flood the courthouse lawn" in support of the bearded snuffoids. Sheriff Don Guintoni said that the police had checked out reports of "hippie bands" lurking in the nearby mountains around Livingston, apparently ready to pillage the province, but found all rumors "completely false." Such was the fear and paranoia of 1970, as the court appearance came & went without incident.

September 27, 1970.

p16

The day that great guitarist Jimi Hendrix died in London, September 27, 1970, Stanley Baker was receiving a "psychiatric examination" at Warm Springs State Hospital. Baker felt he had a hand in Hendrix' demise -- apparently referring to a mental hex effort.

Defense attorney Michael Whalen (11-19-70, Stroup's trial) asked if Baker had any hostility toward Hendrix. "Yes. We had a war going on between us. He had fired on me close as I could remember about the age of 10." -Baker testified. Also: "I had a direct contribution to the death of Jimi Hendrix."

October 20, 1970.

On October 20, 1970, Stanley Baker pled guilty to murder. The prosecutor was one Byron Robb, the Park County Attorney ~~[illegible]~~. Baker's court-appointed attorneys were Douglas Drysdale and Robert Holter, both of Bozeman, Montana. There was no testimony.

Baker was sentenced to life imprisonment, avoiding the gallows, standing in a black suit with shorn hair. He will be eligible for parole in 1990. Before being shipped off to the Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Baker flashed what was called an "obscene gesture" at crowding reporters.

Once again there were rumors of an "invasion" of 200 California hippies who were to root for Stanley, but there were no rooters on hand at the sentencing.

Harry A. Stroup's trial was separated from Baker's --since Stroup was claiming innocence. Trial was scheduled for 11-16-70. Arnold Berger, a Billings, Montana attorney, was hired as a special prosecutor for the county, to handle the trial work.

Sometime between October 20 and a month later, November 19, Stanley Baker confessed to someone at Deer Lodge Montana State Prison about the Robert Salem murder of 4-18-70 in San Francisco. How much he snitched himself out, is not known at this time. He did however, talk about eating Salem's ear, and apparently related enough data that had not been made public, for the S.F. Police Department to accuse him of the crime.

November 17, 1970.

Early Tuesday afternoon, 11-17-70, a jury was sworn in for the murder trial of Harry Stroup, held in the frontierland courthouse of Livingston, Montana.

The jurors were James E. Burke, Harlan Jones, Kenneth Kostelitz, Delores Trautman, Ora Knutson, Stewart Baker, Jr.; Zetta Dunlap, William Hughes, Ronald Milledge, Hugh Peltz, Dorothy Bryan and Jeanette Fautsch. The alternates were Eileen Lazendorf and John Fryer.

The county hired a special prosecutor for the trial, one Arnold Berger, a Billings, Montana attorney. The defense attorney was Michael Whalen.

One of the problems presented by this case is that the Park County Court did not see fit to order a trial transcript to be made of the word-for-word procedings. It is not known at this time if anyone made any tape recording of the trial.

November 18, 1970, Wednesday.

As the trial of Harry Allen Stroup began, Park County Sheriff Don Guintoni, put into evidence the following items: 1) a number of .22 Calibre shells taken from Stroup, 2) Bakers clothing (it is not known at this time whether the "clothing" (placed into evidence also) contained Bakers witchcraft book or books and the satan-kit he carried around in his duffle bag) , 3) a pillow & pillow case, 4)

photostatic copies of documents received from authorities in Salinas, California, presumably meaning transcripts of the interviews in California with Stroup/Baker, etc, and 5) maps showing Baker and Stroup's route in the stolen car through Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and into California.

The crime Baker and Stroup committed had attracted intense publicity in certain parts of the country, particularly in Montana, Wyoming and California. In California the Tate-LaBianca murder trial had just begun when the killers were caught and there had been sensational headlines regarding the satanist murder committed in Orange County in June 1970 by devil-crazed Steven Hurd and associates. People just don't want heart-eaters running around loose.

Accordingly, security at Stroup's was "heavy." All entrances were guarded, and the courtroom was like a N.Y. rush-hour subway. Local publications referred to it as the "trial of the century."

There were numerous prosecution witnesses, testifying about blood tests, statements from the defendent, etc. The defendent, Harry Stroup, cut his hair, wore a suit and acted in a diffident and extremely humble manner, not wanting, obviously, to hear the sick snap of his neck as he dropped through the gallows trap-- the method of execution in Montana.

November 19, 1970, Thursday.

The "star" of the trial was the long and grim testimony of surly, anger-spitting Stanley Baker, who was brought in chained like a bear, from Deer Lodge Prison. After his self-snitch in the jail about the Robert Salem murder, his lawyer apparently visited him and advised him to keep quiet about it-- perhaps to avoid the California gas chamber, since he had been given a life sentence in Montana.

Baker told the court in great detail about his satan-worship, about the Church of Satan, and the satanic bible. Baker said he used magic at the pop music festival June 27, 1970 in Toronto to ward off the rain, "so we would have nice weather for the festival." He claimed he could control the minds of others through magic. He related information about some sort of feud he was having with music great Jimi Hendrix. He said he had a hand in the death, apparently by natural causes (drugs) of Hendrix on Sept. 27 ., 1970, in England.

Defense attorney Michael Whalen asked Baker, "Do you have feelings that the reincarnation of Christ is within you?"

Baker: "Could be."

November 20, 1970. Friday.

On Friday, Defense Attorney asked Stanley Baker if he knew "a Bobby Salem in San Francisco."

Baker: "I respectfully refuse to answer on grounds it might lead to incriminate me."

Whalen asked if Baker had cut off Salem's ear, cooked it and ate it. Baker again took safety beneath the Fifth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, as the court-room gasped, at the thought of an ear-eat.

Baker, while freely talking about his own involvement in the murder of James Schlosser, steadfastly denied that his friend Stroup was involved in the crime. Stroup, to be sure, with many a memory lapse, also claimed his innocence. The prosecution presented a case that tried to prove, through witnesses and circumstantial evidence, that Stroup had to be on the scene at the time of Schlosser's demise.

After deliberating for several days, the jury found Stroup

p20

guilty, with a total deliberation time of 37 hours, 27 minutes, of manslaughter, a compromise verdict after the jury had hung for 1st degree murder conviction at 8-4, then 10-2, and finally unanimous for manslaughter, -- a weird finding in my opinion, because either he helped to eat a man's heart or he didn't.

The verdict was reached at 1:30 A.M., Thanksgiving morning, November 26, 1970.

November 22, 1970. San Francisco.

Meanwhile, on 11-22-70, a Sunday, Lt. Charles Ellis , Chief of the San Francisco Police Department Homicide Bureau, announced that Stanley Baker would be charged with the murder of Robert Salem.

December 16, 1970, Tuesday.

On 12-16-70 District Judge Jack D. Shanstrom sentenced Harry Stroup to 10 years hard labor at the Montana State Prison. He is eligible for parole sometime in 1974, although there has been a report that he is already free on the streets (late 1972).

As for Stanley Baker, he attempted to escape from the Montana State Prison and was caught. He is now being held in a federal penitentiary, in Marion, Illinois, from which he keeps in communication by letter with his satanist friends on the west coast.

report prepared Dec. 1972, Jan./Feb. 73

Ed Sanders.

JOHN LINLEY FRAZIER: ECO-SNUFFER

Something sick and despicable has been happening in the Santa Cruz mountains of California-- an area of misty mountain gorges and huge redwoods, rivers, and phoneless vastnesses. During the late 1960's and continuing into the 70's there appeared evidences of blood-drinking, ritual sacrifices of animals, the skinning alive of domesticated pets, fire-side LSD hypnosis of youthful knowledge seekers by guru warpoids bent on the worship of evil and violence-- all of these grim activities operating on and sucking the energy of, a young generation of humans interested in peace, publishing, ecology, sharing, spirituality, new music, art and other benign forms of human expression.

The city of Santa Cruz is located on the Pacific Ocean south of San Francisco. Its population is variously listed as between 25 and 31 thousand humans, more than 25% of whom are over age 65. Only two cities, in sunny Florida, have a greater percentage of senior citizens. Santa Cruz has been described as a "resort-retirement community" located in an area where several million tourists visit per year, copping enjoyment from the splendid mix of elegant beaches and rugged mountain land.

Out of the city of Santa Cruz, running north, are several highways which figure in the John Linley Frazier chronology: Route 17 and Route 9 both of which wind north toward the crestline of the Santa Cruz mountains . The area is a stopping point in the migratory route, south to north, north to south, of the ever roaming, ever restless congeries of young people who travel up and down the coastal areas of California.

Highway 9 winds up through the San Lorenzo River valley through the scenic towns of Felton, Ben Lomond and Boulder Creek and on up north to Summit Road, (a road) which runs for miles down the top-line of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Summit Road also serves as the dividing line between Santa Cruz County and Santa Clara County.

Highway 9 passes thru the middle of the Henry Cowell Redwood Park, a haven for Santa Cruz murderers, just north of Santa Cruz city.

The mountains of Santa Cruz County contain 1000's of shacks, summer lean-tos, remote cabins, rock out-croppings, and makeshift neoprene tents that can be taken over temporarily by any kind of transient with enough means to locate food. "This is probably the toughest place in the world to patrol, because it takes an hour to get from one place to another"-- Santa Cruz County District Attorney Peter Chang related, referring to the problem of warding off mass murderers like Frazier.

To heighten friction, there are many wealthy and middle class "straights" who live in the mountains also, to get away from the gungy creepiness of cenotaphic cities, to live with nature, to raise families in health and peace. The "straights" do not want the obviously poor in their midst, the energetic but penniless backpacker, the angry socialist, and other "minorities."
In the Santa Cruz Mountains, however, the mix of rich and poor, have and have-nots, new age and old age, war and anti-war, capitalism and shareism, is very apparent. Add to this, the apparent existence of a religious society of occult murderers, and there is trouble, sickness and trouble.

Land developers and get-rich-quick specialists resent the emergence of an articulate, environment-oriented, socially conscious group of young people whose prime motivation is not money and power.

The Santa Cruz Mountain area is spotted/dotted with so-called "New Age" type religious groups, hypnotism spas, touchy-feely

weekend rub-down mental "health" resorts with high prices, and "fellowships" of this and that form of Divine Light, etc.

Superstition, belief in ghosts, belief in demons and magic, is unfortunately on the up-swing in America, particularly in California, historically a haven for weirdo/warpo/freako practices. Precise and logical examination of the human soul is not being criticized here but rather the emergence of bad-hearted individuals who use techniques of criminal hypnosis and fascist indoctrination to capture wills and psyches, for violent purposes, for greed, and for insane hungers.

There is in preparation a complete report on ritual sacrifices in the Santa Cruz area for the years 1968 into the early 70's. Skinned dogs, with all blood drained away, began to be found in remote areas in mid-1968, according to District Attorney's Investigator Richard Verbrugge of Santa Cruz County. The dogs were skinned alive. "Whoever is doing this is a real expert with a knife. The skin is cut away without even marking the flesh. The really strange thing is that these dogs have been drained of blood" -reported one Steve Stevens, director of the Santa Cruz Animal Shelter.

A young human named Larry Gayle Kittle, an inmate in December 1969 at the Santa Cruz County Jail, spoke of "fire dances and blood drinking rituals at ... Boulder Creek." And of ceremonies involving the chewing of the entrails of animals while still alive. Barf barf.

Lt. Esty of the Capitola, Cal. Police Dept. (on coast near Santa Cruz) has been extremely efficient in compiling evidence of these grim activities.

There are the claims of Steven Hurd, heart-extractor, about the ritual human sacrifices he says he witnessed off Route 17 in Santa Cruz in 1968-9, conducted by the leader of the "Four P" movement, a large human known by the appellation , "Grand Chingon".

Hurd claimed that he committed murders upon the command of his guru of evil, who called himself the "Devil" (as Manson). Hurd was eventually caught in June of 1970, having chopped out the heart of a woman in southern California and (having) burned it in her stationwagon, as an offering to satan, on GIST ROAD, in a remote creekbed, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

John Linley Frazier, the same year that Stanley Baker and Steven Hurd were chopping hearts out for devil/satan, killed five humans in the Santa Cruz Mountain area, having, he claimed, been instructed in murder-methods by a group of premeditating killers. Here is his history.

John Linley Frazier was born in Garrizozo, New Mexico on January 26, 1946. When he was 4 he moved to San Francisco. When he was ten he moved to Santa Cruz, California, living with his mother, Patricia Pascal, and a step-father.

He attended Santa Cruz High School, and apparently had no legal troubles or severe emotional problems when still quite young. A human named John F. Rego, a cement worker at 3160 Mission Drive in Santa Cruz, knew John Frazier when he was a teenager living across the street with his mom and step-father. Commenting shortly after Frazier was arrested for eco-snuff, Rego said: "I can't believe this about him. He was a very nice boy. He did have a little trouble with his next door neighbors because he used to shake the lemon tree and knock down the lemons."

Frazier's mother, Patricia Pascal, operated a rabbit ranch on an approximately 20 acre mountain top location apparently off Soquel-San Jose Road, which runs north from Soquel, Cal., terminating some miles distant at Summit Road crest of the mountain range. Running more or less parallel with Soquel-San Jose Road is Rodeo Gulch off which Dr. Victor Ohta and family lived and died.

Mrs. Pascal lived in a grey and green Shasta trailer atop cement building blocks in her owned or rented mountain top, an area called Soquel Highlands. Near her trailer, was a converted cowshed, with the sign: FUN, attached to a lower bare-timbered wall. In this nearby cabin/shed, John Frazier would live as a recluse in the weeks prior to his marauding.

Accordingly, John Frazier lived in the Santa Cruz area for most of his formative years. From approximately mid-1967 to mid-1968 he lived near Seattle, Washington-- in Bellevue and Kirkland, Washington; returning to Santa Cruz to live in 1968.

John Frazier married a woman named Delores, described in the newspapers as amiable, and pretty-- a person who had an abiding loving relationship with John Frazier, even in time of trouble.

Delores and John had a baby which was very young in the year 1970. They lived for approximately two years, from mid-1968 till fall of 1970, on a steep road off Highway 9 near Felton, in Santa Cruz County, in a split-level cabin nested on a slope with maybe ½ dozen other homes, forming what the newspapers described as a "tiny community."

Living down-slope from Frazier's cabin, was a 24 year old artist named Michael Rugg who operated with his brother, Howard Rugg, a gallery/workship called Capritaurus situated out the outskirts of Felton, 6 miles north of Santa Cruz. Michael Rugg knew John Frazier as a short-haired "un-hippie" quiet individual with a job and a family. "He was a very unhippie-looking guy in those days" Rugg remembered, referring to the John Frazier of pre-snuff days. "He worked hard on his garden growing vegetables like corn and tomatoes and he would be there in T-shirt and jeans and his hair was a little long but that was all."

While he and Delores and child lived in the split-level cabin, Frazier worked at an auto repair shop.

Sometime in mid-1970, things went weird. In court later, his attorney's would bring up an automobile accident he suffered in May, 1970, as having something to do with a marked personality change Frazier underwent.

On a weekend day, sometime apparently in July or August, 1970, word spread from door to door in the cabin compound where John and Delores Frazier lived, that John had taken a large dose of a substance thought to be mescaline and was having a bad trip, as they say. (As of late October 1970 the time of the bad trip was described by neighbors of Frazier as "several months ago." If so, then it would mean probably sometime in August, 1970. Newspaper accounts also stated that the bad trip occurred 6 months prior to the murders, meaning sometime in Feb., March, 1970. Due to the fact that Frazier moved away from his wife after the drug overdose, to reside in a cabin on his mom's rabbit ranch -- a date that can be determined as being two months before the October 19, 1970 murder of the Ohta family, it is felt by me that the probable date for the flip-out of Frazier would be July or August 1970.)

Neighbor Howard Rugg: "He really flipped out. I got a blow by blow description of him during this period of maybe a day or so. He really went through a big scene. He felt he had a revelation. He had seen the light. It was really a violent experience."

Shortly after the bad trip, Frazier quit his auto-mechanic's job and spent his time with an increasing concern for ecology, fighting with his wife and working at his florishing garden. "He wanted to sell everything he owned. He wanted his wife to get rid of her daughter and go with him into the woods and start a commune. He wanted to do extreme things."

Delores and John Frazier broke up over these new pressures. She continued to live with the baby at the split level cabin off, Route 9 but John moved into the flimsy cowshed near his mothers

house trailer a few miles away from his wife, but only about ½ mile from the luxurious flag-stone mansion with manta-ray shaped pool, belonging to ophthalmologist Dr. Victor Ohta, soon to die.

Frazier moved into the cowshed sometime in August 1970, determined to live in the eat-or-be-eaten tides of nature.

After they broke up, according to neighbor Howard Rugg, Frazier visited his wife frequently at their cabin, "but everytime he came, they had a fight and she would come over here to hide out."

About six weeks before the Ohta murders, John Linley Frazier and one of the Rugg brothers took a hike in the Rodeo Gulch area near the plush Ohta house and Frazier told his friend that he'd ripped off a pair of binoculars from the house and had, on one occasion, tampered with one of the family automobiles. Frazier said the Ohtas were too "materialistic" and that they "should be snuffed."

Frazier was going snuff-batty. Nancy Pena, a neighbor of the Fraziers, (testifying at Frazier's trial) said Frazier talked of going door to door to "snuff out red-necks" --like "the Avon lady." Eco-neck Vs. the Red-necks, he gradually became violent regarding the environment. Houses bulldozed on mountain tops enraged him.

Frazier has claimed that he was given impetus to murder by a trio of humans he met in Santa Cruz. The source for this information is the testimony given at Frazier's trial by one David Marlowe, head of the psychology department at the University of California, Santa Cruz, who visited Frazier a number of times in jail, beginning shortly after Frazier's apprehension for murder. Frazier apparently gave three versions of events when confessing guilt to the Ohta murders to psychologist Marlowe.

Version three stated that Frazier met three men at a place called The Garden of Eden-- off Highway 17, just off Summit

Road, at the top of the Santa Cruz Mountains. This group of humans told Frazier that he could murder people and never get caught.

Frazier described the Garden of Eden as a beer joint. (Inspector Ray Belgard of the Santa Cruz County D.A.'s office feels that perhaps Frazier was referring to a saloon/hostel known as the Chateau Regis, now the Chateau Liberté,a establishment located on Old Santa Cruz Highway, a mile off Summit Road and two miles from the intersection of Summit and Highway 17. Belgard said there was a swimming hole called the Garden of Eden on the San Lorenzo River on Highway 9 south of the toll house. The San Francisco Chronicle, in writing about a later set of murders (Mullins) described the Garden of Eden as a popular fishing spot on the San Lorenzo, in or near Henry Cowell State Park.

These men whom Frazier met at the Garden of Eden assured Frazier that they could get away with murder. To prove it, according to Frazier, paraphrasing Dr. Marlowe's trial transcript, they proceded to kill a young male hippie hitchhiker and left his body alongside a creek in the Santa Cruz Mountains. The victim was supposed to be some sort of "religious freak" --possibly meaning a so-called Jesus freak.

At this point Frazier claims he became convinced that by snuffing humans, using terror, he could help the environmental movement by scaring pollutors.

The only murder fitting the description, according to [illegible] Santa Cruz County officials, occurred on October 1, 1970 when Kenneth Michael "Pee Wee" Freddette was murdered. He was found stabbed to death, 27 wounds, near Highway 17 and its intersection at Summit Road, at the mountain range's summit.

Kenneth Michael Freddette, apparently a resident of Massachusetts, had been hitchhiking around the country. He had been last seen at the Fillmore Coffee Shop in San Francisco. He had friends in San Jose but they claimed that they had not seen him in the time preceding his death.

Kenneth Michael Freddette had attended (between Fri. Aug 28 & Mon. Sept 7, 1970), a 11 (day) rock & roll festival at Sky River, Oregon where he met a group from the Santa Cruz Mountains called the Lovers of Om. Prior to Freddette's demise, Freddette left a message with a friend written on the back of a card apparently given to him by The Lovers of Om-- said card being the "business" card of the organization.

(Sgt. Dannon of the Santa Clara County Sheriff's office and now with the Scotts Valley Police Dept worked on the Pee Wee Freddette case as did District Attorney's Investigator Richard A. Verbrugge of Santa Cruz County.)

The Lovers of Om lived in an old house on Branciforte Drive, which runs more or less on a parallel course with Route 17 north out of Santa Cruz. The Lovers Of Om left in a hurry shortly after John Linley Frazier was arrested for the Ohta murders (10-24-70) according to investigators for the Santa Cruz D.A.'s office. (Larsen interview, July 1972)

District Attorney (Peter Chang) stated that he was "positive" that he had heard the name Lief Ericcson before -- and that perhaps he was tied in some way with the Lovers of Om. A check, however, with the Records Department of the Santa Cruz Sheriff's office produced no data regarding Lief Ericcson.

(A juvenile report brought up at Frazier's murder trial indicated, apparantly from interviews with a (juvenile) witness, that at one time Frazier was known to have dowsed a cat with gasoline and burnt it alive. Whether this was (done) as part of some eco-magic ceremony, is fortunately not known at this time.)

Dr. Victor Ohta was born at Homestake, Montana at the top of Butte Mountain in 1925. Early in life he moved to Livingston, Montana and was raised by his parents Mrs. & Mr. Benjamin H. Ohta, his dad a section foreman for the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was a 1942 graduate of Park City High School in Livingston and thereupon attended Montana State College in Bozeman, Montana. He played football for the Park High Rangers.

He entered the U.S. Army in July 1944, during W.W. II. After the war, he attended Northwestern University Medical School, in Evanston, Illinois, graduating in June 1950. In the fall of 1950 he married Virginia Ann Tobias of Streator, Illinois.

Dr. Ohta completed his internship and residency at Chicago's Wesley Memorial Hospital in 1954 whereafter he joined the U.S. Airforce and spent 3 years as chief opthalmologist at Wright-Patterson Airforce Base in Dayton, Ohio.

In late 1959, Dr. Ohta, Virginia Ohta, 4 children and 3 cats drove to Santa Cruz, California in a Volkswagen microbus. In 1960 Dr. Ohta set up practice in Santa Cruz and became one of the busiest eye surgeons in California, specializing in cataract removal, and the money rolled in.

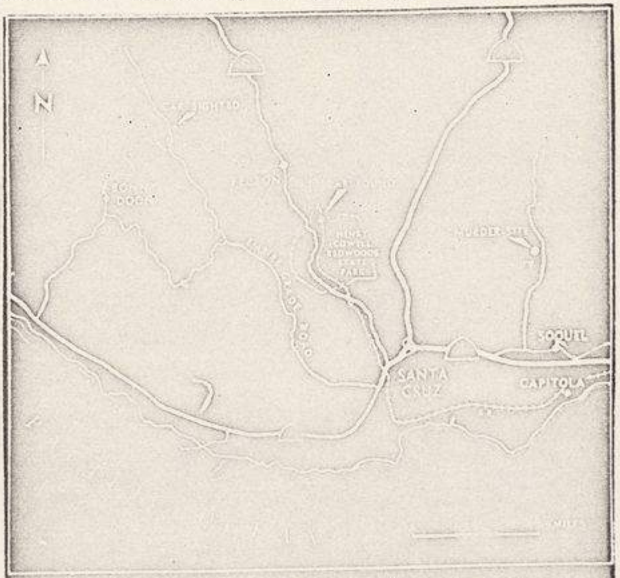
In 1968 the Ohta family began to construct a 250,000 dollar plush home on a high ridge-top in Rodeo Gulch not far from John Frazier's mother's rabbit ranch, about 4 miles from downtown Santa Cruz.

Bulldozers leveled the crown of the hill, having cut a long twisting ¼-mile driveway to the crest. The high-in-gulch mansion had a sweeping view of the Pacific Ocean and took a year to build. Many truck-loads of Arizona flagstone were hauled up for the house built hunched around a large manta-shaped swimming pool. The house was designed by San Francisco architect Aaron Green and was featured in an article in the magazine, House Beautiful.

When the Ohtas first moved into the remote hilltop house, Mr. Ohta was a bit afraid so he bought two Doberman Pinschers as guard dogs-- but he gave the dogs away in fear that they might bite someone. (Dr. Moore) In common with most Californians, it seems, Dr. Ohta owned several pistols, including a .38 Cal. model. Friends of Dr. Ohta told newspapers after his death that Ohta had been "worried" about "hippie communes" that were located all over the area. One physician friend said that Ohta had driven various young people away from the swimming pool.

Dr. Ohta apparently was a popular man, sporting bright-colored silk scarves around his neck, in place of ties. He had owned an Aston Martin, a Jaguar XKE and at his demise, a maroon Rolls Royce./

In July 1970, his sister Mrs. Emi Mae Neefe died of an unexpected heart attack in Santa Cruz, California. Dr. Ohta attended her July funeral in Livingston, Montana. (Check if his visit to Montana is near time of arrest of Stanley Baker and extradition to Livingston.)



Highway 9 and the countryside around the murder site near Soquel

During September and over half of October, 1970, John Frazier lived a short hike away from Dr. Ohta, in his back-to-nature growing a beard, becoming an eco-mountaineer.

Abruptly, on Saturday, October 17, 1970, Frazier moved out of his cowshed. His wife Delores helped him carry his things to her house off Route 9 near Felton. He arrived at the cabin enclave, his former home, by a back road, wearing a sheath knife, high moccasins, and a broad-brimmed beige straw hat with red-white-blue hat band, looking "like a mountain man" --as neighbor Howard Rugg remembered it. "He gave me the willies. The vibrations were pretty heavy."

On Saturday evening, 10-17-70, artist Michael Rugg dropped by the Frazier cabin and noted this: "He had carried all his stuff back into the cabin. He came on like he was cleaning up his affairs. He said something like I don't have time to jaw. He wanted to talk with his wife and he wanted me to leave."

"He mentioned Tarot. He was talking to her and there was some question about where his Tarot book and cards were. He was different from when I had seen him before."

A close friend of Frazier told Santa Cruz investigators that he'd had a number of babble-sessions with Frazier the week of Oct. 12-19, 1970 and that Frazier repeatedly told him,"Big things will be happening next Monday." Frazier also mentioned going to New York.

John Linley Frazier stayed with Delores the night of 10-17 and left on Sunday afternoon, October 18, 1970. He stuck a .38 Cal. Magnum revolver in his waistband and filled his backpack with several days food and said he was leaving for good. He forked over to his wife his wallet and drivers license, saying: "I won't be needing these anymore."

Then he split. One of the things he left behind was a book on the Tarot, a medieval set of suited playing cards which purportedly allows the user to cop a scope on the future.

Sometime on Monday, October 19, 1970, John Linley Frazier broke into the Ohta home and apparently no one was home. He was freaked out by some animal skins he observed in the house, he later told psychiatrists. He severed the telephone lines to the house.

Mrs. Virginia Ohta arrived home and Frazier took her prisoner at gunpoint. She was afraid of rape. He tied her up in the bedroom, reassuring her that she wouldn't be attacked. "There was a long talk about her evil ways and the way her family had lived their lives" --testified Dr. David Marlowe. (Trial, 12-2-71)

Frazier tied Mrs. Ohta with (the bright silk) scarves belonging to her husband. Sometime during the afternoon he hooded her head with one of the scarves also.

Dr. Victor Ohta's secretary, Dorothy Cadwallader, 38, the wife of Jack Cadwallader,a manufacturer of brooms,brought one of the Ohta sons home from school in her Lincoln Continental. Mrs. Cadwallader, born in Salt Lake City and graduate of Santa Cruz High School, was taken into Frazier's trap and probably tied up at once with those bright silk scarves and hooded as was the son.

Dr. Ohta apparently arrived last and was ~~taken up~~ (seized) by John Linley Frazier. Whether he was tied up with silk neck scarves right away is not known but when they found him later in the pool, he was.

Victor and Virginia Ohta were supposed to attend a 7:15 P.M. Founders Dinner at the new Dominican Santa Cruz Hospital to which they had given substantial contributions. Frazier trapped them before they could change into formal attire.

John Linley Frazier and Dr. Ohta had a confrontation by the swimming pool. Frazier was abusing Dr. Ohta for his conspicuous consumption and for ruining the environment with his house. The Doctor offered to bribe Frazier, "I'll give you whatever you want-- just leave us alone."

No dice. Frazier suggested that he and Dr. Ohta both participate in the burning of Dr. Ohta's home in order to return it to a "more natural state of environment." This angered Dr. Ohta who got into some sort of scuffle with Frazier who pushed him into the swimming pool.

Dr. Ohta was thrashing about in the water; Frazier held out his hand to help whereupon Dr. Ohta tried to grab Frazier and Frazier shot him, three times; twice in back, once under left armpit, and left him to die in the water. Dr. Ohta's watch filled with water and stopped at 6:32. The weapon was a .38 Cal. pistol.

Frazier later told Dr. Fariborz Amini, Assistant Clinical Prof. of Psychiatry at the Langley Porter Institute, that he had a divine mission to save the environment and to "punish those who violate it" and that he wouldn't have killed the Ohta family if Ohta had gone along with the burning of the house. (Trial, Redwood City, Cal., Mon. 12-6-71)

Then he shot the others one by one, with a shot in the back of the head from a .22 cal. pistol. Bloodstains indicated that he brought the hooded victims out to the patio sundeck, shot them, and then dragged them to the pool and pushed them in.

The punk asked each person if they believed in God, and they said yes, then he pulled the trigger, saying, according to the testimony of Dr. David Marlowe, "there's nothing to be afraid of."

Dead: Dr. Victor Ohta, Virginia Ohta, Dorothy Cadwallader, Taggart Ohta, 11, and Derrick Ohta, 12, all in the pool.

Two daughters, Lark Ohta, 15, and Taura Ohta, 18, were away at a California boarding school, surviving.

Frazier, apparently hostile to domesticated pets, also shot the family cat with a shot in the back of the head.

Frazier apparently took (very little) ~~nothing~~ -neither money, nor jewelry -- from the mansion. But he burned it down. He apparently carried piles of kindling wood to different spots in the wrap-around house, then fired them. He left in Mrs. Ohta's green 1968 Oldsmobile station wagon.

The maroon Rolls Royce and Dorothy Cadwallader's Lincoln, were used by the killer or killers to block each end of the ~~apparently~~ long. u-shaped driveway. They both were locked up tight.

Under the windshield wiper of the Rolls, Frazier attached a type-written note, filled with spelling errors:

"Halloween 1970. Today World War 3 will begin as brought to you by the people of the Free Universe. From this day forward anyone and/or company of persons who misuses the natural environment or destroys same will suffer the penalty of death by the people of the Free Universe. I and my comrades from this day forth will fight until death for freedom, against anything or anyone who does not support natural life on this planet, materialism must die or mankind will stop.

Knight of Wands, Knight of Cups, Knight of Pentacles,
Knight of Swords."

The Knights mentioned above are the names of four cards in the Tarot deck. The fact that the typewritten death-note was signed by four "knights" and the fact that Frazier has contended that he was given murder-lessons by three men, has lead to the speculation that perhaps he was aided by these men in the Ohta murders.

The flames were visible for miles. At 8:10 p.m. the fire was spotted by two patrolling deputies who called the fire department.

They soon discovered the two automobiles blocking the driveway --and possibly the death-note, and pushed them aside to let fire equipment up the twisting driveway.

Wanting to pump water from the swimming pool to put out the fire, the body of Mrs. Cadwallader was found by either Live Oak Fire Chief Ted Pound or Chief Roy Negro of the Soquel Fire Dept, or both (conflicting data from trial testimony and newspaper accounts), floating on the surface. The others were found on the pool bottom. Two loose scarves floated on the water. It was 8:25 p.m., 10-19-70.

The fire left the house a hollow shell of flagstones.

(Shortly before midnight, the night of the Ohta fire, about 20 miles away, across the mountains into Santa Clara County, in Saratoga, California, a 19 year old Phillips 66 service station attendant named Thomas Dececco was killed. He was shot once in the back of the head and his hands were bound with electrical tape. He was found in the station's utility room. Whether this was a diversionary crime to throw off or confuse the police is not known. Frazier was not charged with the crime but, on the other hand, neither was anyone else.)

The murders created intense fear in the community, already split strongly along cultural lines. To avoid a possible panic, police decided to withhold any information regarding the death-note from the media. However, the police, because of the Tarot-tinged weirdness and murder-for-ecology message, began to investigate communes in the area and other locations where so-called "hippies" lived or congregated, ~~in the area~~.

Santa Cruz D.A. Peter Chang subsequently spoke of the hysteria of the days following the killings. "There was some hysteria you could not believe. Every time anybody heard a cat in their backyard, they phoned the sheriff... Someone in Johannesburg, South Africa wrote to us of a cult that was killing domestic animals."

There were many phone calls even trying to blame black militants

Tuesday, October 20, 1970.

On Tuesday afternoon, the day after the deaths, the Ohtas' green and brown Oldsmobile stationwagon was spotted at a campsite off Empire Grade Road in the Bonny Doon area. Spotted with the stationwagon were three suspects described by the Santa Cruz Co. Sheriff, Douglas James, as "long haired people in their early 20's." One of them was believed to be a girl. The campsite where the stationwagon was spotted was about 100 yards away from the home of one of John Frazier's fellow workers at the auto repair shop. (Greg Solow?)

Stationwagon spotted, roadblocks were set up to stop the car. Police swept the San Lorenzo valley communes looking for the suspects and auto. A campsite used by the three suspects on the night of the murders was found by police in the Bonny Doon redwoods.

Around 4:30 the Oldsmobile stationwagon was spotted on Route 9 near Felton. The human spotting it reported an orange knapsack in the back. (An orange knapsack was missing from the Ohta home.)

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Frazier apparently decided to ditch the car forthwith. The station wagon was driven a mile up railroad tracks to a 200-yard-long tunnel located at the north of Henry Cowell Redwood Park. He drove the car into the tunnel and set it afire.

At 3:00 p.m. , Tuesday afternoon, 10-20-70, a Southern Pacific switch-engine entered the tunnel, called Big Trees Tunnel,

and encountered nothing. Upon returning through the tunnel around 4:45 p.m. the same afternoon, the train slammed into the burning station wagon, meaning that Frazier had just left it there.

Police located three sets of footprints, at least one set barefoot, and one made by "wood soled slippers" leading 50 yards down the hillside from the tunnel to the San Lorenzo river.

Knowing the killer to have been at hand only minutes prior, mounted deputies on horseback and police dogs searched through the ravines and 100 foot tall redwoods of Henry Cowell State Park foot by foot. Mud and poor visibility from the first rain of the season hampered the clue-search. All campers and squatters were flushed out and questioned by the officers.

(The white Van: like similar occurrances in other California murders, the Santa Cruz Sheriff reported that "persons" informed authorities that they had seen a white Ford van in the area of the home of Dr. Ohta about 7:00 p.m. Monday, just after the murders, or just during them.

On Tuesday, a young couple reported to sheriffs deputies that they saw a white van hidden in dense underbrush in Henry J. Cowell Park near where the victims' stationwagon was found burning. The woman said, "We don't know if it's anything or not-- but that murder was so awful we felt we had to report it, just in case."

On Tuesday night, Santa Clara County deputies impounded a white panel truck on Santa Cruz-Los Gatos highway and was examined by Santa Cruz detectives on Wednesday, 10-21-70. The driver was not held.)

On Tuesday night, after working a red-eyed 24 grim hours, Sheriff Douglas James of Santa Cruz, told reporters, "it is the most gruesome crime in the history of Santa Cruz County."

Wednesday, 10-21-70

There was a press conference held at 9:00 P.M. Wed. night, 10-21-70 given by Sheriff Douglas James, revealing for the first time to the public the existence of the murder note found on Dr. Ohta's Rolls Royce. Undersheriff Paul W. Tara read the note to astounded reporters.

Sheriff James briefed reporters about the eerie evidence to date; the white Ford van, the three suspects , etc. It was the announcement of the death-note [illegible] signed by the knights of the Tarot deck, that broke the case.

Friends of Frazier, because of the note, decided to snitch him out. Tara and Lark Ohta, the only surviving family members, returned home on Wednesday and were placed under guard in a secret location. Meanwhile, the panic put people three deep in front of gunstore counters. "We've had a rush on ammunition the last day or so-- People who have had unloaded guns around their homes are now loading them" -reported Jack Baker who owned a hardware store in Boulder Creek. Lots of locks were purchased also.

About six hours after Sheriff James press conference, ~~about~~ around 3 a.m. Thursday morning, a "group of unidentified hippies"-- probably the Rugg brothers and perhaps Frazier's wife, supplied the big break in the case, contacting police about the violent-talking Tarotoid loner John Linley Frazier.

Everything the informers told about him; the theft of the Ohta binoculars 6 weeks previous, the concern for the Tarot and ecology, "~~something~~ big things are [illegible] going to happen Monday", everything checked out.

Police re-thought the case and decided that since evidence indicated

that the victims arrived home more or less one by one, it was possible that a single killer committed the crimes. A check with one of the Ohta daughters verified that a pair of binoculars had in fact been stolen a "few months ago."

Frazier's wife Delores helped police to capture him. His cabin was located off Soquel-San Jose County Road, reachable only by crossing a gorge over a cable bridge with draw-bridge panel in the middle. Checking the cowshed cabin, police decided that someone had been visiting the place. Meanwhile, pictures of Frazier flooded the media.

(In a chicken coop across a ravine from Frazier's cabin , police found Dr. Ohta's binoculars, a watch belonging to one of the sons, the orange knapsack seen in the stationwagon , a machete and a .45 Cal. pistol stolen from Ohta.)

Thursday night late, they staked out the cabin.

Friday, 10-23-70

ON Friday morning at 7:30 A.M. , Deputies Bradley Arbsland and Rodney Sanford slowly and carefully approached the cabin ready for anything. They found Frazier unarmed and sleeping. There was no resistance.

On Friday morning,as word oozed among citizens that Frazier was caught, several hundred humans lined the pavement across from the pink 3-story Sheriff's office on Front St. Extra guards were posted at the entrances. A woman in a car with three children drove by and yelled at the thronging cluster of reporters waiting to see Frazier: "Don't convict him before a trial."

Gun sales shot up 500% at Peter Harris' sporting goods store in Soquel, California, even though authorites made it very clear that the local "long-hairs" not only had aided police but had been responsible for bringing about Frazier's arrest.

On Saturday, 10-24-70, a printed sign appeared attached to a shop window in Santa Cruz: "Now tell me - what good are hippies? Hippies are pollution, hippies cause dope, dope causes mind pollution, and mind pollution causes murder. Our motto is: The only good hippie is a dead one."

About the same time as the dead-hippie sign appeared, a local butcher, Edward Fossum, told the San Francisco Chronicle: "Back in the woods, they've got loaded guns at the front door and loaded guns at the back door. I wouldn't want to go banging on rural doors right now, let me tell you."

Monday, October 26, 1970.

On Monday, 10-26-70, the Phillips Petroleum Co. posted a $5000 reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of the slayer(s) of Thomas S. Dececco, 19, the station attendant killed in Saratoga a few hours after the Ohta murders.

Frazier's attorney, Santa Cruz Public Defender James Jackson, announced on Monday, Oct. 26, that "Dr. David Marlowe, a professor of psychology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, has talked with Frazier several times in his jail cell and concurs that Frazier is not sane."

Wednesday, October 28, 1970.

After hearing three hours of testimony from 21 witnesses and having deliberated from 5 p.m. to 6:30 p.m., a 15 person grand jury indicted John Linley Frazier for five counts of murder before Superior Court Judge Charles Franich in Santa Cruz.

Monday, October 25, 1971.

Fraziers trial for murder did not begin until almost an exact year later. Frazier's attorney, James Jackson, won him a change of venue for his trial to Redwood City, in adjacent San Mateo County on grounds of adverse and prejudicial pre-trial publicity.

Jackson entered two pleas for Frazier: not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity. This meant that if a jury found him guilty of the murders the same jury would have to hold a separate "trial" to determine if it felt he was a nut at the time of the murders. If it found him to be sane, then it would have to sit through the so-called "penalty phase" where the jury would determine whether Frazier would get a life sentence or have to toke in peach-blossum cyanide fumes at San Quentin Prison.

Testimony began on Monday, October 25, 1971. The prosecution called 68 witnesses. They were never able to locate the two pistols, a .22 cal. and a .38 cal., used in the murders and could not find any of Frazier's fingerprints on any of the automobiles or apparently anywhere in the charred house. There were no witnesses. There was more than enough circumstantial evidence to link Frazier to the snuffs. There were 14 witnesses for the defense.

On 11-18-71 John Linley Frazier had some visitors in jail and talked jovially about the crime and the trial. Unfortunately for Frazier, Sheriffs deputies taped the conversation, unknown to Frazier. The tape was later played for the jury during the penalty phase of the trial; with Frazier describing the trial on the tape, "It's been a game. I've had a lot of laughs." On the tape he also called prosecutor Peter Chant a "pig" and a "son of a bitch."

At 4:15 a.m. on Monday, 11-29-1971, after a more than month long trial, the jury, after 21 hours of deliberation, found John Linley Frazier guilty of all five counts of murder.

Thursday, December 2, 1971.

Frazier appeared at his sanity "trial" looking warpo. On 12-2-71, he persuaded the jail barber to shave the left half of his head of hair off, the left half of his moustache off and the left half of his beard. His left half was completely bald, leaving , however, the hair on the right side untouched. His smiling, half-bald head, with a cigarette dangling from the lips, appeared on the front page of the San Francisco, Chronicle.

(¶) Dr. David Marlowe of the University of California, Santa Cruz, psychology department, testified at the sanity hearing regarding Frazier's confession to him and regarding the purported murder-lessons three men had given Frazier after he had met them at a place called The Garden of Eden near Route 17 and Summit Road.

On Monday, 12-6-71 John Frazier appeared in court completely bald, including his eyebrows.

On Friday, 12-10-71 the jury found John Linley Frazier to have been sane at the time of the Ohta murders.

Wednesday 12-15-71.

At Redwood City,California , on December 15, 1971, the jury decided that John Linley Frazier must die in the San Quentin gas chamber. On 12-30-1971, a formal "execution order" was uttered by Superior Court Judge Charles S. Franich, and Frazier was taken to the so-called "death row" in maximum security San Quentin, near San Raphael, California.

On death row, before the death penalty was abolished, Frazier was reported to have become buddies with Charles Manson and Sirhan to whom he referred as: "satan" and "the Arab."

i-yi-yi.
prepared by Ed Sanders,
December 1972-Jan./Feb. 1973.

STEVEN HURD

The Heart In The Burning Station Wagon

The structure
of Hurd's life
indicates that he
drifted
upon the twin twined
currents of hard drugs
& satanism/superstitionism/cruelism
into a crazed,
psychotic life
& warp-kill mental
fog where
violence occurred
in regular "order."

The question is
what elements
of his babbling
torrents of dishevelled
hate-- uttered in a
nexus of devil-awe,
are to be believed by those
who investigate such things?

After his capture,
trapped in a barn by
Riverside County Calif.
police, his memory, as
he resided in jail
& in the Atascadero State
Hospital was, in some
ways, fuzzy
but with regard
to his life story,
the story of his creep-cult associations &
the story of his crimes
his statements to his attorney
and to about 7 psychiatrists
remained mostly consistent.

His name, from mom and dad,
is Steven Craige Hurd
AKA Steven Graige Hurd.
To an eye gazing upon him
he is small & slight.
His hair is thick, long
curly and fuzzy.
His fingernails are scratchy long
& there is a tattoo of
a swastika on one hand,
on the other: 69 &
the number 8 (the eighth
letter H, for heroin, man).
There is another small
tattoo the meaning
of which he swears he cannot
say, because of its
magic occult basis in deviltry.

He worships the devil.

He hates blacks & hippies.
He hungers to be murdered
or better better to be snuffed
by cops, shot in action,
so that he could ooze
to hades, there to lurk
awaiting his enemies, who
when they too shall
come to hell they
would suffer his
torturing vengence, aided
apparently by his 'father', the
devil. oo-ee-oo.

He is 23 years old
as I write this in
a N.Y. winter night.
He is currently residing
in Atascadero State Hosp.
in California. They are
feeding him famed Melleril
there in the nut hatch,
a drug in the age of drugs
which calms somewhat
his satanic fantasies & edges
with gentleness his stated
plans to snuff out hospital
orderlies.

H' was born on 9-9-49
either in Long Beach or
San Diego, California. Q
uite a few killers like
Steven Hurd received their
educations in jail; he
his high school diploma
from a reformatory in
Tracy, California. The
weirdness of parents is
visited upon their children.
He was the oldest of seven
or 8 children. His parents
were divved when Hurd was
ten, he staying with mom.
His natural father had a
heart 'made of $10 bills'
he told a psychiatrist, and
was, according to the memory
of his son, an executive
with the North American Aviation
Corporation:
As for his mother, Steve
"was able to talk with
his mother in a limited way
and although she would not call
him names, he felt she did not
like him as well as the
other children." 10-29-70
Dr. E.W. Klatte in a report
to Judge James Judge of the
Orange County Superior Court.
In the subsequent 10 years
between his parents divorce
& the year of satan-snuff
1970, she married several
times, grabbing her lovers
sometimes in casual
strasse-grab, to the young boy's
supposed and later stated
disapproval.

Steve's stepfather around the age
of 12 was a human
named John R. Litrell who

served a jail term for child-abusing his stepson Steven, who remembers this with extreme bitterness: "He beat me, put me in the hospital where a no-good fucking dog belongs. She knew he beat me and she sent me to the store anyway. Beat me, my balls were black and blue, cut my hands. He didn't like me. He went to prison for beating me. He was a pig." --liking to lock the boy in closets.

Around this time Steve ran away to San Francisco for a couple of months-- returning home his parents forked him over to authorities who put him into Juvenile Hall for 30 days or so. In his early teens by his admission he was arrested many times-- He served 7½ months at the McGillan School when he was 16, that would have been early 1966/late '65-- and after a few months he somehow escaped for 5 days, was caught and on 10-6-66 was sent to Paso Robles reformatory as an 'incorrigible' for around 6 months-- being released on 3-28-67, in his 17th year, on parole.

He was free and roaming most of the rest of the year of flowers, '67. On Dec. 1, however, Hurd was arrested in Provo, Utah for burglary. He spent time in jail there until Jan 24, 1968 when, according to his computer-spewed arrest record printout he was extradited to California where he spent 9 months at the YTS in Chino, California as a parole violator.

It was then in early 1968 that Hurd claimed to have received his early training, degree by degree up the ladder, in a grime-slime form of devil worship devoted ostensibly to the worship of total evil, or, better typed, Total Evil.

Steven Hurd met a human being named Robert Stevens, a biker of the outlaw or 1% variety. It was Stevens who, according to Hurd, initiated or scammed Hurd into the Four P or Four π Movement-- an operation which practiced ritual sacrifices, and with tentacles into the selling of hard drugs, various bombings, right VS. left wing hate-stirrings and other slimings to promote dissolution and so-called 'evil.'

It is not clear whether Robert Stevens met up with Hurd in the Provo, Utah area and then followed Hurd into the slams or had met Hurd in jail in Provo and somehow followed Hurd when he was subsequently shipped back to California as a parole violator-- or whether he met Hurd sometime in the fall of '67 on the outside in California and became by plan or by accident cellmates of Hurd when he was returned from Utah to Cal. Whatever the case, Hurd was surprised to see his friend Stevens in the prison in California where Stevens was able to continue inculcation into the deviloid persuasion.

It was all devil. And as a reward for successfully ~~entering~~ climbing up the hot ladder of satan, Stevens dealt out knife burn initiation marks (from a stolen-in-prison heated butter knife) on the back of Hurd's left shoulder-- 15 in all, leaving behind scars which Hurd eagerly shows visitors. The religion of evil informed Hurd that all creation, so to speak, was evil and therefore violence was wonderful. Therefore, chop chop chop.

Together, in the jail in Chino, California, Stevens and Hurd worshipped the devil nightly, apparently mumbo-jumboing in tandem certain whisper-cants and litanies. He told a psychiatrist later that he 'did not associate with anyone in prison on any occasion except for his "celly"'.

Steven's was killed a year later, in early 1969, in a shooting battle with the Satan Slaves in Fountain Valley, below Los Angeles. A thousand scooters, bearing mourners, formed the funeral cortege, Hurd boasted. "They hit us in the middle of the night. He got killed in a gunfight that lasted two or three hours. He is happy now. There were over two thousand scooters at his funeral." -he told one Dr. Geddes.

Hurd must have learned his lessons well because he was invited to the heavy gore spectacles soon after leaving jail on parole on October 20, 1968. Within two weeks after his release, he claims to have witnessed a ritual murder in a grove of trees [redacted], off Route 17 somewhere, apparently south of the summit line of the Santa Cruz mountains. (This remote mountainous area is not very far from the spot where two years later, Hurd would offer up a sacrifice of a woman's heart in a burning station wagon, as an oblation to his devil-guru) In the sacrifice of November 1968, the victim was, as Hurd said, a "willing" snuffee, a young woman about 20 years old.

Further, he said that there were about 40 humans who witnessed the wilderness execution, young and old alike. There was a wooden altar with "1000 dragons" upon it. The victim apparently was placed atop what was described as a "wooden morgue table with trough." The body, once murdered, according to Hurd, was burned in a portable crematorium, taking several hours to fire it to completion.

The instrument of execution was a set of 6 knives welded into a football shaped holder. The welded knives were of varying lengths so that, when the snuff-ball was lowered upon the victim, the longer knives entered the stomach-- keeping the person still alive, whereupon, lowering more, the shorter knives, positioned over the heart, entered it at last. The heart was eaten by the ritualists. Apparently this heart-eat had to be performed every five months, one quesses to satisfy their god of evil.

The leader of these barbarous 4 Pi chopups was known somehow as "The Grand Chingon" -- and, according to Hurd, was a "big guy with red hair"-a member of the straight law-abiding world--known by the name of Robert Erickson or Ericcson AKA Lief Erickson. This red haired humanoid, keeping Hurd strung out on heroin, acid, blood-gulping ("drinking the 6 cups of lies"), and mumbo-jumbo, was Hurd's guru of gore for several years. Ericcson or the Grand Chingon , according to Hurd, had around fifteen humans who operated as his full time slaves, doing anything, anytime anywhere.

Ericcson may have been part of a larger group of "chingons" who operated in defined districts in various areas of California organizing the 'evilness movement.' Manson (Charles), for instance was called "the grand chingon" in my presence by his disciples on several instances.

Hurd has described a second sacrifice he witnessed at the creekside nocturnal morgue-table snuff site in the Santa Cruz mountains. In attendance were about 15 "older" humans who were the core group of slaves of the Chingon. Young Hurd was afforded special attention by his new-found 'father" -the Chingon- who helped him along the devil road, both in northern and southern California where the 4 Pi movement held its assemblies. "My father TheDevil came to me when I was very lonely, out by Irvine. I was all fucked-up on reds and he told me that I was of him, and had to serve him. All thoughts of evil belong to him, he talked to me. When I was lonely, he would come to me as a friend, he told me 'I am all' and I can have all of creation. I worship him every night in my cell I say the Ostian Devil and he talks to me. He tells me that he is evil. He told me there is no God. The devil is not a dark angel, not like you think. He is all creation, all evil." (Dr. Drury 12-1-70)

Persuaded that the mozaic of mush-coils of acid fantasy were 'of' evil he slurped many tabs down. A psychiatric report to the Orange County Court by Dr. Klatte, Oct. 1970: "He... also feels that LSD had helped him understand that he was made of evil and helped him to be able to worship the devil."

He was given to rages periodically, leading to snuff-spasms.

He 'worked' 14 months, or so he said, for the "head worship minister of the church of the devil" in San Francisco whom we take to be Ericcson or the Grand Chingon.

4 P operated also in the Santa Ana Mountains. In an outdoor ceremony near O'Neil Park in Orange County in March of 1969- a very 'unwilling' male who 'fought like hell' was sacrificed, in Hurds presence. He attended three or four outdoor ceremonies in Orange County.

It was about this time that Hurd's instructor, Stevens, was killed in the biker battle at Fountain Valley.

Hurd had his skirmishes with the law. On 12-22-68 he was arrested in Santa Ana for being drunk in an auto (charges were dismissed three months later on 3-19-69) On 1-9-69 he was picked up on a Stat. Rape charge in Santa Ana but let off. In early April of '69 he was picked up for driving without a license. On May 15 he was arrested for assault with a deadly weapon and held as a parole violator. And so so so on 6-19-69 he was sent to Deuel Vocational Institute in Tracy California where he was confined till Oct. 2, 1969 when he was paroled.

Missing the Manson family's crusade of snuff and satanoid puke.

Hurd claims, apparently upon the order of his Chingon guru, to have infiltrated various groups, left and right, in behest of stirring up of alleged "evil." He was hooked as usual, on heroin and barbituates. Like a lot of other satanists, Hurd's money came from dope-sales. "The defendant said his only way of making money has been to sell narcotics. 'It's the only way to get real money. Drugs

is where it's at.'" Dr. Geddes 3-16-1971, just before Hurd got shipped off to the nut-hatch.

Hurd was primarily, in his mental frame, a biker. He had a nickname of "shotgun" because of possesseion of rapid fire pump action sawed off you know what. He claims to have been a member of the Hells Angels , The Devils Disciples and the Hessians, a Cal. bike clubs. He claims that he joined what he described as the "Weathermen" in late 69/early 70 and that he infiltrated the Nazis in 68 or 69 . "The patient stated that he joined the Weathermen ' so I could make this country pay. I've been in the Weathermen for one and a half years. Two or three years ago I joined the Nazi party because I believe in white supremacy. I hate niggers and I hate their fucking guts.'" Dr. David Geddes 3-7-71.

"The Weathermen only meet once every three months." Hurd said. Also the young stabber said that he was 'in on the bombing of the Los Angeles Firestone Police Station (probably meaning the Firestone Sheriff's Station bombed on) I planned it and did it. Just blew up some police cars. That pissed me off because we planned to do thirty or forty of them. I was sorry I got away with that one because I wanted to help the pigs kill me."

"He was forceful, dogmatic in the belief that he has been communicating with Satan since 1964, who encourages him to get rid of people so that the patient (Hurd) can drink the 'six cups of lies (blood)' to please him." Dr. J. Guido.

Hurd has hinted that The Chingon in his public stance utters a philosophy opposite to the uttered philosophy of the nighttime seclusion of blood-drink. And has himself never been arrested, he's so cool, according to the Chingon's young aide-in-weirdo.

Hurd was not entirely a roaming werewolf. He claims to like rock & roll, playing the drums and he enjoys both writing poetry & reading poetry. His favorite author is Thomas Wolfe. He likes the Egyptian Book of the Dead and, that old classic of oo-ee-oo, Huysman's La Bas.

Getting arrested & jailed was adios-heroin time-- He kicked heroin

addiction in 66, 68, 69 and after the heart extraction in 1970.

Like a few of the new-breed reincarnationist killers, Hurd and the 4 P-oids believe it's Ok because after all, you get snuffed you get a new body, man. "All of life is a cycle, one first dies then is reborn, dies and then is reborn. To refuse to kill someone when you feel you should do it is disruptive of the natural order of things."

Sometime, most likely in or around Nov. 1969 a rival cult killed Hurd's girl friend. "Satan slaves came in a shot Debbie and carved her chest open, they hit me in the face with a crowbar and hung me by the neck." Hurd claimed to have killed two in revenge and to have carved a swastika in one of the offendors' chest. "I found them and they aren't around any more."

And so it went.
On Jan. 13, 1970 Hurd was arrested for 3 armed robberies and 2 attempted murders. He stated that he beat the raps because of illegal search and seizure. On 2-2-70 the Santa Ana County police tried to hold him as a parole violator but he somehow obtained freedom.

Data is mostly missing regarding HurD's existence in the early months of '70. He seems to have been living in southern California with periodic visits to his devil-guru in the San Francisco area.

He had been organizing something called "Sons of Satan" -a bike club where no one had any bikes. There were thirty or forty of them, young male caucasians organized by Hurd. There was an older 30 year old woman named Melanie Daniels - a long time "bike mama" who was roaming with the Sons of Satan also. Melanie Daniels was raised in early life on a farm in Annapolis, MD. Her home was broken up, however, and she was trundled from relative to relative. Her mother spent 13 years institutionalized as an alcoholic. During her mother's stay in the institution, her father would not allow Melanie to visit her mother and when she died, Melanie was not allowed to attend the funeral. Melanie's father, however, did attend the funeral and took snapshots of the mother lieing in the coffin which he developed and sent, lurking within a Christmas card, to Melanie the following Christmas. Weirdness visited again.

Melanie Daniels had been affiliated with various bikers in the Manteca area, tween Stockton and Sacremento, in Northern California--primarily a group called the Misfits. She had moved to southern Cal., where she worked in restaurants and in early 1970 was roaming with the young lads of the Sons of Satan.

"When they come to Hell,
I'll get my revenge."
S. Hurd

On June 1, 1970, Steven Hurd, Mama Melanie Daniels, and about five others were shacked at the Executive Suite Motel in Costa Mesa, California. The others: Christopher "Gypsy" Gibboney, Timothy Montag Terry Husted and Arthur "Moose" Hulse, 6 foot tall 325 pound 16½ year old killer-soon-to-be. All were strung out and stoned on seconal also known by them as "war pills."

Moose Hulse had left home the day before after becoming infuriated with his mother for referring to his friends as "trash." Extremely fat, Hulse was acne-crusted and had grown up in a strange, strife-suffused environment. His mother had spent frequent periods in mental hospitals.

Steven Hurd, as the group was sorely pressed for funds, recruited Moose Hulse and a human named Herman Taylor, who later would turn states evidence, to perform a robbery on an undesignated money target. They left the Executive Suite Motel and drove around in Herman Taylor's 1959 Olds, looking for a mark. Moose Hulse brought along a rusty wood-handled hatchet, apparently to serve as the item of threat in the stickup.

They cruised the Santa Ana area and finally halted to check out the robbery possibilities of a Richfield Gas Station. Herman Taylor waited in the auto, while Hulse and Hurd approached unfortunate 20 year old Terry Wayne Carlin, the attendant. Walking into the gas station office, they showed Terry Carlin the hatchet and announced a robbery.

Carlin gave the seconal-hungry duo about $40. Hulse and Hurd took the attendant into the restroom to tie him up. Carlin said something that enraged the 325 pound Moose Hulse, words seemingly pleaful: "Don't hurt me, I've been robbed twice before." For this, Hulse hacked Carlin's chest, then over and over chopped his head, skull caving, hatchet stuck.

Hurd picked up a can of STP oil treatment, stole Carlin's Levis jacket off the doorknob whereupon the crooks drove back to Costa Mesa, arriving at the motel in the early A.M. They boiled and washed the bloody hairy hatchet several times. Steve Hurd gave the victim's jacket to Tim Montag, relating the begging of the attendant to him.

They slept.

The next day at noon, the rent was due and there was no more mon. Taylor, Hurd, Chris Gibboney, Melanie Daniels, Husted, Montag and Moose Hulse left. They loaded up Taylor's Oldsmobile, and left for a place near Laguna Beach called Scotchman's Cove, a secluded place where crime-grime could suck dope and do their thing in "peace." Cha cha. They took some Blue Chip stamps to a redemption center and obtained some cash-- with which they purchased five or six nickel packs of reds. They munched the dope, driving around and around and around in the seconal void.

On the Santa Ana Freeway between Jeffrey Road and Sand Canyon, Taylor's Olds went kaput. Several trips walking to a local Shell Station to charge the battery were of no avail. A bunch of cops raided the stalled automobile full of teenage seccie-suckers. They searched it and found a single barreled shotgun-- not illegal to carry in sunny California-- and one red. Steve Hurd, apparently panicking chug-a-lugged 50 reds from a baggy, during the search. The police told them to leave the area, then drove away.

The snuffoids slept June 2, 1970 in and around the stalled Oldsmobile built by General Motors, until circa 5 a.m. when they moved to a nearby orange grove and rested/slept. After arising, the car was pushed or pulled, by tow-truck to a Richfield Station on Sand Canyon Road and abandoned.

Then Tim Montag, wearing dead Terry Carlin's jacket, hitched back to Santa Ana , leaving the rest behind. Steven Hurd, Herman Taylor and 16 year old Gypsy Gibboney left to scour for wheels, especially for that vehicle with keys in ignition. They could find nothing to steal, so after their labors they were walking back to the service station where the others were waiting. They sat down to rest on a guard rail, near a stop sign at a free-way off ramp.

At 2:45 P.M. a few minutes prior to Hurd, Taylor and Gibboney resting on the off-ramp guard rail, a woman left a Coffee Shop nearby after paying a small bill for a coffee klatch. Mrs. Florence Brown was her name. She lived in El Toro, California with her husband and five children. She was a grade school teacher and her 1967 Pontiac Stationwagon was laden with school text books as she drove for a meeting at the district school office. Her husband was at work at the TRW, Inc. at San Clemente. Mrs Brown speeded? down the Santa Ana Freeway, turned off on the Sand Canyon Ave off-ramp, at the end of which, unfortunately for her, was a stop sign, next to which three murder-minded weirdos were waiting. A few hours later the dread and anxiety began to build in the sickened hearts of her family.

Chris "Gypsy" Gibboney and Herman Taylor claimed carefully to investigators later that no no, they did not want to go along with the car theft-- but that Steven Hurd, the leader of the Sons of Satan, told them to cooperate or "it would be a short life." When Mrs. Brown's stationwagon stopped at the end of the off-ramp, Hurd confronted it, opened the car's door and pulled a knife. "Scoot over, don't scream" -someone mouthed, and Herman Taylor began to drive and Hurd sat in the

back seat, Chris Gibboney on the passenger side checking the woman's pocket book containing but $7 and credit cards. Hurd pointed to a road leading to an Orange grove. Sometime during this early period Mrs. Brown screamed and Hurd stabbed her in the back of the neck.

"We gotta snuff her man" --Gibboney chanted over and over. Hurd claimed that the woman, a mother a school teacher bearing text books, was behaving in a "goddess and snobbish like manner." She continued to act "queenly and I stabbed her one or two times."

Taylor remained in the auto while Hurd and Gibboney walked her 200 feet from the car where they killed her. "Oh my God, I'm going to die."

"You're Goddamn right lady." -from Steven Hurd. Taylor refused to watch, he says. Hurd handed the knife to Gibboney so that Gibboney could kill awhile. They finally dragged the body to the car and wrapped it up in a blanket and drove to the gas station where they picked up their friends, including Melanie Daniels, Husted and Moose Hulse, loading their belongings from the busted Olds to the newly stolen stationwagon. Then they sped down the freeway to Santa Ana.

"I was told I had to take war pills, reds, and she must be sacrificed" -Hurd told Dr. Geddes in a psychiatric interview.

They propped the blanketed body up in the car and then proudly drove around the Santa Ana area, in Hurd's words, " to show everybody, like in Vietnam to show people how proud they are to have killed somebody... and I did this to show them that I didn't care."

According to Moose Hulse's probation report, Melanie Daniels wanted to cut up the victim and hide the parts all over because she and her associates were used to hiding bodies like that. Daniels was known to babble about burning people and nailing them up on walls, etc. Around 3 p.m. the pørigrinating grime drove to a house in Santa Ana

on Memory lane, body in car, where they picked up more belongings . Then they visited a shopping center and had some pizza. Melanie asked the pizza parlor waitress where she could get a knife sharpener.

After pizza, they went back on the road, throwing the victim's stuff including school books, out the window-- but not the credit cards, of course.

The grime drove north.. Melanie Daniels wanted to visit a buddy in San Quentin north of San Francisco and Steve Hurd wanted to consult with The Grand Chingon. They took the school teachers heart with them but buried the body in southern California as follows.

Steve Hurd, son of satan, was driving the Pontiac stationwagon. He stopped the car and wanted Herman Taylor to drive once again when, in the shifting, a policeman came by and stopped. "Get the knife, I'm gonna kill the cop!" Hurd rasped but Melanie couldn't find it. Hurd was cooling out the cop, saying that for safety's sake they were switching drivers when somehow the blanket fell off Mrs. Brown's body, exposing her face and chest. Panic. Quickly the killers snatched the blanket up over their victim and the officer did not see.

Hurd directed Taylor to drive into the hills, twenty miles up Ortega Highway in Riverside County, past the roadway cutting off to the Los Pinos work camp just fifty yards, where they turned off a short distance and buried the body in a shallow grave, near the village of El Cariso. Hurd told Moose Hulse, Terry Husted and Gypsy Gibboney to dig the grave with the murder weapons.

They removed the woman's right arm, right breast both lungs and heart. Hurd, according to his lawyer William Gamble, said that the body parts were offered up to satan but that Hurd himself denied taking part in the weirdo-ritual. The heart itself, however, Hurd has stated he burned up near Frisco later. Hurd told a psychiatrist that

he "remembered holding her heart in his hand" and that " I took it away from her." They covered the site with dirt and leaves.

So, when the team arrived in San Rafael, California and drove to San Quentin to visit Melanie's friend, they were turned away by prison officials, angering the haughty spores of gore. Sensing the impending, Chris Gibboney hitched toward the direction of Oregon from the San Quentin parking lot. Hurd went around this time to visit daddydevil.

"I went to Frisco to see my father, not my real father, I hate him-- I went to see my father the Devil (the Chingon) . I went to visit a man who is the son of the Devil, sort of like Jesus Christ is the son of God, I have got my 15 stripes" -flashing his shoulder scars to Dr. Drury on 12-1-70 Orange County Jail.

After that wonderful visit, Hurd and Melanie and the others visited a service station in Los Gatos where they tried to use one of Mrs. Brown's credit cards. The attendant refused to give them gas on the card and Hurd got into an argument with him. This, according to the police, probably persuaded them to get rid of the station wagon.

They drove to the top line of the Santa Cruz mountains, near 20075 Gist Road at a hair-pin turn, onto a narrow dirt trail, 50 yards down beside a steep narrow gully. He removed the licensce plate and buried it nearby in the creekbed, having told the others to wait above. Then he burnt the heart to satan.

"I burnt the car and put her heart in the middle of it. I had it in the car-- my father came to me and told me I had her heart, so I sacrificed it to him in the car fire." Hurd to Dr. Drury.

The blaze set off a small forest fire. As for the grime, they split up into small hitch-hike units and split back to Southern California to their roaming life of reds and rip-off.

On June 15, 1970 an unfortunate hiker found the body of Mrs. Brown and the worst was known.

In the Carlin case, an anonymous person put up a $2000 reward for information leading to the conviction of the killer(s). Tips poured in. Detectives Larry Cornelison and John McGlain of the Santa Ana police department sifted the tips.

On June 24, 1970 Santa Ana police received data that an inmate in the Orange County Jail had information on the Carlin snuff. The informant stated that while in the O.C. jail he's heard Timothy Montag, himself in the slams on a minor charge, discussing the details of the killing.

Montag also had in his possession the victim's Levis jacket. Confronted with all of this, Montag, while careful to emphasize not me-not me, was able to snitch out Hurd and Hulse as the killers.

Around this time, on June , police in Northern California found Mrs. Brown's burnt stationwagon and, in asking around, located the service station where Hurd et al., tried to use her credit card.

The Santa Ana police began to learn from Tim Montag the modus operandi of the Sons of Satan crowd. As a result of his cooperation Montag was released from custody on July 1, 1970.

Acting on a tip, Santa Ana detectives Cornelison and McClain went to the town of Norco in Riverside County just north of the Santa Ana Mountains, bearing warrants for the arrest of Steven Craige Hurd. They were unable to locate Hurd, who was in seclusion as they say, and when the officers were returning to Orange County, they were informed that Riverside County deputies had arrested Hurd in a barn after a foot chase.

Hurd was very cooperative with officers. He showed them the location of both murder weapons & took the officers to Santa Clara county (Santa Cruz mountains) to locate the site of the burnt car. Officers were able to observe the charred trees of the forest fire and found Mrs. Brown's license plate in the gulley.

Then, on July   1970, Hurds lawyer William Gamble startled reporters by announcing that Hurd was a member of a Satanic cult and that Hurd had been threatened with the death of members of his family if he revealed information about the murders. This resulted in a temporary spew of lurid newspaper headlines and articles, resulting in a so-called "gag order" issued by the judge in the case, one Hon. Judge William Judge of the Orange County Superior Court.

Thereafter, there was a veritable flood of court appointed psychiatrists sent in to interview Steven Hurd regarding his satanic cult activities and regarding his mishuga ratio. Their usual diagnasis: paranoid/schiz and oo-ee-oo. A sample: Steven Hurd "is presently (diagnosed as) a Chronic Undifferentiated Schizophrenic Reaction, in an acute exacerbation with Paranoid Characteristics, and is a potential danger and is in imminent danger of becoming a narcotic drug addict." Dr. J. Guido 9-21-70. Hurd had to go cold turkey after his arrest for murder.

As for Melanie Daniels, the soul-wounded mother hen of the sons, she pled guilty to two counts of accessory to murder on 9-1-70 and was sentenced to two consecutive five year prison terms and is now serving it at the prison for women at Frontera.

Tim Montag and Terry Husted were not charged with anything. 16 year old Chris Gibboney was picked up in Oregon and held for juvenile authorities. Moose Hulse was arrested and even though being 16 years old at the time of the murder, because apparently he was the one who chopped with the axe, he was bound over for trial in grown-ups court.

Steve Hurd was worried about the presence of the Holy Bible in his jail cell, in that it might piss off the Devil, who would "get" him with the vibes. There is some indication that Hurd's Chingon guru may have visited him in the Orange County Jail. We are certainly going to check that out, if possible, with the records of the jail. Hurd told a Dr. Klatte who visited Hurd in jail on 10-29-70 that he was sure glad to please the devil. "He now believes that his father, the devil, told him about it (the heart extraction) three weeks ago and he formed a

picture in his mind of the incident at that time. .. He relates that when the devil told him about it, the devil was extremely pleased and he was happy to have been able to make his father like him so much."

So, in the fall of 1970, Hurd was entering or finishing his fourth "day of Leet" --his fourth year in satan time. He found a girlfriend named Cathy with whom he began to correspond. He stated that he could occasionally communicate with her. He told doctors that he could babble with mental beams with Anton LaVey of the S.F. Church of Satan (who is not apparently associated with Hurd). Every night Hurd worshipped his deity in his cell, chanting or saying what he described as "the Ostian devil."

On 2-10-71 Arthur "Moose" Hulse pled guilty to accessory to snuff and on 3-1-71 was found guilty of first degree murder in the Carlin case and on 3-26-71 was sentenced to life imprisonment.

As for Steven Hurd, Dr. Fred Taylor, a psychologist, administered a "Draw-A-Person" test to Hurd on 3-10-71. "The human figure drawings are typically psychotic productions. Transparencies are present on both the male and the female and remarkably little differentiation occurs between the sexes. Both are attired in Nazi costumes, and the female is labelled "Property of Shotgun" and "Sympathy for the Devil." The female is drawn with a back view, a pose characteristic of that drawn by homosexual males. Both drawings indicate extremely poor judgement, great hostility, sexual ambivalence (a likely bi-sexual), extreme masculinity striving, and above all, an ongoing psychotic state of adjustment." Whew.

After the many visits of the shrinks, on 3-22-71 Steven Craige Hurd was ordered transported to Atascadero State Hospital as insane. "When 1st admitted to Ward 14, patient was hallucinating and was in constant communication with the devil." And "he has visions of the devil who appears to him in human form, but with skin resembling a pine cone and wearing a metal helmet." (But later there was this:) "he states that since (taking) Melleril, he has not heard the voice of the devil talking to him and telling him what to do." (nut-hatch, Dr. Edw. E. Eklund 6-11-71)